Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
AUGUST 1990

BLACK LABEL
EDITION

MAKING LOVE STAY:
HOW TO REVIVE
A DYING RELATIONSHIP

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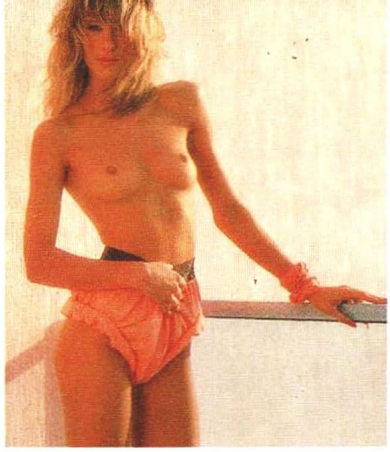
Australian PENTHOUSE

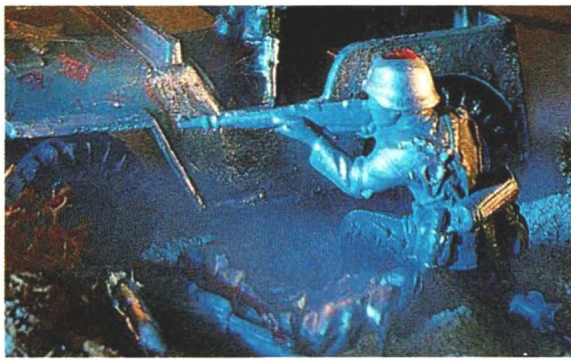
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 11 No 8/August 1990 Black Label Edition



Cover by Nick Brokensha

*Recommended price only

FEEDBACK	Reader Opinion		4
FORUM	Correspondence		7
SEX	Comment	Pat Gillespie	15
SPORT	Article	Teresa Curman	16
FOOD & WINE	Comment	Elisabeth King	19
TRAVEL	Article	Ian Austin	22
MONEY	Comment	David Quicksilver	24
STATE OF THE ART	Service	Paul Burrows	26
MODERN MALE DILEMMAS	Counsel	Dr Bob Montgomery	29
ADVISOR	Correspondence		30
MELISSA	Pictorial	Hank Londoner	32A
KANTOR'S GALLERY	Satire	Frants Kantor	33
CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED	Article	Alan Kennedy	34
GIOVANNA	Pictorial	Michel Moreau	41
SIIMON SAYS	Profile	Antonella Gambotto	50
THE MAN WHO STAYED TOO LONG	Fiction	Robert English	54
YOU'RE FIRED!	Humor	Jean Norman	58
LAURA	Pet Of The Month	Nick Brokensha	61
MAKING LOVE STAY	Article	Robert Newton	74
CATALINA	Pictorial	Stephen Hicks	80
THE LAST ROUND-UP	Article	Wayne Miles	88
TOM & JESS	Pictorial	Suze Randall	96
PRECIOUS METAL	Motoring	Peter McKay	104
JO	Pictorial	Daniel Mayor	112A
SOUNDS	Reviews	Jeremy Cook	126
SHELLEY	Pictorial	Stephen Hicks	127
BODYGUARD	Cartoon	Glenn Lumsden & Dave De Vries	135
LOOSE ENDS	Service	C.J. Mackay	140
WIN A LUXURY WEEKEND	Competition		142



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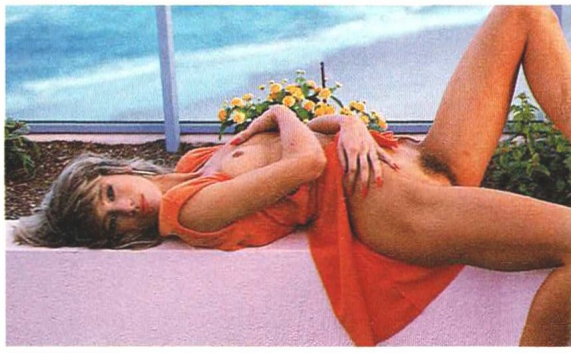

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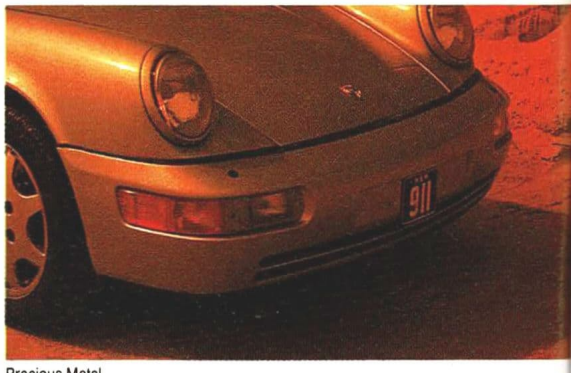

Precious Metal

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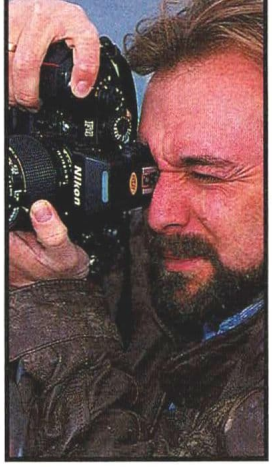
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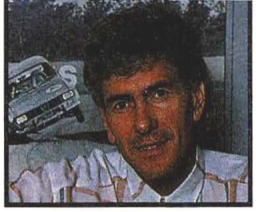
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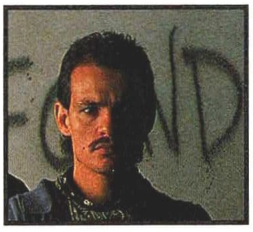
WAYNE MILES

HOUSECALL

CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED
The public and the pollies might have got a kick out of the "welcome home" PR charade for Vietnam vets a few years back, but for most of the soldiers it was an empty gesture. Done over by a farcical Royal Commission into Agent Orange, thousands of victims of chemical poisoning now watch hopelessly as their offspring are born with horrendous defects, their appeals for compensation falling on deaf governmental ears. **Alan Kennedy** details a national disgrace on page 34. **Studio Door 34** produced the photographic artwork.

SIIMON SAYS
Siimon Reynolds achieved instant fame when he created the Grim Reaper campaign. Now the self-proclaimed whiz-kid of the ad game runs his own astonishingly successful agency, capturing the hearts and minds of Australian consumers at will. And yet, as **Antonella Gambotto** artfully suggests, Reynolds' worst ads are the ones he creates for himself. **Philip Le Masurier's** photo portrait is on page 50.

YOU'RE FIRED!
Everybody who's anybody has been sacked at least once. If you've missed out on this career-enhancing experience, maybe it's because you just don't know how to go about getting the Big A. **Jean Norman** holds the Australasian record for successive terminations and her handy hints will have you out the door on the end of a slipper in no time. Turn to **Eric Löbbeke's** artwork on page 58.

MAKING LOVE STAY
There is a rare tribe of people called the Happily Married. Their initiation rituals and behavioral customs are complex and demanding, but they still think they're the best tribe around. Want to join them? **Robert Newton** tells how on page 74. The accompanying artwork is by **Kellyn Z. Alder.**

THE LAST ROUND-UP
The Northern Territory's feral buffalo, once a million strong, are doomed under the Federal Government's controversial eradication program. **Wayne Miles** records in words and photos the end of a glorious era as the last of a breed of gung-ho chopper pilots muster as many animals as possible before the shooters move in for the kill. Turn to page 88.

PRECIOUS METAL
Although the Japanese are narrowing the gap, the Porsche 911, created in 1963, is still the benchmark by which all the pretenders are judged. And according to Motoring Editor **Peter McKay**, the latest of this noble lineage, the 911 Carrera 4, is a quantum leap ahead of its predecessors, able to gobble up tarmac better than any production car on Earth. McKay's breathless review, accompanied by **Paul Burrows'** photography, starts on page 104.

THE MAN WHO STAYED TOO LONG
Some men go to the tropics to escape for a while. Some go to escape forever, and these are the ones you don't question too closely. **Robert English's** tragic fiction piece begins on page 54 with an illustration by **Paul McIlveen.**

EDITOR
Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL
Art Director: Mark Thacker; *Senior Editors:* Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; *Assistant Art Directors:* Mark Renton, Nikki Brady; *Production Controller:* Brett Fuller; *Motoring Editor:* Peter McKay; *Photographic Director:* Susan Daub; *Contributing Editors:* Paul R. Wilson, Jeremy Cook, Al Goldstein; *Typesetting:* Excel Imaging Pty Ltd.

ADVERTISING
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PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6677. Facsimile: (02) 922 6284.

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Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; *Art Director International:* Joe Brooks; *Managing Editor:* Robert Sabat; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Graphics Director:* Frank DeVino.

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EDITORIAL OFFICES
New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Wedstwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024, Tel. (213) 824 -9831.

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AUGUST

A dialogue between readers and editors concerning the content of *Australian Penthouse*. Letters for publication should carry name and address, although these will be withheld on request. Send to Feedback, *Australian Penthouse*, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

feedback

Mercenary madams

I enjoyed reading Catch 69 and Modern Male Dilemmas (February 1990), two great articles on male/female relationships and their associated problems which I'm sure most of us experience to some extent. Over the years I have discussed the sexual problems Dr Sandra Pertot describes with many other males and always the same scenario emerges. At the start of a relationship the female seems to be as sexually interested, aroused and active as the male and makes her partner feel as if he is the perfect match. But no sooner does the male commit himself in some way, and the female feels secure in her relationship, than she starts trying to change her lover's habits, appearance and so on. More often than not, sex becomes a dirty word. Is this behavior a natural development (very doubtful), or is the female a lot more mercenary than we give her credit for? — *Name and address withheld*

Beasts of the East

Congratulations on the fine article, The Reluctant Giant by Charles Maddison, in your April 1990 issue. May I take you back to your August 1980 edition, where you published an article by Frank Robson called Jappoon, which was again excellent. My concern is that these two articles span ten years and nothing has changed. Japan is still exploiting the world to satisfy her own greed. I find it incredible that the rest of the world tolerates Japan's clandestine activities, especially given the fact that we conquered them in World War II. I wonder how Japan would have treated us if it had been the other way around. Australians must learn that we do not need Japan to survive. — *John Slawinski, Nunawading, Vic*

More details, please

I collected *Penthouse* from the newsagent in New Zealand for almost ten years, and have subscribed to the Black Label edition since arriving in Australia in November 1989. I enjoy the magazine, especially the pictorials but also for the editorial content. The exposé on the Black Power movement in New Zealand (December 1988, January 1989) was particularly good. You produce a more Australasian magazine than *Australasian Post*! However, I do have one small criticism —

Tracy Winters . . . the body

there isn't enough detailed description of the models. The American edition, until it was banned in NZ in the early Eighties, very seldom missed including height, weight, star sign, age and measurements somewhere in the captions. To my way of thinking, including these details would give your pictorials an extra dimension. Three dimensions are always better than two. — *Name and address withheld*

Tracy all over

When you said "the body is back" about Tracy Winters (May 1990), you couldn't have been more right. Ever since her first sizzling appearance in the September 1987 issue I have been like a man forced to drink stale beer when I know French champagne is available. The problem was, I lost my copy of that 1987 issue while moving house. This time I've made sure of Tracy. She's on my bedroom walls, on my ceiling, in the bathroom, next to the fridge and, yes, on the toilet door. Even if she never graces your pages again, you've made one red-blooded Aussie male happy for life. — *J. Rutledge, Subiaco, WA*

Do-gooders be damned

Congratulations on your magazine making it to ten years-plus — the magazine just gets better every issue. Boy, did your April 1990 edition generate some publicity up here in Queensland. Not since the mother and daughter spread (September 1984) have I read so much about one pictorial. And if you'd read even a small percentage of what appeared in the Gold Coast press, you'd have a fair idea how many do-gooders we've got up here. One lady (our first Meter Maid) is "angry, embarrassed and ashamed"; others are horrified. But you won't find these people writing to complain of the frightening number of assaults, rapes or under-age drinkers on the Gold Coast. It would be interesting to obtain a newspaper 25 years old and see the publicity generated when Mrs Bryant made her debut as the original Meter Maid. Perhaps if the do-gooders bought *Penthouse* for what it is and didn't criticise the magazine for what it isn't, they'd have the benefit of some top journalism. — *Name and address withheld*

In search of Loree

What happened to Loree Lopez in my January 1990 Black Label issue? She appears on the front cover of the magazine, but the index at the front doesn't mention her, nor is there a pictorial of her. Now I read in the May 1990 Feedback section a letter from J. McKenzie of Little Bay who mentions Loree's photographs appearing in the January issue. What is the meaning of this? Where is she? Whatever the reason, is it possible to send me another January issue with her included? I pride myself on my growing collection and would hate to think I have missed out on this occasion. Other than that, your magazine is great and beats the opposition by a mile. — *Gerard Dutton, Bondi, NSW*

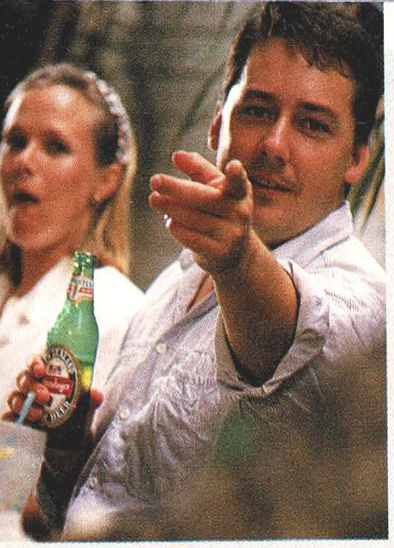
We received many letters on this subject.

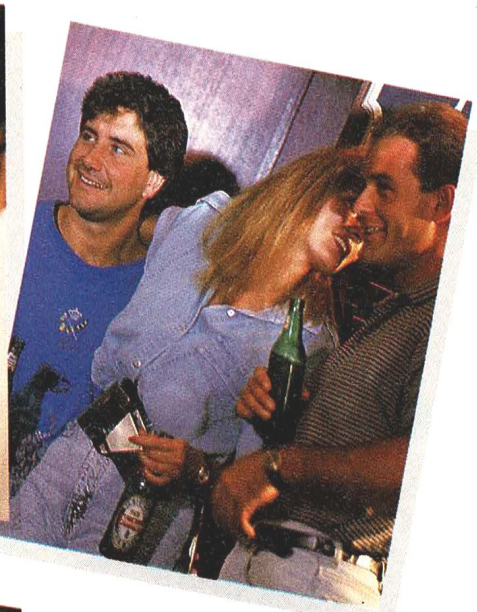
Loree didn't feature in January Black Label, but the September subscribers' edition will include an eight-page pictorial on Miss Lopez, shot by Hank Londoner. — Ed

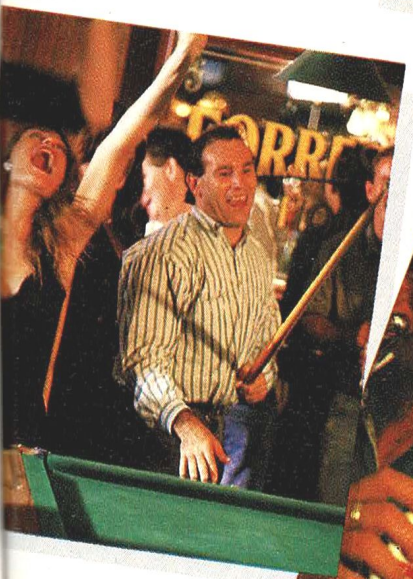
Boring Bodyguard

I love your magazine, but as B. Green said in April Feedback, your Bodyguard cartoon strip is not funny. Replace it or use the space for more girls. — *J. Colt, Atherton, Qld*

This issue's Bodyguard is the last instalment. — Ed







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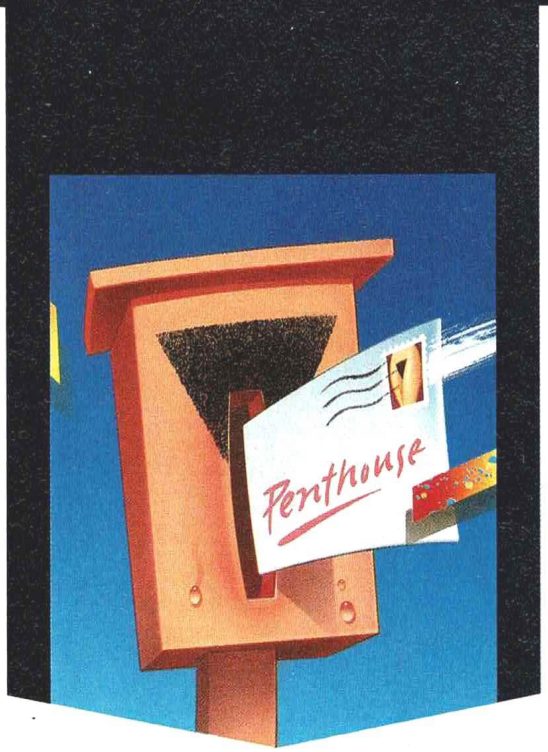


forum

Thank you

I would like to thank the people who send their encounters to your magazine. I used to get upset when I saw *Penthouse* in my boyfriend's flat. I mean, wasn't I sexy enough to keep him happy and entertained? That all changed in one day. I was flipping through the magazine while alone, and found myself moist, feeling naughty and hungrily awaiting my boyfriend's arrival home. When he finally showed up I asked him if he had read "Forum" yet, and told him that I had enjoyed the letters. I asked him if he wanted to read them together — his reply was a devilish grin.

We now await each issue with anticipation. My boyfriend and I snuggle under the covers and read the letters to one another. My favorite evening was when we started reading side by side and naked, drinking wine. I was lost in someone's story and didn't notice that my boyfriend had left the bed. Suddenly, I felt baby oil being dripped on to my skin as warm, strong hands moved across my aroused body. He asked me to keep reading aloud. My mind and body were being delightfully stroked and caressed with love. My thighs parted and the fun continued with steamy licks, giggles and sighs.

I thought he might like the same, so I made him switch. He became the reader and I traced his body with licks and kisses until I found my favorite place to nuzzle. I noticed that my boyfriend was having some difficulty pronouncing the words. Finally, the magazine flew and he pulled me up to his face. Kissing with frantic tongues, he entered me with ease — and the rest is what the stories are made of.

So please, keep sending in your stories, and remember, there are lovers out there enjoying kissing, sucking, and making love with every sweet, hot word! — *Name and address withheld*

Sleazy slumber

I could say I never believed this experience would ever happen to me, like everybody claims when they write to your publication — but I knew that someday it would, and I was right. It all started one night when I decided to go over to my girlfriend's and crash her "slumber" party. She and three of her college friends had rented some porno videos and purchased a large amount of wine coolers. It was supposed to be a girls-only party, but I had nothing better to do.

When I got there, all four were deep into the first porno movie and had already drunk a cooler too many. The girls were all glad to see me, especially my girlfriend, Mary. We all drank and watched two more videos. As the movies progressed, I noticed the girls squirming — they were all becoming very aroused. Mary's hand wandered over to my cock, already stiff, hidden beneath the blanket we were sharing. She slowly began to rub her hand along my shaft. By then the last video was over, but it was still early and we were all quite smashed. Nina, a skinny but totally sexy uni student, suggested we play truth or dare (that game we all played at high school). Everybody was for it except Mary — who at the time, frankly, wanted to suck me off like a vacuum cleaner. But I went along with the game, figuring with four girls, how could I lose? The game started off kind of slow, so I sped things up by daring Toni to French-kiss Carol. I enjoyed getting Toni's goat because, unfortunately, she was as bitchy as she was beautiful. I don't know if it was the steamy pornos, the many coolers, or even the full moon, but the two girls who are normally straight as arrows began French-kissing. They started out a little apprehensively, but then they actually got into it! Nina, Mary, and I stared on in amazement. Finally they parted.

Toni, red with embarrassment, wanted revenge on me, so she dared me to take off all my clothes! I'm a good-looking, dark-complexioned guy with a muscular body and a good, steady seven-inch tool, so I figured I had nothing to be ashamed of. I started taking off my clothes while Mary began to scowl. As I finished, I noticed that the room had gone quiet and all four girls were staring hungrily at me. I could feel their four pairs of eyes boring into me.

That's when things really began to get crazy. Nina dared Mary to give me head. Mary, obviously embarrassed but too drunk to really say no, gave in, leaned over, and started giving me a blowjob. After a couple of minutes of me moaning, the girls started getting too hot and stopped us. Then Carol surprised us by daring me to fuck Toni doggie-style. The thought of fucking Toni's gorgeous creamy white body was driving me crazy. She took off her clothes, trying to be nonchalant, but her moist, dripping pussy gave her away. The other three girls watched as I slid my dick into her already well lubricated snatch. It felt so good as I began pumping away furiously from behind her. Toni began to cup her breasts and started moaning loudly. She orgasmed almost immediately, screaming the whole time.

Carol couldn't handle it anymore and quickly tore off her clothes. I leered at her huge tits as they spilled out of her unsnapped bra. "Please fuck me," she cried out. I said "Sure", pulled out of Toni's spent body, and rolled on my back. I had always secretly fantasised about Carol's incredibly hard, athletic body with long blonde hair cascading over those wonderful fleshy orbs. She got on me and began riding me like a horse as we fucked fast and furiously. Nina took off all her clothes and promptly sat on my face right beside Carol's bucking body. I began to lick and

suck her steamy red-haired pussy. I never had it so good, with two gorgeous girls on me at once. I came four times that night as I sucked and fucked all four girls. My last orgasm was the best of the night as all four girls took turns sucking on my progressively sorer dick. Afterwards, Mary wouldn't talk to me for a week, but it was worth it. — *Name and address withheld*

Tanks for the mammaries

While I was in the army, I had many sexual exploits. This is only one of them.

I joined my unit when I was 20 years old. This particular weekend we were having a field exercise, meaning that everybody went out into the field during the day, but came back to spend the night "guarding" the armory.

We were broken down into two-hour shifts alternating through the night. My partner turned out to be Laurel, a petite strawberry-blonde with hazel eyes who had joined about a month after me.

Our shift began at 0100 hours and ended at 0300 hours. Our duty was to walk around the armory and challenge any and all who tried to enter.

By the time we came on duty everybody else was asleep, including the people in the field. Laurel and I walked around for about an hour getting to know each other. I found out that she had joined the military for the same reason I had — to get money for travel.

As we walked we found ourselves at one of the tanks positioned in front of the armory. We decided to stop there and rest a little. While sitting on the tank and looking at the stars, Laurel confessed that she had another reason for joining. I asked her what that was, and she replied that she loved to be surrounded by guys.

I immediately threw myself in front of her, telling her that she was in luck. I was a guy and I had her surrounded. Laurel laughed at this, but she didn't try to get away. I noted her lack of resistance and brazenly leaned forward to kiss her. To my surprise she returned my advances. First, with just a slightly opened mouth, followed by her tongue.

Even though I couldn't believe my luck, I decided to push it. I left her mouth and began trailing kisses down her neck while she started to breathe heavily in my ear, exciting me even more. Then I decided to make my move, and reached up to cup one of her breasts. At this she let out a low sigh. At first I just rubbed her breasts on the outside of her shirt, but after a minute or two, I reached up under her shirt and bra to feel one of the nicest tits imaginable.

I continued rubbing her tit for a few minutes, and my pecker began to push against my pants. Laurel noticed my state and reached down to unzip me. Out popped my seven-inch love gun. She began to fondle it while I continued playing with her tits, now with both hands and increased passion.

Suddenly, Laurel stood up and urgently proclaimed that she couldn't take any more. She took off her pants and then jumped back on to the tank.

"I want you to fuck me now," she demanded.

I didn't need any more prompting than that. I lowered my prick into position, and she grabbed it with both hands and guided it into her juicy pussy.

She was a little tight at first, but I soon managed to get my entire length inside of her. She moaned deeply as I rocked back and forth in her steaming hole. I looked into her eyes, which were lit up with a "fuck me" fire. I couldn't disappoint her, so I began to bang into her as hard as I could. It didn't take long before I had shot my load.

"Oh shit, that was good," I told her, as I collapsed on to her.

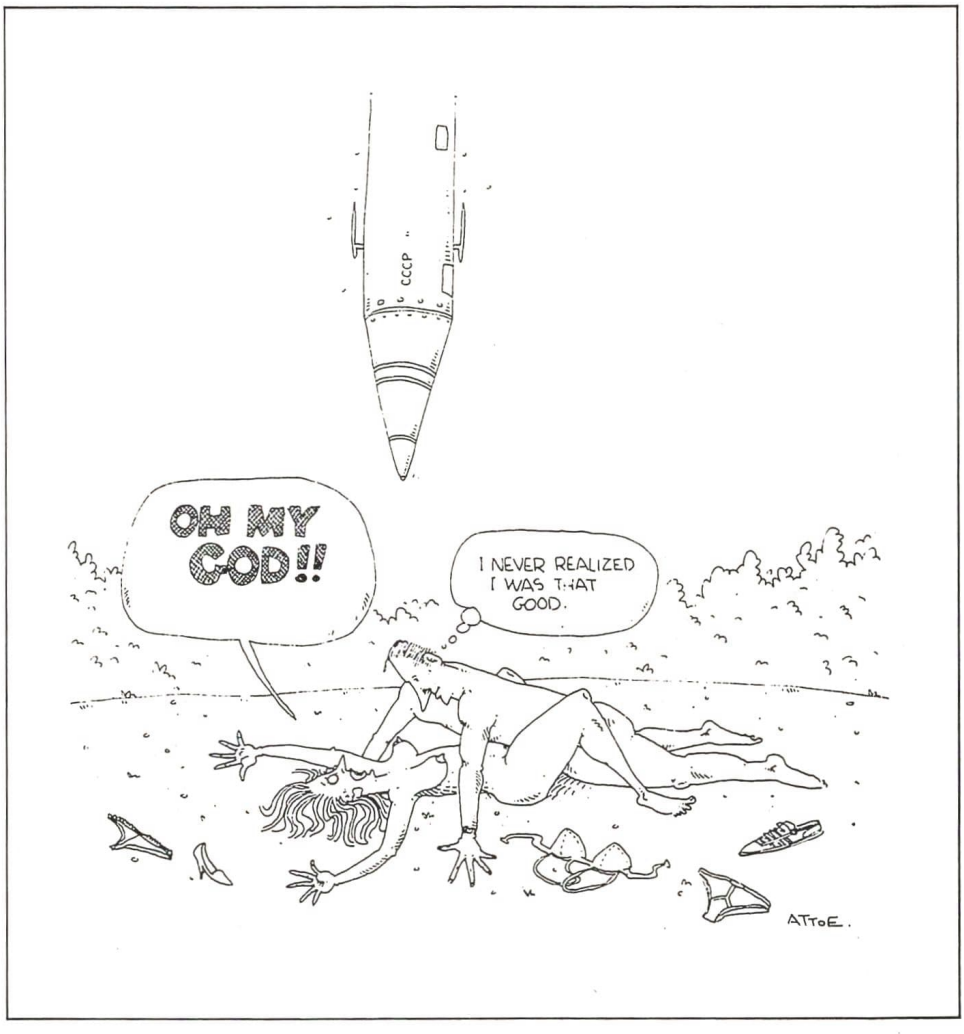
"You're right, but I'm not finished yet," she replied.

I started to ask her what she meant, but she beat me to it by getting up and dropping to her knees, taking my semi-hard cock into her mouth. I couldn't believe it. I had had blowjobs before, but never right after I fucked a girl.

Laurel had me hard again in no time. She was sucking on my cock like there was no tomorrow. If I hadn't just come, I wouldn't have lasted two minutes. As it was, I could feel my knees starting to get weak. I warned her that I was about to shoot my load and she started to suck harder.

Then I blew. It was an incredible feeling because Laurel just continued to suck. I thought she had swallowed it all, but then I noticed a little trickle running out of the side of her mouth. This she scooped up with a finger and offered to me. I declined, and she just smiled and stuck the finger into her mouth.

We got dressed, kissed each other again, and then, about 15 minutes later, went to wake up our relief. Soon after I fell asleep like a baby. — *Name and address withheld*



Water nymph

I'd like to share with you what I consider to be one of the highlights of my sexual experiences. This one is too damn good to keep to myself. I was born in the West and grew up in a small town in the middle of nowhere. Because of a great job offer, I moved to Melbourne, but I still visit my family quite frequently.

During one such visit, I went out for a ride on my favorite horse. I came across a familiar stretch of river where I used to swim as a kid, and stopped to let my horse have a drink from it. As it was a hot day, I decided to strip and have a swim. I dived in and began to enjoy the afternoon sun on my wet, naked body. After about ten

1948 Tucker Torpedo
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post-war 40s
1965 MGB V8/GT
The 3.5 litre, V8 engine developed 137 bhp giving a top speed of 202 kph. Only 2,250 models were built.
fabulous 50s
swinging 60s
RADIO TIMES
JOURNAL OF THE BBC
PRICE TWOPENCE
RADIO TIMES
35 MARYLEBONE HIGH STREET LONDON W.1.
1950 Ford 10 cwt Van
First made in 1938 and based on the 10 hp car, this popular van appeared in many versions until 1957.
1959 Cadillac Coupe De Ville
America's most prestigious car, the distinctively-styled, extraordinarily-finned "Caddie" was powered by 6,396 cc V8.
1968 E Type Jaguar Developed from the Le Mans winning "D" type, the "E" type's 4,235 cc engine gives a top speed of 232 kph.

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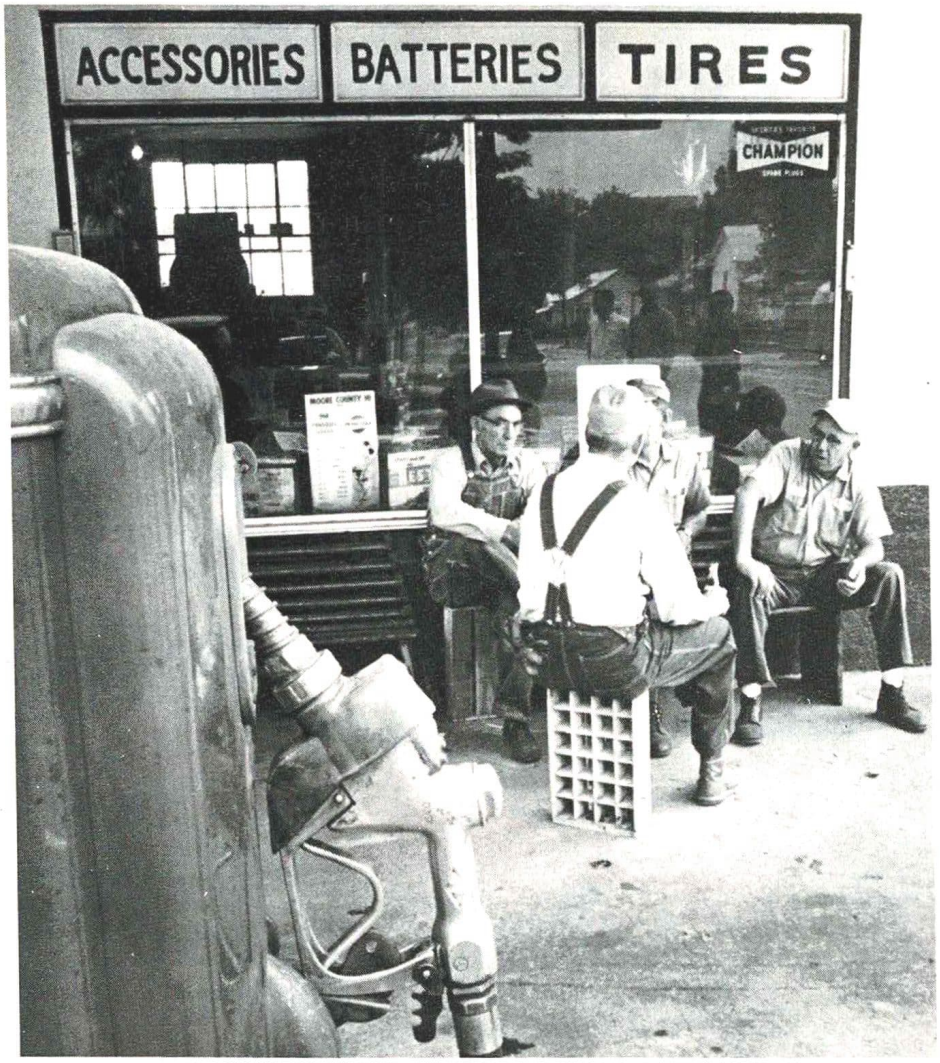

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APB 10649-A

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minutes of swimming, I decided it was time to get out and head for home. I had put my clothes on a rock that sat on the river's edge, but when I got out they were gone! I heard what sounded like a very feminine giggle coming from behind another rock. I thought with amusement that it was time to investigate.

As I attempted to sneak up the rock, a lady ran past. All I could make out was a flash of blonde hair and a naked arse diving into the river. Once she surfaced, she motioned for me to jump in and have another swim. I'm no fool, so I made my way back to the makeshift diving board and jumped back in.

I surfaced right next to her heavenly body, and before I could say a thing, her hand was already on my cock. Her breasts floated on the water's surface like two large lily pads. They were suntanned, too! I finally forced myself to stop staring at her tits and gazed into her eyes. She was an erotic beauty, with green eyes and long, flowing hair.

Not a word was spoken as we trod water for what seemed like an eternity — then she kissed me. Our tongues played a water ballet as I caressed her bobbing boobs and she handled my straining cock. She coaxed me to a place slightly closer to the river bank where we could continue our foreplay standing up. This beautiful girl wrapped her arms around my shoulders and snaked her tongue down my throat. Despite the cool water, my cock was hard as a rock. Her pussy pressed against my belly — she was straddling me by now — and I was quite delighted to find that she must visit her local barber quite regularly. While I was experiencing exquisite pleasure, she rubbed her box against my rigid shaft. After a low moan, the sounds of her climax softly filled my ears.

By this time my "passion gear" had moved into overdrive, and her moans became louder as I sucked on her nipples. She continued to rock back and forth on my love pole. The great thing about being in water was that it seemed to increase my staying power. I kept thinking that this was the most erotic thing that had ever happened to me, but I didn't feel the overwhelming urge to shoot my load of hot come — at least not yet! Instead, my hands wandered all over this stunning water nymph's perfect body. I cupped her behind and helped her slide up against my dick. What a fantastic arse she had — men would kill to have a woman with a behind like this one! Then her hands crept between our stomachs, finding my cock and giving its head a little squeeze. I knew that I'd soon want to pump my load into her, and that feeling only increased when she dropped her hand further and started

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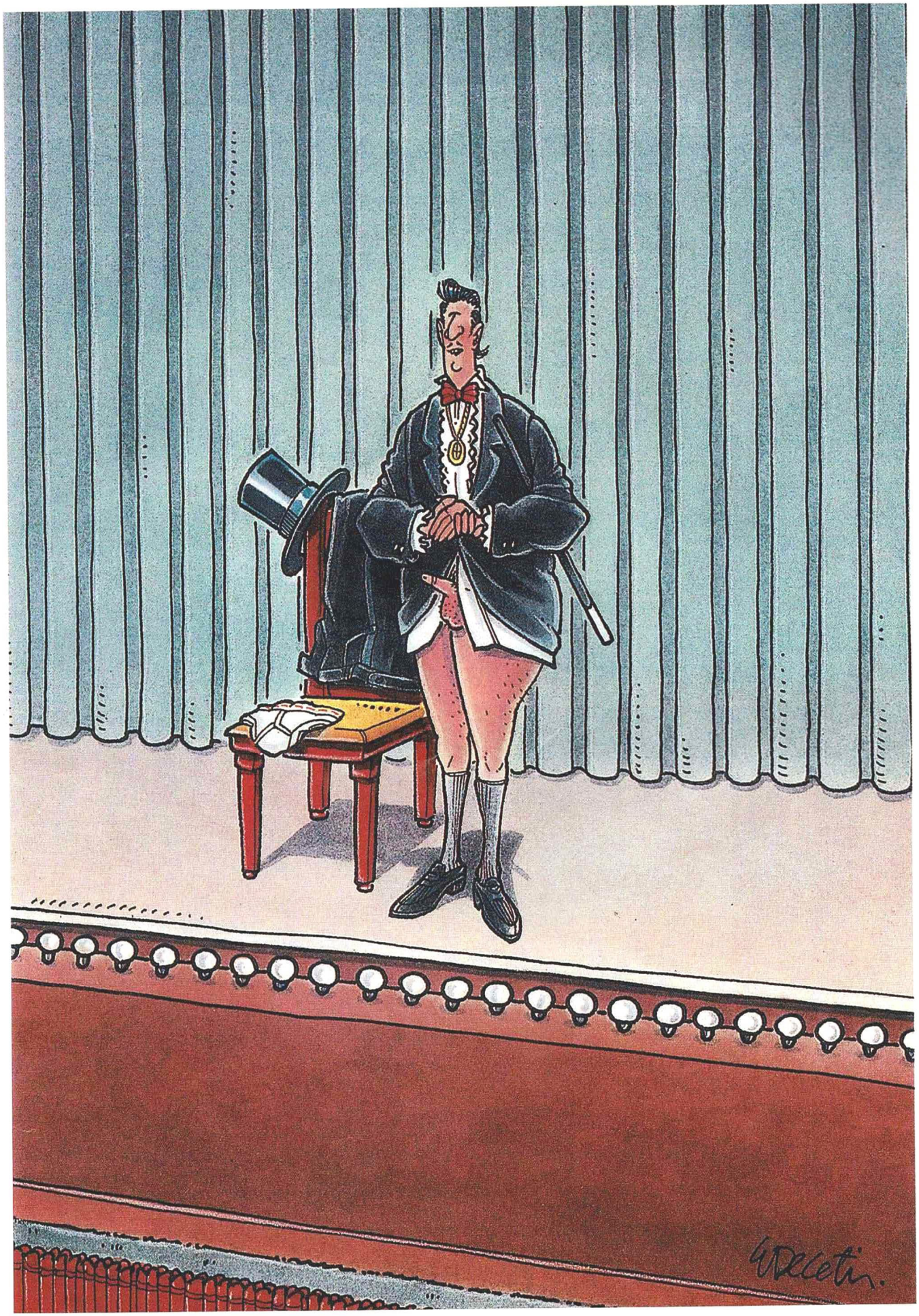

"For this next trick, I will need a volunteer from the audience . . ."

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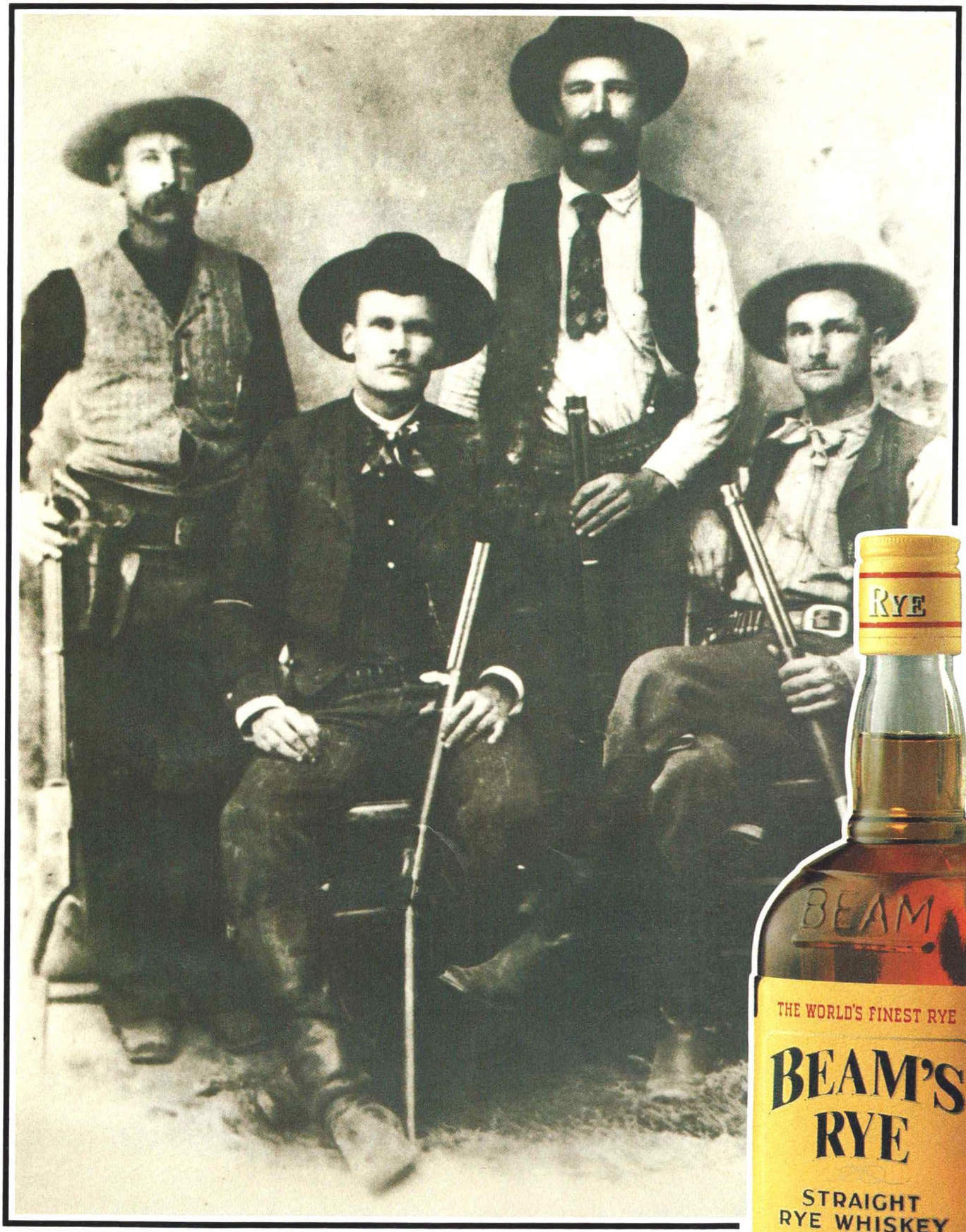

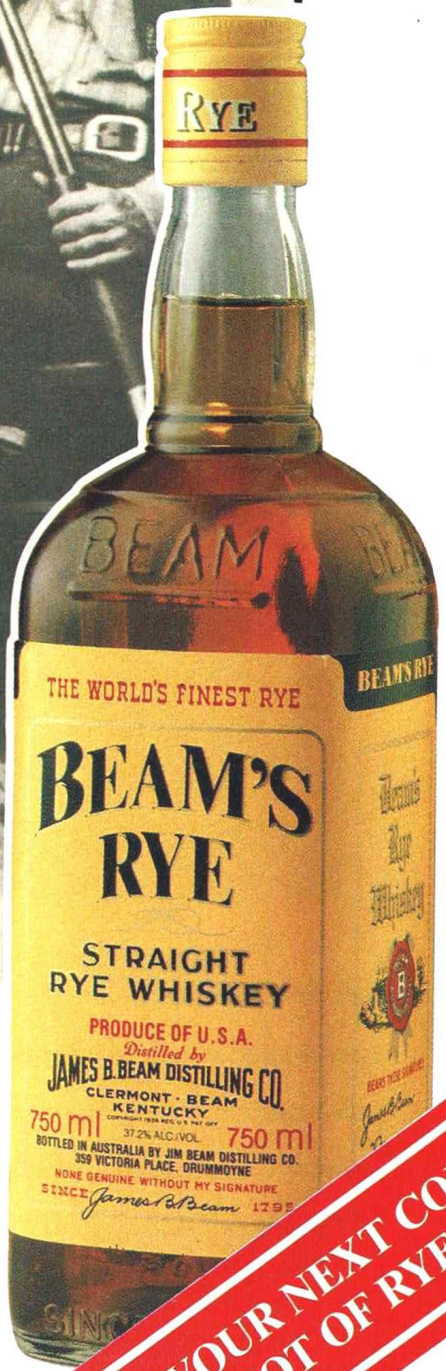

WHEN ALL A MAN NEEDED WAS A GUN, A HORSE, AND A SHOT OF RYE.

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APB 9219-A

MODERN ROMANCE

Years of consoling friends' broken hearts, dealing with disastrous relationships, and scanning glossies for information on such hot tickets as "How To Be More Sexy" or "Is There Life After Relationships?" ad nauseam have made me a little cynical about modern "lurve."

Once upon a time you'd meet the person of your dreams, fall in love, pop the question and, hey presto, fulfilment, a house mortgage, car, 2.5 children and sweet dreams. Today love doesn't seem to go as smoothly. It's usually love on the run, a chance encounter on the way to the photocopy machine, a lustful gaze across a suit-lined bar, mulling its "potential" for 15 minutes in between a couple of drinks and a cigarette, a date or two and you're back to square one.

Men have become wimpier, thinner and sadder, while women have become more assertive and busy. Let's face it, corporate politics, power shoulder pads, designer wine bars and mobile telecommunications may have improved our work prospects, but at what cost to our personal lives? "Let's do lunch" has become the social corporate anthem. Answering machines regale us with messages. And just how many people work back late each night and regularly on weekends?

Time is monitored, divided and prioritised. Romance is squeezed in between paperwork and filofax appointments. And "fantastic" sex — well, surely that's just for celluloid heroes. We're too busy for seduction. Too tired to try. Too stressed to warm to suggestion. Sex at its best is a bombastic release of work tensions.

Then there are those modern lurve "hazards" — AIDS and bimbos (both male and female). You know the type, usually blond, gazing vacant eyes, Barbie and Ken doll bodies, monosyllabic speech and a kind of nervous child titter that sounds cute after a couple of drinks, but becomes hideous torture once in bed. Condoms are the New Age bane of male sexuality. Akin to fumbling in the back seat of Dad's car with the clasp of a girl's bra. There's nothing more damaging to the male ego than stifled laughs as a shrivelled weenie is withdrawn indelicately from sperm-soaked latex. A pox on romance. Or what about the insidious New Age horror — impotence. Long hours. Work pressure. Deadlines. All work and no play make Jack and Jill dud lays.

Fucking deadlines. Both of you have early starts and you figure you've got 15 minutes of orgasmic bliss, provided of course that he doesn't explode after the first thrust. Pressure at work. Pressure at play. Suddenly play doesn't seem that much fun anymore.

The papers are replete with singles ads. Too busy to find your dream mate? Then fill out a form and join the queue. Desperate and dateless. Eyes that relentlessly scour the bars and office in search of fantasy. Fantasy, like the act of sex, is becoming more and more elusive and cosmetic. Big breasts are fashionably "in", as are suspenders, bustiers, bondage gear, and boxer shorts. Genitals all dressed up with nowhere to go.

There's a cornucopia of sexual services available for the jaded/tired/rich/desperate/lonely. Just let your fingers do the walking through phone pages and singles columns. If you find physical contact a little too stressful, there's always phone sex. Forget the magazines, girlfriend or dubious fetish items — one phone call does it all!

The other sad aspect about modern lurve is that people seem to have forgotten how to woo. Why doesn't *GQ* extol the benefits of wooing? All we seem to get are ads for Perry Ellis, Ralph Lauren, Calvin Klein and all things narcissistic. Women pulp fed on *Cosmo, Cleo, Elle, New Woman* and *GH* all *know* about the New Attitude. After all,

Are we too wired to woo, too fucked to fuck?

they spend most of their time mashing the boys in corporate sectors, dressing for success and bludgeoning their way through private messes. They've learned how to thrill, tease, coax and cajole, but why aren't they happy?

Being a career-oriented success android has its hefty problems. Perhaps in the year 2000 we will have done away with "lovers" altogether. Push-button sex. Pavlovian stimulus/response. Maybe a few kilos of emotion-numbing drugs to smooth any rough spots. Sex and romance need time, sensitivity and imagination, plus a sense of humor (all too often lost in a cauldron of corporate decision making).

Chill the wine glasses, light a handful of candles and tell your loved one how important he or she is. Invest some time in finding out what the "other half" wants. Plot. Scheme. Relax. Forget expectations. You don't have to look like Harrison Ford or Kathleen Turner to win sexual brownie points. Nothing beats that "look of love." Silly love. Clumsy love. Ode to love. Addicted to love. Shoot that "poison" arrow through my heart.

As thousands of pop songs, novels and advertising campaigns sagely sentimentalise: "Ain't love grand?" But only if you work at making it great. With that I rest my case. I'm off to write and despatch a few dozen *billets-doux* . . . — *Pat Gillespie*

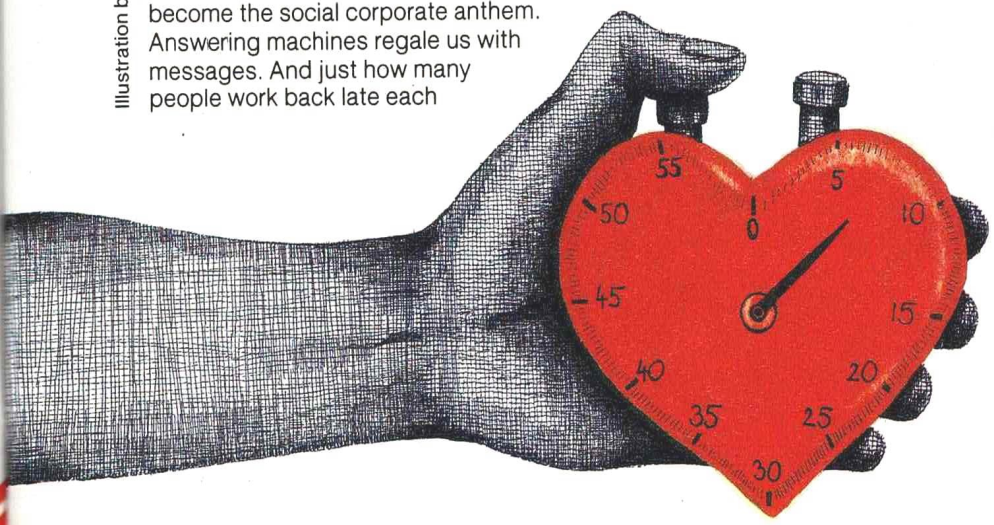

Illustration by Vesna Borak

SHREDDIN'

Two super athletes from Holland have done it from the top of Europe's highest mountain, Elbruz (5640 metres) in the Soviet Union. Others have conquered the slopes of Africa's Kilimanjaro; a few have ripped down France's Mont Blanc; and in Canada they're defying gravity at the aptly named wind-lip known as Big Air.

No, it's not hang-gliding they're engaged in. They are, in fact, involved in what seems destined to be the most dynamic and extravagant winter sport of the Nineties — snowboarding.

Back home, ski resorts have grasped the implications of the revolution overseas and have given snowboarding the thumbs up. According to former multiple Australian snowboarding champion Geoffrey Sawyer, "shreddin'" (as snowboarding is known to the aficionados) is here to stay.

"After a long, hard battle, what was once a fringe, alternative sport is fast becoming more mainstream. It's taken five years for snowboarding in Australia to develop the trappings of a 'real' sport. There's now an Australian Snowboarding Association [he's the president], special-interest magazines, organised competitions, and a certification program and teaching manual for snowboarding instructors [which he implemented]."

Snowboarding is a cross-over sport: take a little bit of skateboard riding, sailboarding and skiing, mix with a liberal dollop of surfing, and you've hit upon the recipe.

The predecessor of today's technology, a crude piece of bent plywood called the Snurfer, was invented two decades ago by American Shervin Popper. However, in true patent-inspired debate, Sawyer insists: "I know someone in Thredbo who knows someone who built their own version right here way back in the early Sixties."

Regardless of who did what to whom, way back when, it was another ten years before these new-fangled things were part of any major manufacturing process.

Some remember 1985 as the year

the Greenpeace ship *Rainbow Warrior* was sunk. For snowboarders it was also significant because it was the year high-tech manufacturing came to board making.

"The technology used in 'normal' ski making, such as metal edges which allow the skis to be controlled and base materials offering speed and durability, was finally introduced to snowboards," explains Sawyer, whose blond hair and blue eyes go with his other sporting obsession, surfing.

These days, there are more than 50 manufacturers offering more than 100 different models of snowboards around the world. Snowboards come in a mind-boggling array of shapes, sizes and colors for an equally amazing range of applications.

Snowboarding is the radical winter sport of the Nineties

While many conventional skiers have seen snowboarders at their home resort, few are aware of the range of this sport's disciplines. Snowboarders compete in traditional alpine events such as super-G, giant slalom, slalom and dual slaloms. These four competitions involve riding the board through a series of poles called "gates."

In a super-G event the gates are spaced widely apart, allowing competitors to do fewer turns to get to the bottom of the course. The result is an exhilarating spectacle with riders carving dynamic turns and reaching hair-raising speeds of up to 90km/h. As with all slalom events, this discipline requires top technical ability, peak physical conditioning and a large serving of dare-devil courage.

From super-G through to slaloms the distance between the gates progressively decreases; the closer the gates are to each other, the more turns must be successfully carved through the course. As a result, slalom competitions demand lightning-fast reflexes, high manoeuvrability and the capacity to make split-second tactical decisions. The slightest technical slip-up results in these athletes performing spectacular face plants in the usually not-so-soft snow.

Then there are the dual slaloms: two courses set parallel which afford spectators exciting man-on-man action. And, as a spine-chilling variation on a theme, there are the banked slaloms. Curved walls of snow are built around each gate, propelling "shredders" through the turns under the influence of jaw-dropping centrifugal forces.

On the other side of the snowboarding coin are the freestyle events — halfpipe and moguls. This is where you find the mavericks, the crazies who can't — or don't want to — fit in anywhere else.

The halfpipe is a 100-metre channel of snow with a flat bottom and curved, vertical sides. Built for speed, it follows a slope's "fall-line", which is the direct route followed by snowboarders, down the hill, should they fall! Taken directly from the curved skateboarding rinks, the halfpipe allows riders to fight gravity and pull off some amazing stunts.

Devotees deck themselves out in fluorescent suits, gel their hair into expressive shapes and perform on radically decorated boards. Manoeuvres include such exotica as the Miller Flip, the Iguana Backflip and the Frontside Handplant, all of which involve contorting one's body through complex sets of 360-degree rolls, twists and dives.

Moguls are windblown bumps or mounds found on a ski run. The carving action of skiers continually following the same route down the mountain further increases the size of these mini-hills. Unlike their skiing cousins, riders have no ski poles for balance, can't spread their legs for added stability and only have two edges on which to rely. Only competitors who are able to combine technique with regularity of turns, speed and an ability to get air off the moguls to perform tricks have any hope of success. Having a strong body built like a shock absorber doesn't go astray, either.

Regardless of discipline, the most important point to be made about snowboarding is that this pastime is not simply a sport: it's a way of life. Driven by a pioneering spirit and a passion for adventure, snowboarders have successfully challenged the Australian conservatives to have their ideas accepted in a very short five years. — *Teresa Curman*

Photo: Christian Haas/Winter Light

Photo: Christian Haas/Winter Light

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SPARKLE-ARKLE -ARKLING

It's still not considered odd that something as simple as a spray of carbon dioxide in a French wine can make it worth a hefty chunk of your week's pay. However, until recently, any Australian winemaker who charged more than $20 for his bubble-filled product was accorded all the awe and respect of a guy who thinks Camus is a soap. Not any more: Australia's sparkling wines have made more seven-league strides in quality during the Eighties than any other wine style.

Australia's superb new bubblies rival the world's best

In the past two and a half years top Australian sparkling wines have achieved a standard and sales record as impressive as fussed-over French cuvees. With the exception of Seppelt, which makes the top *range* of sparkling wines in the country, most first-rate bottlings use the labelling "*methode champenoise*" rather than the word "champagne."

The new breed of quality local sparklers are far more expensive than the old style Aussie bubblies because they are made in the same painstaking and labor-intensive way as French champagnes. In France each champagne house has its own style, a personality that is constant regardless of variances in vintage and grape supplies. Our winemakers adhere more closely to nature, preferring to let each vintage guide the styles. Their best efforts are reserved for the vintage label.

The wines at the top of the Aussie sparkling pyramid fall into two main groups. The foaming mousse group — elegant and complex — is headed by Croser, Wirra Wirra, The Cousins and Domaine Chandon. Seppelt leads the second direction wines — full-flavored varieties with a predominance of fruit — with Salinger. Both categories continue to better themselves every year.

The first vintage of Croser was released with more of a fanfare than the one that toppled the walls of Jericho. The 1986 vintage had a complex nose redolent of pinot noir, a palate of great finesse and exquisite balance. The 1987 was easily the best to date, rating a "magnificent" for a superb palate, aroma and balance with a clean dry finish. Croser has lowered its prices recently to just above the $20 a bottle mark.

The 1984 Seppelt Salinger won its segment of the 1988 Qantas Cup, the fiercely contested wine dogfight between Australia and the US that is now defunct. Its 1985 vintage has been hailed as one of the best sparkling wines ever produced in Australia; the 1986 offering is a big, flavorful wine with a richness something akin to the big French styles of Bollinger and Krug.

Yellowglen Cuvee Victoria is packaged in what surely must be the ritziest looking bottle in Australia. Everything is wreathed in gold. The first impression says pinot noir, followed by the firm echo of chardonnay. A round, well-balanced palate is finished off by a crisp, dry aftertaste.

The Wirra Wirra label has achieved cult status, most notably for its Church Block and Hand-Picked Rhine Riesling bottlings. Plans for a sparkling wine first went on the drawing board in the late Seventies, but the company somehow didn't realise a sparkler until 1986. The Cousins is famous for its full fruitiness, tempered by the subtlety of the winemaking to give a palate of great elegance and balance.

You always know you're at a flash, rather than ordinary, Penfolds function when the Edmond Mazure is served. This is the best value for money in its price range (around $13) in the country. Full in the mouth with a rich bouquet, Edmond Mazure still manages to exhibit the requisite freshness wanted today.

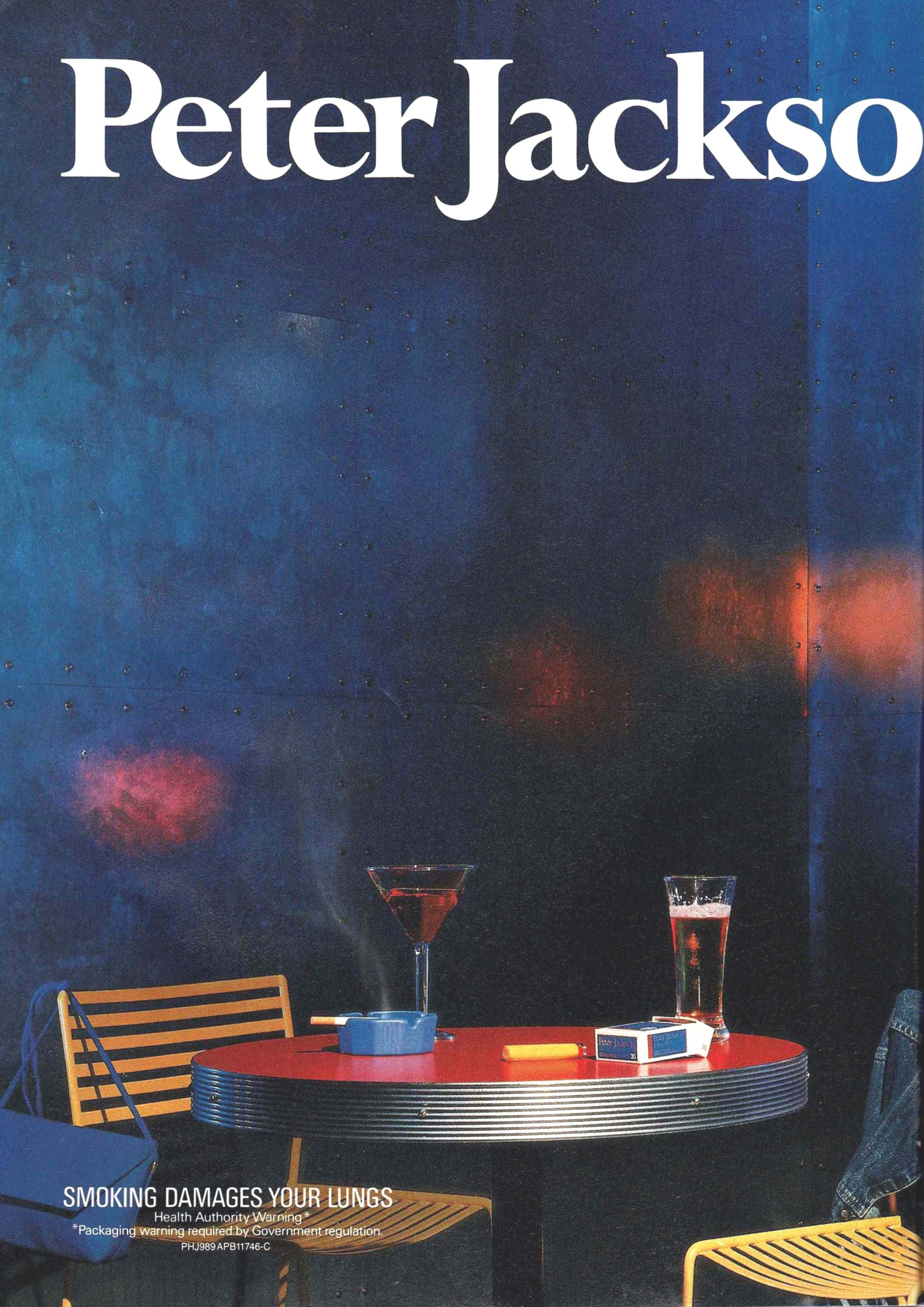
Yalumba D splits the jury. Some people rate it as superb, others place it one or two rungs below. But as far as your normal drinker is concerned, it is always good. The predominating pinot character is preferred by those who like a bigger sparkling wine. A slightly smoky underlay of flavor adds to this wine's complexity.

Domaine Chandon was officially opened in March in a blaze of publicity. The $10 million investment by Moet et Chandon is intended to produce the best sparkling wine in Australia. The releases to date show the style Domaine Chandon is aiming for, a blend of distinct traditional aroma and long and complex flavors in keeping with the Moet et Chandon style. The 1987 Cuvee Brut has a fresh, complex aroma with subtle pinot noir characters and a complex palate followed by a long and lingering finish. Only a chosen few (just 500 cases were released) will get their hands on the 1987 Cuvee Pinot Noir (a 100 percent pinot noir), but for the record this truly gorgeous wine has an intensely aromatic character, a full and sustained palate and is dry with a soft, round finish.

Warren Randall, ex-Seppelts, has joined Andrew Garrett and in the next two years he has vowed to make the "ultimate" sparkling wine. With the Garret range the company is concentrating purely on sparkling wines, using the best fruit from New Zealand and Australia. The Vintage Cuvee is being groomed to follow up the success of the company's Pinot Noir Methode Champenoise, opting for the traditional blend of pinot noir, chardonnay and pinot meunier.

Illustration by Bernard Dobbie

The Landragin Australia Reserve is a stylish wine of 60 percent pinot noir and 40 percent chardonnay. The wine has a delicate color and fresh firm pinot noir aroma, a dry style with a lengthy flavor and finish. Look out for the up and coming vintages of Chateau Remy, well on the revival trail after a slump in finesse. — *Elisabeth King*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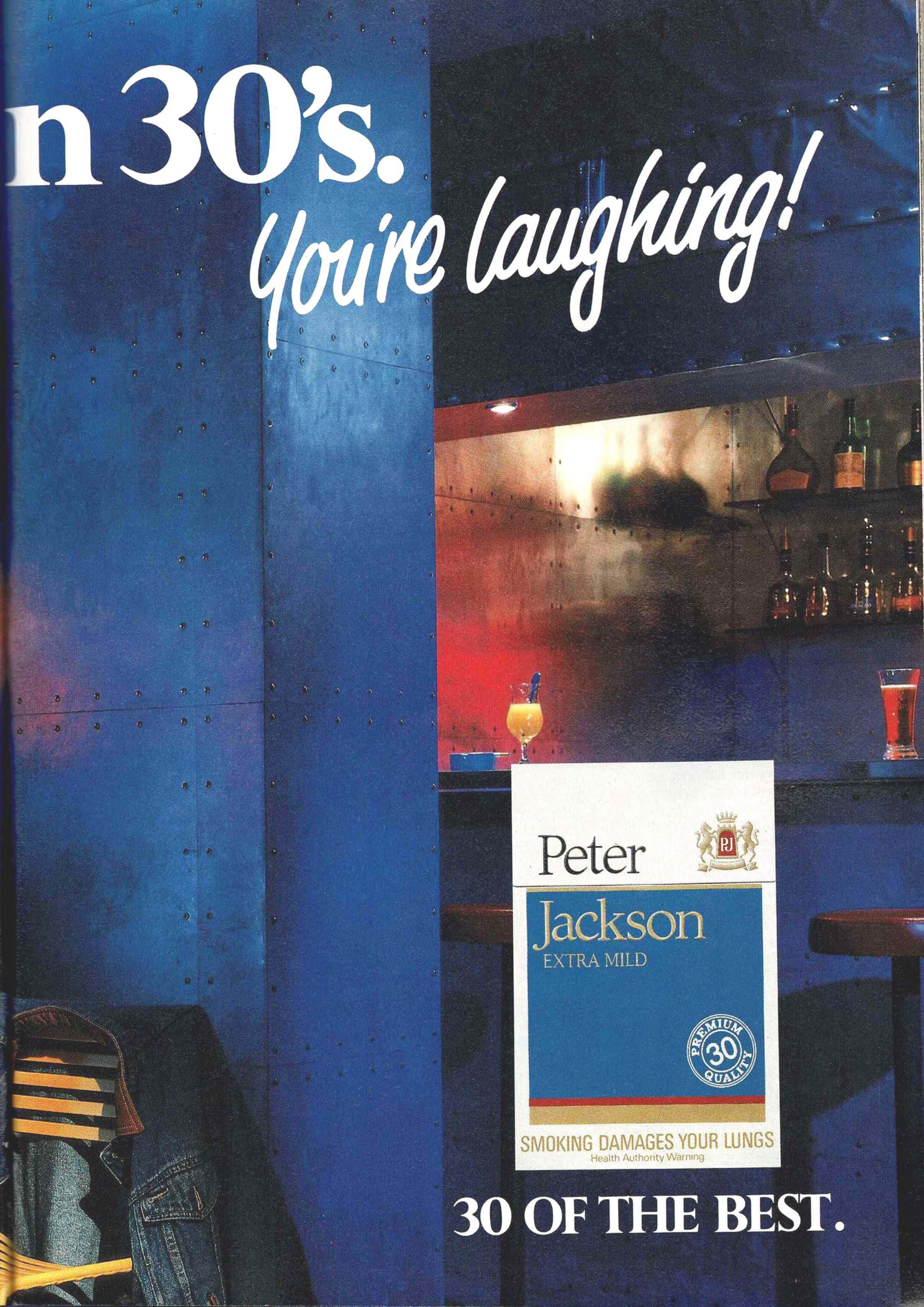
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THE CAPTIVE GODDESS

Huddled with others in the inner courtyard, we looked up. A small, chubby face with an almost bored expression came into view. "There!" cried the guide excitedly. All we saw was a little girl, but we were not looking through the

eyes of a believer. Little girl, perhaps, but a goddess nonetheless.

We were holidaying in Nepal, a fascinating, cool kingdom, open to the outside world only since 1950. Sprawled along the very foothills of the roof of the world, every vista is an absolute joy for the postcard photographer, and the best time to visit is after September when the distant clouds lift during the day to reveal the full impact of the mighty Himalayas. Apart from the modern sector of its capital, Kathmandu, Nepal remains medieval in custom, culture, and architecture.

Kathmandu Valley, a flat-bottomed bowl harboring Nepal's three main ancient cities of Bhaktapur, Patan and Kathmandu itself, is gateway to the awesome white peaks that dominate the northern horizon and, to the south, the Royal Chitwan National Park's nature resort, Tiger Tops.

We made the obligatory visits to handicrafts centres that manufacture and sell carvings and paintings. We toured picturesque bazaars that buzzed with excitement, golden temples and dragon-guarded pagodas, ancient houses of carved and stained wood, and legend-haunted royal palaces. Then we ventured into the heart of Kathmandu's Old City for a very special experience.

"This you will find most interesting," our guide assured us. "Kumari, the Living Goddess."

There are 11 of these "living goddesses" in the valley, but the most important is this one, the Kumari who dwells in the tiny quarter of Basantapur in the Old City. She is meant to be a living representation on Earth of the goddess Kali, an incarnation of Parvati, wife of the god Shiva. Choosing innocent children for the role is rather a paradox, as Kali is a fearful deity.

From what we could see of her — for she was half-hidden by the high sill — the child was dressed in red (which is also the national color), and her head was uncovered. Her tiny lips were painted scarlet, and black *kohl* surrounded her peering eyes.

The tradition of choosing the Kumari began in the 1600s, and the ornate, double-storeyed wooden building which houses each temporary goddess was built in 1756. Although Kali is a Hindu deity, each Kumari candidate is selected from one of the families in the small area's mainly Buddhist community of gold and silversmiths. A number of girls aged between four and five are selected initially, according to horoscope and 32 specific physical attributes, such as no gaps between

Medieval customs live on in the cool kingdom of Nepal

the teeth, round eyes, long hair, and so on. For at least ten days, those selected are locked in a dark room. Outside, people make noises and engage in other activities to scare the children. The girl who shows no fear and doesn't cry becomes the next goddess, a very high honor indeed for her family.

The child, this new Kumari, now imbued (as the faithful believe) with a holy spirit, moves into the specially-built mansion, not with her family, but with her religious teachers and minders. As she must not lose any blood, not even from a scratch, she must remain closeted in that one room for most of the full term, usually four to five years, of her reign.

The only time Kumari does emerge, temporarily, is for *Indrajatra* (literally "Feast of Indra"), the annual September festival, and the whole valley's most popular feast, attracting the largest crowds, both Buddhists and Hindus. *Indrajatra* honors Indra, the god of the sky, who is responsible for bringing the monsoon rains in honor of the Living Goddess. At the height of the celebrations, Kumari becomes the focal point of attention. Now she is brilliantly adorned in shining brocades and a bejewelled, tiered head-dress of pure gold. On her cherubic face, immediately above her eyes, is a yellow and red design incorporating the third eye. Her foremost duty is to place a protective *tikha* (the small red spot) on the forehead of the Nepalese King.

After four years, a new goddess is chosen. Now, this would be merely a quaint yarn if the obvious questions weren't asked: why such a brief reign, and what happens to the former representative after reaching the tender but dangerous age of nine or ten? One simple answer is given: she must be replaced before she reaches puberty.

Having been a "goddess", and having been elevated above the station of a normal girl, the girl is returned to her family. However, she is doomed to a life of purity, as it is generally believed that any man who marries her will be dead within six months. There are not too many young swains eager to test that belief.

We asked if the outgoing adolescent underwent some form of psychological training to help her readjust. Our guide did not know. Could she accept the routine humdrum, especially with little prospect for romance or marriage, without suffering some form of rejection or depression? The guide did not care to join in our speculation.

Whatever your attitude, actually seeing Kumari, the little Living Goddess of Kathmandu, is an interesting — and provocative — element in a visit to the kingdom of Nepal. — *Ian Austin*

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HAVE COVER, WILL TRAVEL

I am not a great fan of Hong Kong. I was stuck there once for a week because some airport strike in Australia meant only Qantas was able to deliver pasengers to Australia, and I was flying Cathay Pacific as part of some cheap ticket I'd bought in Beirut under the guise of a *hajji* (pilgrim returning from Mecca).

Sick of Honkers, I got my agent in Sydney to buy me a Qantas ticket so I could get back home to work on time. A couple of days after my return I suddenly remembered the travel insurance I had taken out before I left. I checked the policy and, *voila!* I was covered.

One of the peculiarities of airline ticketing is the way they work out the value of the various legs of the journey. The ticket Beirut to Sydney via Bahrain and Hong Kong cost me $615; but when I went to cash in the unused Hong Kong-Sydney leg I was given only $15! I know, I couldn't believe it either, and have harbored a

Illustration by Louise Tuckwell

grudge against Cathay Pacific since then — you try to buy a ticket from Sydney to Hong Kong for $15.

Anyway, I was able to claim the cost of the Qantas ticket, less the $15 refund, from the insurance company.

Too late, I realised I was also able to claim the cost of accommodation for the days beyond my original departure date. If I had known that when I was in Hong Kong I would have upgraded myself from the flea pit my modest budget allowed. I think I also claimed for the meals. Had I had my wits about me I could have had quite a pleasant holiday, courtesy of the airport union and the insurance company.

Since then I've always had a soft spot for travel insurance and, though with the usual reservations, recommend it, especially for travellers going on extended trips involving many countries, and especially Third World ones. For it is in places like Bangkok or Calcutta that your wallet and passport are stolen; the costs incurred hanging around awaiting issue of a replacement passport (a week or two, unless you can hurry them up) can be claimed on the insurance — just remember to get an official police report.

The big worry with travelling is getting sick while overseas. Poor old Medicare can barely scrape the shekels together to cover you from sickness in Australia, so you can't expect it to pay medical expenses incurred while you're swanning around the world. But it does — some of them, anyway, to the same extent, sort of, as you're covered here. In other words, roughly 85 percent of the "scheduled fee", whatever that is; and, whatever it is, it ain't a drop in the bucket if you choose North America to get sick in.

So if you fear being hospitalised in the US you'd better sign up for travel insurance. Most insurers have special super-super policies for travellers to the US; once you have such a policy you can blithely bingle head-on with a cement truck on the freeway and spend the six-month coma without having to worry about pesky medical bills.

Travellers to Europe can select from cheaper policies and budget travellers to the Third World have even cheaper policies to choose from.

To some extent the super-super policies are a bit over the top. For instance, the Australian Federation of Travel Agents offers a range of policies. A single bloke can get six months' cover for unlimited expenses for $355; for $77 less the medical and hospital bills run out when they reach $50,000. You'd have to be punting on getting very very sick indeed to make the extra $77 worth it.

Of course, this is insurance we're talking about. You know, the industry that thrives on fine print and baffling the customer. For Christ's sake, shop around. Every time you go into a travel agency take their insurance brochures. Read what they define as "sickness", "disablement" and "cancellation." And think a little bit. Do you really need unlimited cover?

If you're travelling on a straightforward package you might not need the freedom of some of the

Hang the expense – travel insurance is a damned good idea

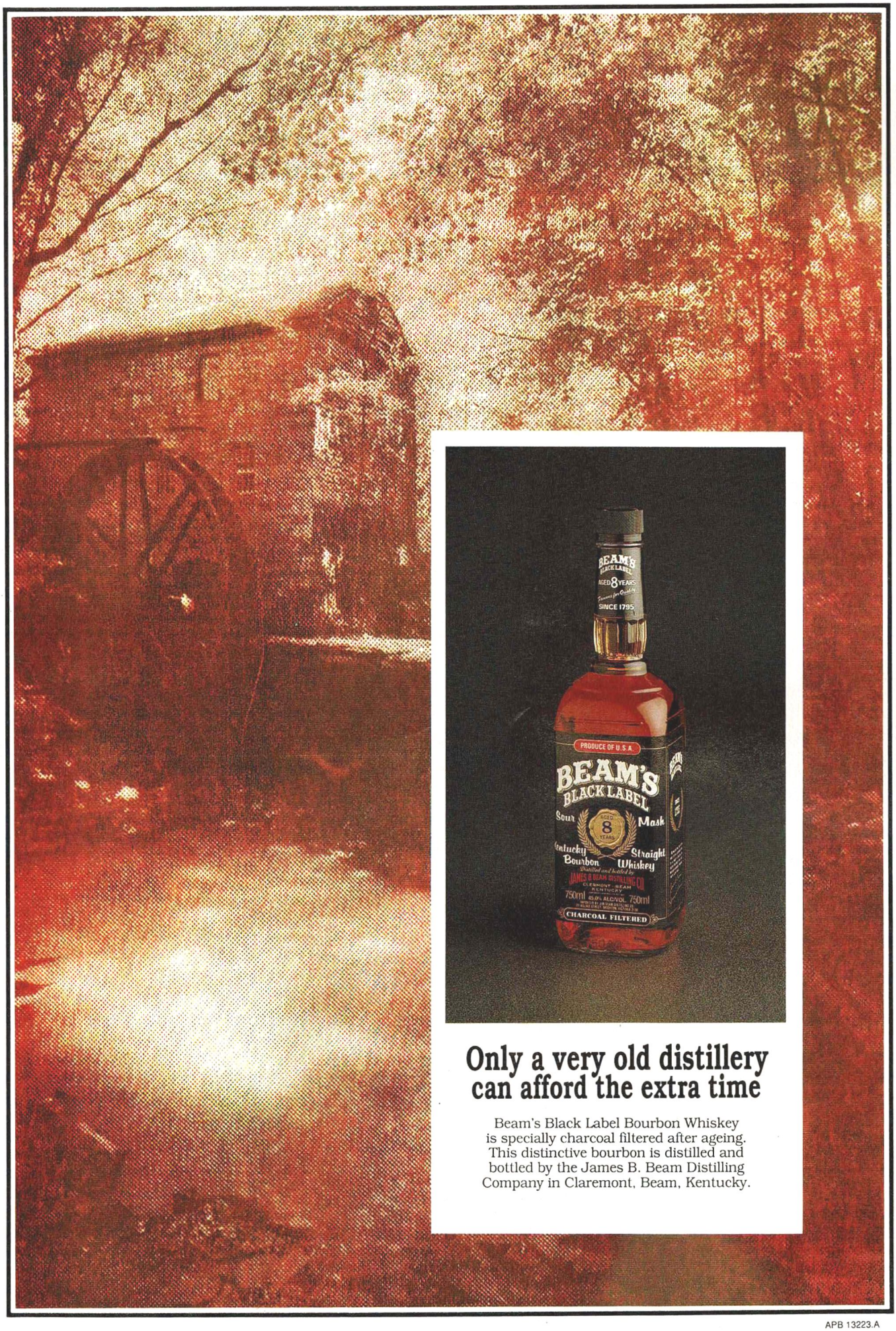
better insurance policies, such as the one from QBE, which does not insist on you lodging a strict itinerary beforehand.

Many policies — and they're not always the cheap ones — insist on you having a return ticket. One, the ISIS, offered by the heirs to the old Student Travel Service which is run out of the universities, only covers cancellations of tickets bought before you leave Australia. And this is the product recommended for students? Oh, I suppose they're right: students are a pretty herdish pre-packaged lot these days.

And don't depend on what the travel agent tells you about the policy, either. Remember, he — or she — is a travel expert, not an insurance expert. Sure, you can sue him or her when and if you get back to Australia if you were given the wrong advice, but who needs the bother?

Most insurance companies are, by and large, honest. They set out the details on the back of the brochure or policy document. If they're trying to trick you it'll be there in black and white.

Remember, if you are going to doctor your claim a little bit, don't get upset if the insurance company tries to screw a little bit out of you. Let him cast the first stone who hasn't tried to con an insurer, even just a little bit. — *David Quicksilver*



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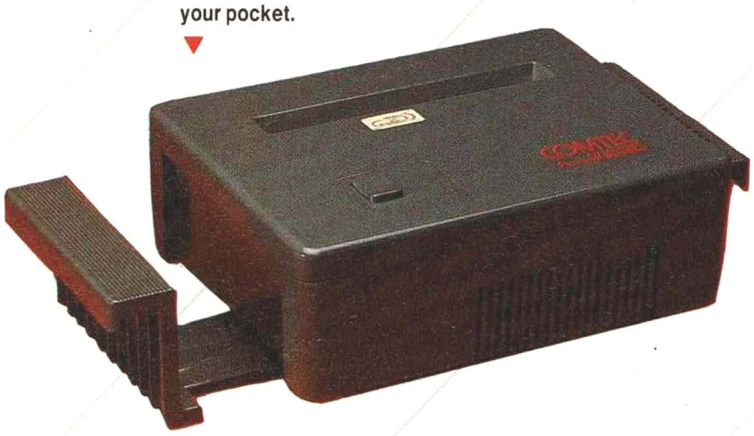
FRONT

Big pictures without a big effort is the promise of the Mamiya 6, which offers the unusual combination of rangefinder, interchangeable lenses and a 6x6cm format. Consequently, it's both compact and lightweight despite delivering images which are three times larger than 35mm. The choice of lenses: a 75mm standard, 50mm wide-angle and 150mm short telephoto. Exposure control can be either auto or manual and although you have to focus on your own, the double-image rangefinder is accurate and easy to use. The Mamiya 6 system costs $3200 complete from Baltronics.

You probably never knew you needed one, but Hanimex has just introduced a personal shredder (for documents, y'understand). The compact Comtec Personal Shredder (original title, eh?) is designed to sit atop your wastepaper basket and destroy your guilty secrets, blunders and so forth before anybody is any the wiser. Another advantage, according to the makers, is that you can now fit more in the bin! Acquiring the Comtec shredder will cut a $320 hole in your pocket.



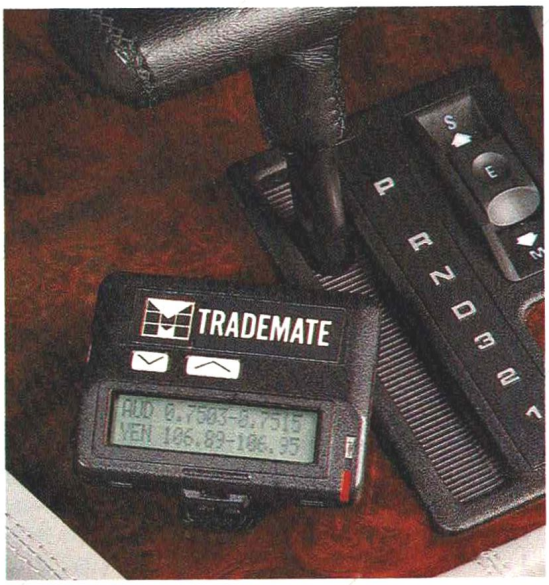
Latest edition to the ranks of Hi8 format video camcorders is Sanyo's VM-H100P. If you can get past the lengthy model number you'll find a compact (1.2kg) unit capable of delivering high resolution video pictures. A three-head record/play system ensures rock steady stills and clean, crisp slowmos. A flying erase head provides perfect edits. Also on tap is five-color titling, an eight times power zoom, 1/4000 second high speed shutter and full remote control. All this for a modest $2999 from Sanyo Australia.

You're going to hear a lot about noise shaping in the future as it's the latest development in compact disc players. Technics call the development MASH (derived from multi-stage noise shaping) and the ultimate aim is purer, cleaner sound. This is achieved via a new signal processing method which processes the digital (audio) information on the disc bit-by bit, rather than in "chunks", for greater accuracy. Interestingly, Technics will offer MASH processing on all its new generation CD players, not just top end models. However, if you want the best, the new SL-PS70 (at $899) gives you MASH with more.

"An outstanding fusion of form and function" is how Leica describes its new range of sports binoculars. However, it's the exceptionally high quality of the optics which makes these models highly desirable (mind you, at around $1700 a pair, they *should* be good). Features include a one-piece, all-metal construction for durability, elaborate sealing to provide full water proofing and a fast, efficient focusing system. Currently the model range comprises 7x42, 8x42 and 10x42 binoculars in a variety of finishes. Distributed by Wild Leitz Australia.

A built-in 38-105mm zoom lens endows Olympus' AZ-330 Super Zoom with plenty of versatility for the roving photographer who wants to travel light. The 35mm non-reflex camera offers fully automatic operation, but there are enough manual overrides to allow greater creative control when desired. The AZ-330's built-in flash can be used for full or fill-in illumination, and both the AF system and motordrive have a continuous mode for handling moving objects while a close-up facility permits focusing down to just 80cm. Distributed by R. Gunz (Photographic), the AZ-330 costs $710.

Most slide film users are no doubt well aware of Kodachrome's legendary capabilities as far as sharpness and color saturation are concerned. Arch-rival Fuji is keen to assume Kodak's crown and has spent a long time in the lab cooking up a competitor. Known as Fujichrome Velvia (don't even think about it), the new film is rated at ISO 50 and is compatible with E6 chemistry (which means you can get it processed just about anywhere and quickly). Fuji claims brilliant colors, sharpness you can cut yourself on and an ultra-fine grain structure. Velvia is available in all formats from 35mm to 8x10 inch sheets.



Picture this. Your Carrera 4 is stuck in traffic, but the Tokyo Stock Exchange isn't going to wait while you negotiate another rush hour nose-to-tailer. What you need is Trademate, a portable pager which enables you to keep in touch with worldwide commodity and financial markets, 24 hours a day. Trademate is continually updated (every five minutes) and keeps you abreast of futures, commodities and currencies via a large illuminated liquid crystal display. One-touch menu selection makes for easy operation and it's economical too, as there are no dialling, computer or installation costs. More info from MiSystems on (02) 251 4633.

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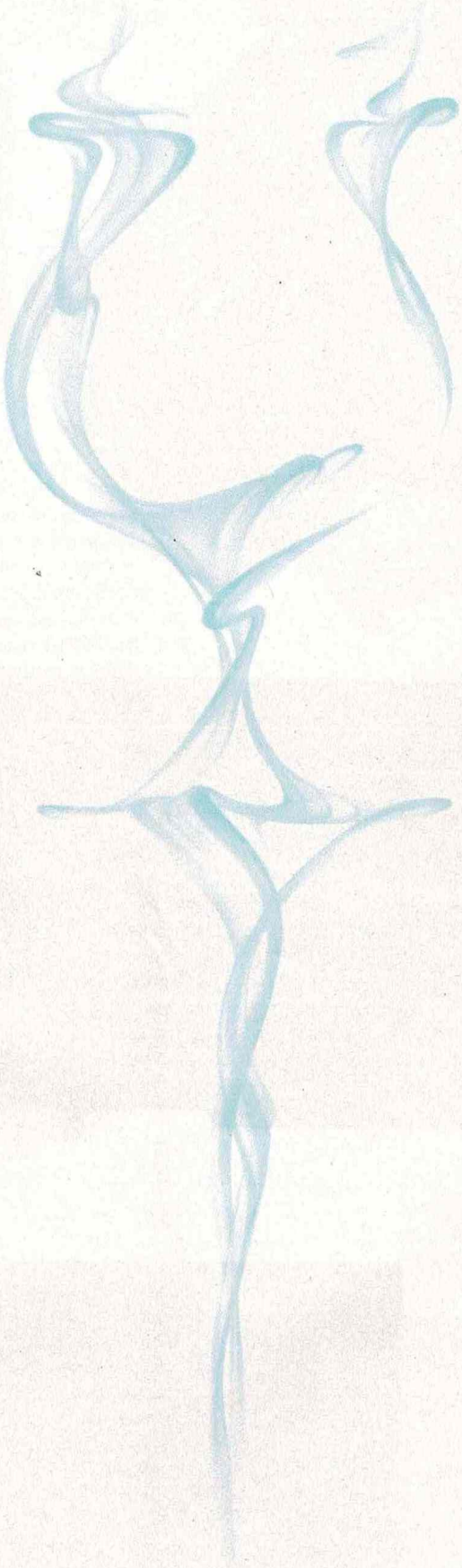
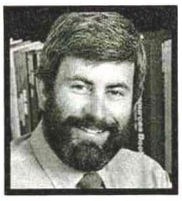


AFTER
DINNER
WITH
HENRI

HENRI WINTERMANS
HALF CORONA
CIGARS



Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

AIDS ETIQUETTE

Taking the worry out of being close

She's a real stunner. You hit it off right from the start. It's more a delight than a surprise to find yourselves heading for bed together. But somewhere in the back of your mind a little voice is whispering: "If she's this easy with me, maybe she's been this easy with someone else. And maybe that someone else gave her more than a good time." Or the boot could be on the other foot. You had a great one-night stand last week, but it was in the no-questions-asked tradition. Now she looks at you very directly and asks: "Are you sure you aren't an AIDS risk?" The truth is, you can't be sure, in either of these scenarios. What do you do, to be fair to yourself and your partner?

Sex is good, clean fun. An enjoyable sexual event can be very rewarding. The anticipation of some good sex can be very exciting. If you've had a couple of drinks, your thinking could be really clouded. How do you make good decisions on the spot? You don't. Don't wait until you're in a situation where there's a temptation for some great short-term pleasure and expect to be able to think smart. You owe it to yourself to work out your guidelines *before* the event. Then it's up to your sense of self-preservation and fair play to try to stick to them during the event.

So, what are your guidelines? AIDS has been seen as a modern epidemic raising all sorts of new problems. That's not true. The AIDS virus, or at least its growing occurrence in humans, is relatively new. But sexually transmitted diseases (STDs), the risk that one may kill you and the personal and social problems caused by that risk, have all been part of the human condition for a long time. The development of effective antibiotics this century has given us a temporary holiday from much of the risk of STDs. Even before AIDS appeared, the temporary nature of this holiday was becoming clear with the gradual emergence of antibiotic-resistant strains of the common STDs.

So the problems you face regarding AIDS are really problems people have had to contend with for a long time. AIDS has just revived them and given them a sharp edge because of its present incurability and high fatality rate. For yourself, you face the traditional two choices: play it safe or take risks. As for your partner or partners, you either treat them fairly or unfairly. We now know that some STDs can be present in a "silent" form. You have the disease and can infect someone else, but you have no obvious signs or symptoms yourself. This is similar to AIDS, which you can have and pass on long before you become noticeably ill yourself. So my suggestions for coping with the risk of AIDS really apply to all STDs.

It's worth recognising that AIDS is not yet a high risk for heterosexual people who do not use intravenous drugs. It's even less of a risk if you have a single, steady sexual relationship. The pathways by which AIDS is spread are better known now. It spread rapidly through the homosexual community because most homosexual men practise anal sex, which is far riskier than vaginal sex, and many have a number of sexual partners, thus increasing their chances of coming into contact with AIDS.

The "second wave" of infection that was expected to carry AIDS into the heterosexual community was through intravenous drug users who infected each other by sharing unsterile needles. They would then pass the infection on sexually to heterosexual non-drug users. Since many prostitutes are working to pay for drug habits, this was seen as a likely avenue for spreading AIDS. In fact, the incidence of AIDS among drug users themselves has risen but so far it does not seem to have spread from this group to the rest of the community as fast as was feared.

The point of this review is to help you make informed decisions. If your risk of getting AIDS through heterosexual activity is less than was thought, you can still get any of the other STDs with a bit of bad luck and rash behavior.

"If she takes offence and departs in a huff, you might miss out on some sex. You might also miss out on an STD."

The implications are fairly easy to work out. The more sexual partners you have, the more likely you are to strike one carrying some sort of infection. If you have sex with someone from a higher risk group — a homosexual man or an intravenous drug user — your risk of AIDS goes up.

The less you know about your sexual partner, the more uncertain your risk becomes. Medical experts have concluded that when you have sex with someone, you are effectively having direct contact with every sexual partner that person has had for the last seven years. Think about it. There might be only her in bed with you right now, but in health terms the bed could be very crowded.

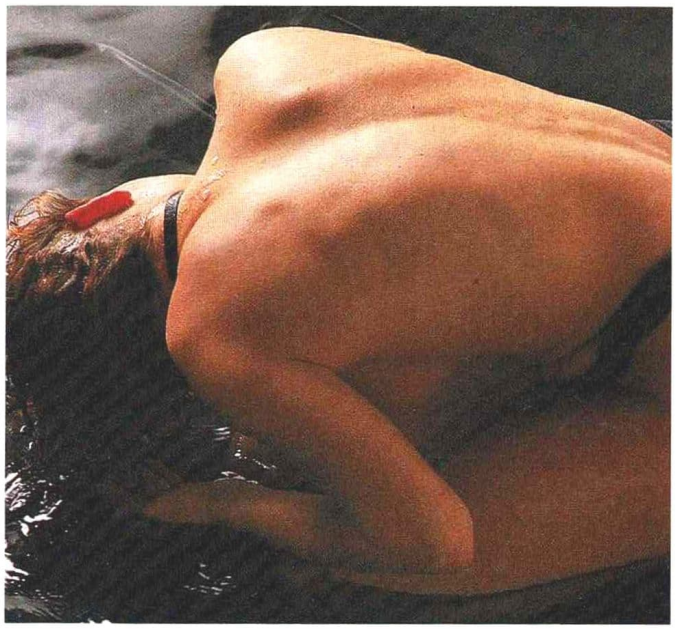
Unless you are reasonably certain she is not a risk, which means you know her well and trust her a lot, you owe it to yourself to use a condom. You cannot tell reliably whether someone has an infection by looking at them. You can ask. I know that's probably embarrassing, but set the example: "I'd like you to know I care about you, so I'm telling you now I'm sexually healthy because I've had a blood test (or donated blood or had no other sexual partners for seven years). How about you?" If she takes offence and departs in a huff, you might miss out on some sex. You might also miss out on an STD.

I agree that even the newer condoms diminish some of the pleasant sensations, but that's only during intercourse and is only a *reduction* in tactile pleasure, not its removal. There's more to good sex than just intercourse, anyway. So carry your own condoms and insist on using them. They are not 100 percent effective in preventing infection, but they are better than the wowsers would like you to think. Look for the Australian Standards mark on the pack and watch the use-by dates.

If you think you may have an STD yourself, obviously you should be getting medical treatment. Some STDs may be harder to treat but they can mostly still be successfully treated. The only decent thing to do is to refrain from sex until your treatment is complete. The viruses, like genital herpes and AIDS, so far cannot be treated, just managed. The only decent thing to do is to tell your possible partner so that she makes an informed choice about whether or not to place herself at risk. If she does, then you should use condoms and refrain from sex when the herpes virus is active. You may only be sleeping with someone once, but you will have to live with yourself for the rest of your life.

advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask



Turned on by transvestites

I am a woman who would like to meet a transvestite male. I've read about them and seen photos of crossdressers in women's clothes in some kinky magazines I bought. The idea of being with a guy who does this turns me on. But how do I meet one? Are there any subtle clues a man sends out that indicate he's into this?

Several men have written asking how they can get wives or girlfriends to accept their penchant for crossdressing. You are the first woman to reveal such a penchant. If they only knew women like you were out there, they'd wear roses in their lapels so you could recognise them in crowds. Since so many people have trouble accepting crossdressers, they are careful not to leave public clues, however subtle. Why don't you flip to the personals section of the fetish magazines you bought and check out the ads? Maybe someone is already advertising for you — and, if he hasn't, you can for him. You can also bring up the subject to the men you know. Your expressed interest may coax someone out of the lingerie drawer.

Boring in bed?

I seem to have lost the knack of pleasing women in bed. Or maybe I've never had it. My last two relationships, which were brief, ended in the same way. Each woman told me that she wanted to be my friend, but that the sex wasn't any good between us. Now I'm wondering if they were just humoring me and if I really am a lousy fuck. Are there minimum performance standards to measure one's performance against?

What a great idea for a new sex book — Minimum Standards For Sexual Performance: A Statistical Guidebook. *Don't we all need one more set of criteria against which to measure ourselves? You are overracting to just two experiences. Simply because they told you that they didn't enjoy having sex with you doesn't mean you're a lousy lover. All it means is that the chemistry was missing. We've all had such encounters. As we mature, we become more discriminating. It takes more than technical skill and body parts that fit together to create great sex. Next time, wait for desire to overpower.*

Better boobs, lower libido

I've been in a monogamous relationship for four years with a wonderful sexy woman. Several months ago she had breast augmentation done, which made her body just about perfect. For a short while, it made her feel and act even sexier than before. Now she's lost interest in sex. Does that happen to some women after breast surgery? The operation wasn't my idea, incidentally. It was hers. If she's having a problem, I want to help. I don't know, though, how long I'll be able to hang in there without sex.

Augmentation surgery usually makes women feel sexier because they are happier with their bodies. I doubt that her current slump is connected to the surgery. Maybe she had it done to forestall these feelings in the first place. There are fallow periods in every long-term relationship, but you are right to be concerned about a chronic loss of libido. Insist that she get a full physical. Then gently steer her into therapy. All you can do is be supportive. Tell her what you've told me. Explain that you're crazy about her and want to help, but that celibacy is not your thing.

What's good for the goose . . .

My wife is bisexual, which turns me on rather than offends me. On rare occasions she has invited me to participate with her and a consenting female partner. More often she tells me about her lesbian lovefests. Recently I have taken to following her when she goes prowling. She hooks up with women in a certain bar. I hang out at a news-stand or in a restaurant across the street, from which I can see into the bar. Lately, she only seduces women in their early twenties. We are both 40. If I went after young women, she'd call me a pig. So, what's the difference?

There is no difference. The truth is that she likes firm young thighs as much as anyone does. An added bonus for your wife is that many of these young women are just coming to terms with their lesbian drives. Imagine the thrill she gets from knowing that hers is the first cunt another woman has ever loved. But why don't you ask her to explain it? Wouldn't hearing her logic on the subject be worth the castigation you'll get for snooping?

Frustration as art

I'm a student. A girl in my journalism seminar, who has a reputation for being easy, invited a group of us men back to her flat one day to see her new word processor. She served beer to everyone. Then she decided it would be fun if we all drew pictures of her naked body, so she passed out paper and pencils, and took off her clothes. The six of us just sat there, drinking beer, sweating and making half-arsed attempts at drawing her in the nude. Nothing else happened. We still haven't figured out why she staged this scene. If she wanted to instigate a gang bang, why didn't she do something besides posing? If she didn't want to start anything, what was she up to?

Since you aren't a group of art students, you may safely assume that her motive wasn't to acquire sketches for her walls.

advisor

I'm also betting that she got more than you realise from this carefully orchestrated scenario: she was playing exhibitionist in a minimal-risk situation. She also probably enjoyed watching you all getting turned on. As you say, if she'd wanted group sex, she would have started it. She seems to have known that you are gentlemen who do not take that which isn't offered.

Shrinking with age

Although I am approaching 50, I am still very active sexually. My body is in good shape and people say I look 40. Recently I had the thrill of hooking up with an ex-lover, a woman I'd known 20 years ago. Sex with her was great, but she said she thought my penis had shrunk with age. When she saw that the remark offended me, she backtracked, saying that it wasn't *much* smaller — and that every man's penis shrinks a little with age. Is she right?

No. Sometimes, however, a man's belly expands with age and his penis appears to have shrunk in comparison. But what if you are a bit chubbier than 20 years ago? Since you are pleased with the shape your body's in, you shouldn't worry about this phenomenon. It was extremely thoughtless of her to make that comment. Imagine how she would feel if you insulted her genitals. If you see this woman again, tell her that there is no anatomical evidence to support her shrinking-penis theory — and that she may need glasses.

Social disease suspicions

My girlfriend gave me a case of crabs that she swore she'd contracted from a tanning bed. I was sceptical but realised it is possible. Now she says she's contracted cervicitis from her tampons. We both have to take medicine for it. When I called her doctor to get the hard facts about cervicitis, he said he couldn't violate patient confidentiality by discussing it with me. He advised me to ask her about it. If he's prescribing medication for me, aren't I his patient, too? And what is cervicitis? Can a woman get it from using tampons?

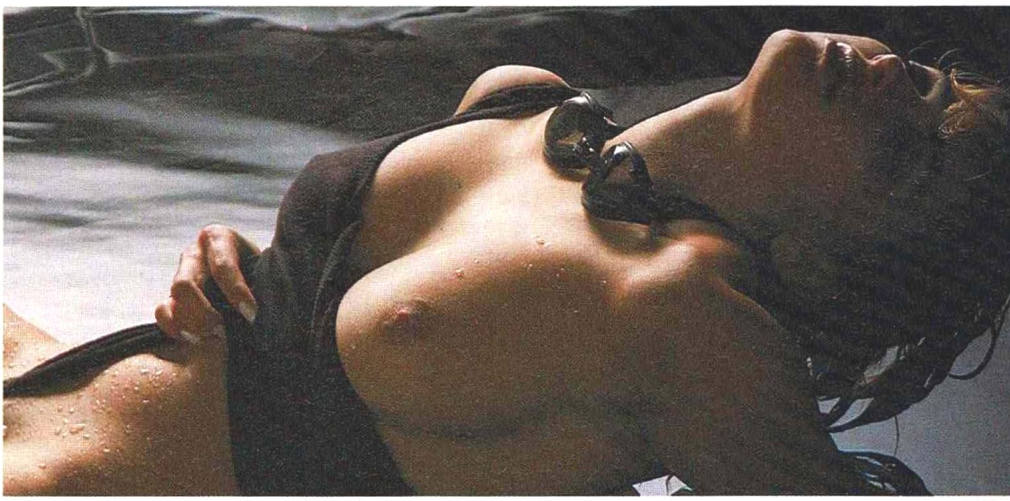
Doctors commonly prescribe medication for the partner of the afflicted without considering that partner as a patient. I agree with you that this seems unfair. Cervicitis is an inflammation or infection of the cervix. It can have any of several causes, but women don't get it from tampons. Your girlfriend isn't necessarily cheating or lying. It could be that she's just confused. She has switched tanning salons, right?

Once a week is not enough

My wife and I have been married eight years. I love her but she only wants sex once a week, which isn't enough for me. How can I raise her libido?

If she works or has a small child, she may simply be fatigued. Will occasional household help fit into the budget? Are the two of you in the habit of winding down each day with a cocktail or wine? Alcohol may be the libido thief, as it commonly is.

If you can eliminate these explanations for her lack of interest in sex, possibly you have fallen into a lovemaking rut. Try seducing her as you did before you married her. (The number one fault of married people is that they assume they're entitled *to sex and therefore stop being seductive.) Or learn some new techniques.*



Eating out more fun

I love to perform cunnilingus. Nothing makes me happier than nuzzling my face into a warm pussy and eating out a woman until she is weak with ecstasy. I love it so much that sometimes I like cunnilingus to be a complete act. Some women feel funny about that. Why? Also I have had orgasms while performing cunnilingus. Is that abnormal?

Some women might feel mildly guilty because they believe sex should be reciprocal and don't understand you love cunnilingus enough to consider the act a fair exchange of pleasures! A few others may be embarrassed to have so much erotic attention focused on them alone. Surely this is the kind of embarrassment which could be easily overcome. Personally I feel sex should be varied. Every encounter need not end in intercourse.

Few men achieve orgasm through the performance of cunnilingus. Either it doesn't excite them that much or they don't continue the act long enough. You may be wonderfully rare, but you're certainly not abnormal.

Who wears the panties?

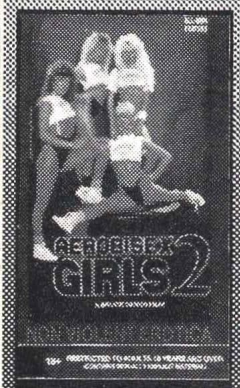
I found my new flatmate by running an ad. He had excellent references. I thought he was shy and withdrawn but otherwise all right.

After a month, I went into his bedroom when he wasn't home to borrow a clean towel. In his wardrobe I discovered several pairs of women's panties, some of which were soiled and appeared to have been there for a while. He's never even brought a girl home, as far as I know. I can't ask him about the panties without admitting that I'd been in his room. But I'm worried about living with him now. Is he kinky? Will he try to do anything to the women I bring home?

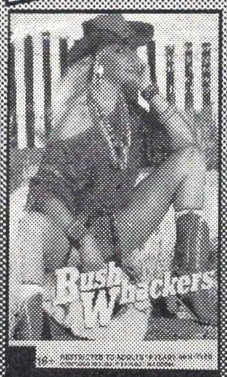
There's no reason to fear him. Men who have this particular fetish are sometimes inventive in acquiring them. He probably snatches them from laundry carts or other people's homes when he's visiting them. He isn't kinky in a way that endangers you physically. Your women friends will be safe. If, however, they remove their panties in your flat, they may not find them again.

FOR ADULTS ONLY

DIRTY DECADE



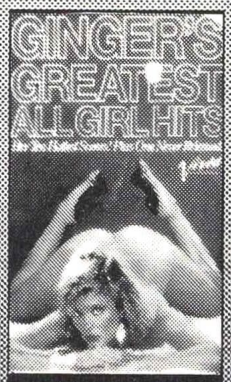
Aerobisex Girls 2
This is an all girl adventure that will curl the hairs around you know where! Cat. 101



Bush Whackers
Home grown erotica starring Deidre Holland. Full of carnal pleasures and hot ladies. Cat. 102

Devil In Miss Dare
Barbara's ability on screen is exemplified in her steamiest erotic perfromance. Cat. 103

Dick Tracer
She's a voluptuous detective who specialises in finding lost dicks! Hilarious & sexy! Cat. 104

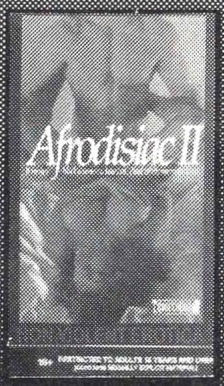


Ginger's Greatest All Girl Hits Ginger Lynn. The 10 hottest scenes. The 7 hottest movies. Cat. 105

Army Brat II
Julianne James is the horny Private who takes orders from everyone. Cat. 106

The Lesbionic Woman
She's built for comfort - nct for speed. An all-girl all star cast. Cat. 107

Godmother 2
The interracial saga continues with huge boobed Ebony Ayes. Cat. 108



Aphrodesiacs II
The checker-board chicks are here & the salt & pepper's hotter than ever. Cat. 109

Innocent Seduction
A young virgin is sick of her wild fantasies and wants the real thing at last! Cat. 010

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PEN AUG '90

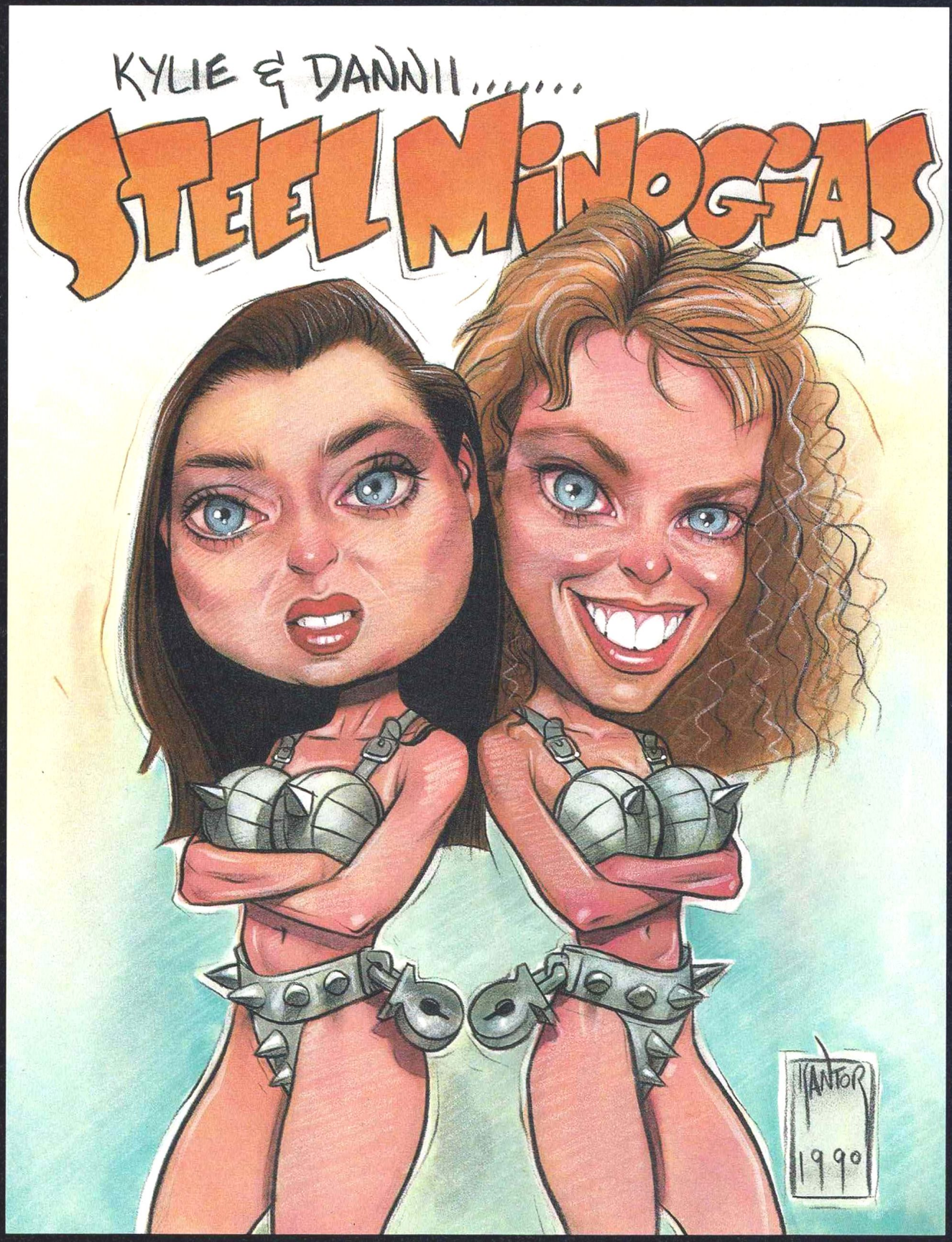
PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

Madam Melissa gets a little bored sitting around at home, day after day, while her husband is out making millions on the stockmarket. She longs to know what life could be like stripped to the bare essentials, but the die is cast. Melissa is caught in a gilded cage, a captive bird of paradise. But there's no harm in wishful thinking. She slips out of her clothes, stretches lazily and daydreams of another life, another man.

kept woman

The silky caress of the Persian rug against her flawless skin excites her, reminding her of a lover's touch a long, long time ago, before all this. Why did she listen to her parents? She should have known that money can't buy love. What she needed was an eternity in her lover's muscular arms, not a daily profit-and-loss account from a loveless banker.

Perhaps one day she'll escape. Her dream lover is out there somewhere beyond the walls. Mind you, it would be hard to leave all that money behind. So much easier to just drowse the days away, pamper herself with all the luxuries a body could want and dream of what could have been . . .



KANTOR'S GALLERY

BY ALAN KENNEDY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID IACONO & MATTHEW SCROOPE (SD34)

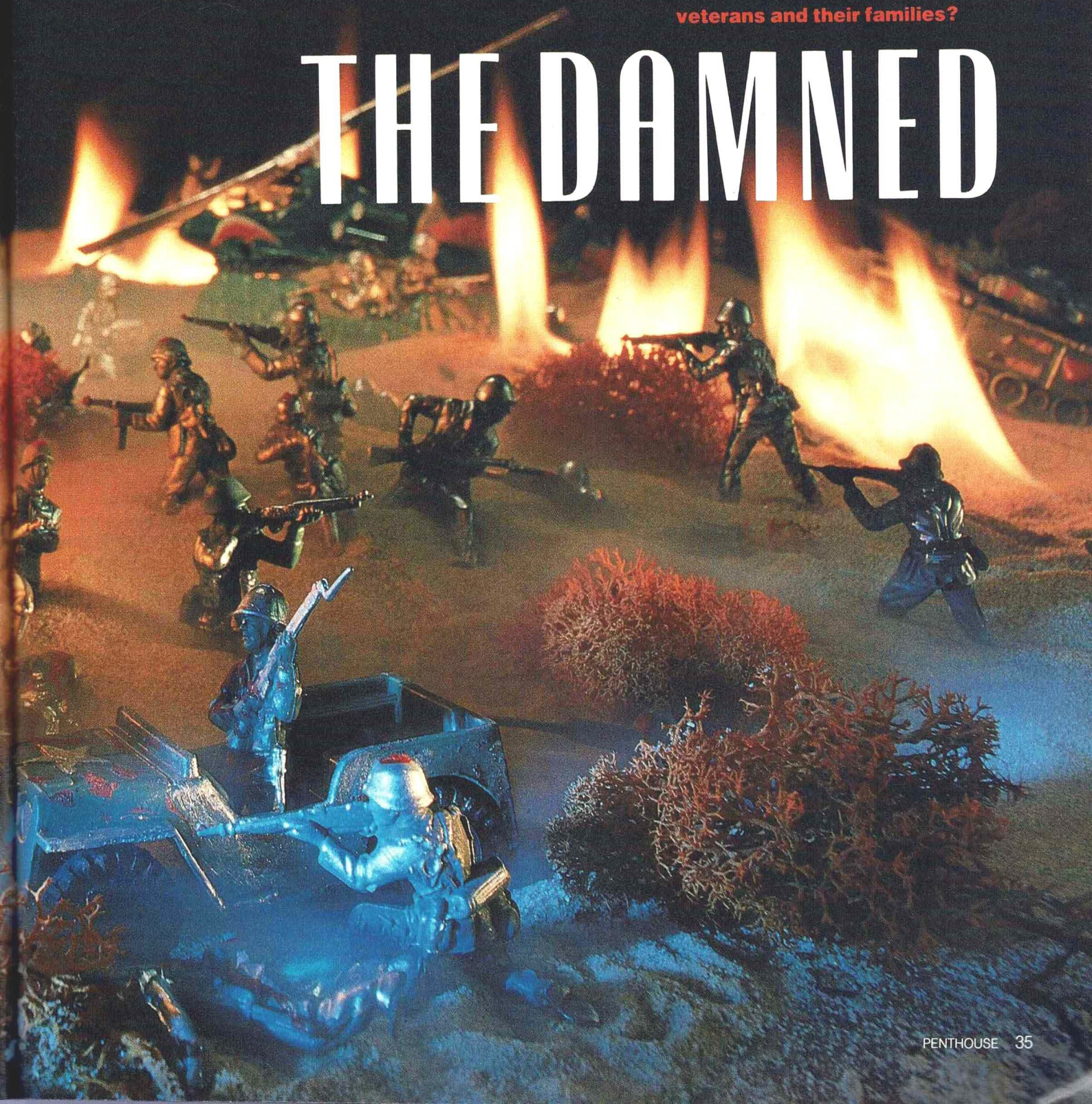
CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED

Agent Orange *did* cause cancer and birth defects. When will there be justice for our Vietnam veterans and their families?

In October 1987, more than 100,000 people lined Sydney's streets to watch the "homecoming" of Australia's Vietnam veterans. Many had been home for more than 20 years, but in the late Sixties and early Seventies they used to come back to Australia at night. Then they'd shed their uniforms as quickly as possible and try to melt back into a society torn apart by opposition to the war. It took 15 years for this country to let its most denigrated veterans out of hiding and show them to their fellow Australians.

The march was a public relations triumph and naturally our silver-haired PM was not far from the television cameras as he stood on the official dais at Sydney's Town Hall. But if you watched the cameras closely you'd have seen many of the servicemen giving the finger to the politicians crowded on the platform. For while the general public may have arrived at a long-sought catharsis, the bulk of the veterans had not.

As they gathered for a beer afterwards the talk turned to the subject which has obsessed them since the mid-Seventies: Agent Orange. Almost every veteran has a mate who has fathered a child or children with



THE DAMNED

birth defects. The veterans know that 6000 of the 50,000 soldiers who toured Vietnam have died since the war ended: many via suicide, many from cancers. They believe — and there is a growing body of evidence to support them — that they and their children are the victims of chemical warfare waged by their own government.

The chemical companies have fought every claim all the way to the wire and it is the weight of those companies' money which crushes the hopes of veterans both here and overseas.

Recently, however, courts in America have begun to award damages to citizens claiming to have chemically-induced cancers, and independent tribunals in Australia are conceding that there may be merit in the veterans' claims about cancer-causing chemicals. But the government simply doesn't want to know about this and continues to hide behind the eight volumes of the Evatt Royal Commission report into Agent Orange. Justice Evatt proclaimed Agent Orange not guilty and in so doing devastated the veteran community.

The Evatt report, tabled in 1985, has become a black joke in scientific circles around the world. A re-examination of evidence tendered at the Commission, along with more recent research, has shown Evatt's inquiry to have been a complete farce.

The Commission had been promised by the Hawke-led Labor Opposition as it mounted its successful election campaign in 1983. In one of many ironies associated with the Agent Orange story, it appears the push for Evatt came from the Labor left-wingers who had strongly opposed the war. Veterans will tell you the Labor Right doesn't want to know about Agent Orange. The previous Liberal-National Government had firmly rejected the notion of chemically induced illness in Vietnam vets.

The Evatt Commission became a dreadful ordeal for both veterans and expert witnesses. Two of the latter, Swedish Professors Lennart Hardman and Olav Axelson, lodged official complaints with the Governor-General.

The veterans' case was almost destroyed by the withdrawal of their lawyers six months prior to the end of the hearings after a dispute with the government over money. The final submissions were made by the late Phil Thompson, who was helped by present Vietnam Veterans Association President Tim McCombe. These men were up against QCs on $3000 a day.

They tried hard on their day in court. But one veteran recalls: "They never called our wives and children. At preliminary hearings we gave evidence about defects and other problems, but none of it found its way into the report."

It is felt that Justice Evatt was also buried under an enormous volume of information, and he and his counsel assisting, Mr John Coombe QC, didn't have the scientific understanding to properly evaluate the massive case mounted by chemical company Monsanto. As well, the lack of legal expertise from Thompson and McCombe in what was a highly legalistic procedure is now considered one of the key contributors to the ultimately lopsided and confused Evatt finding.

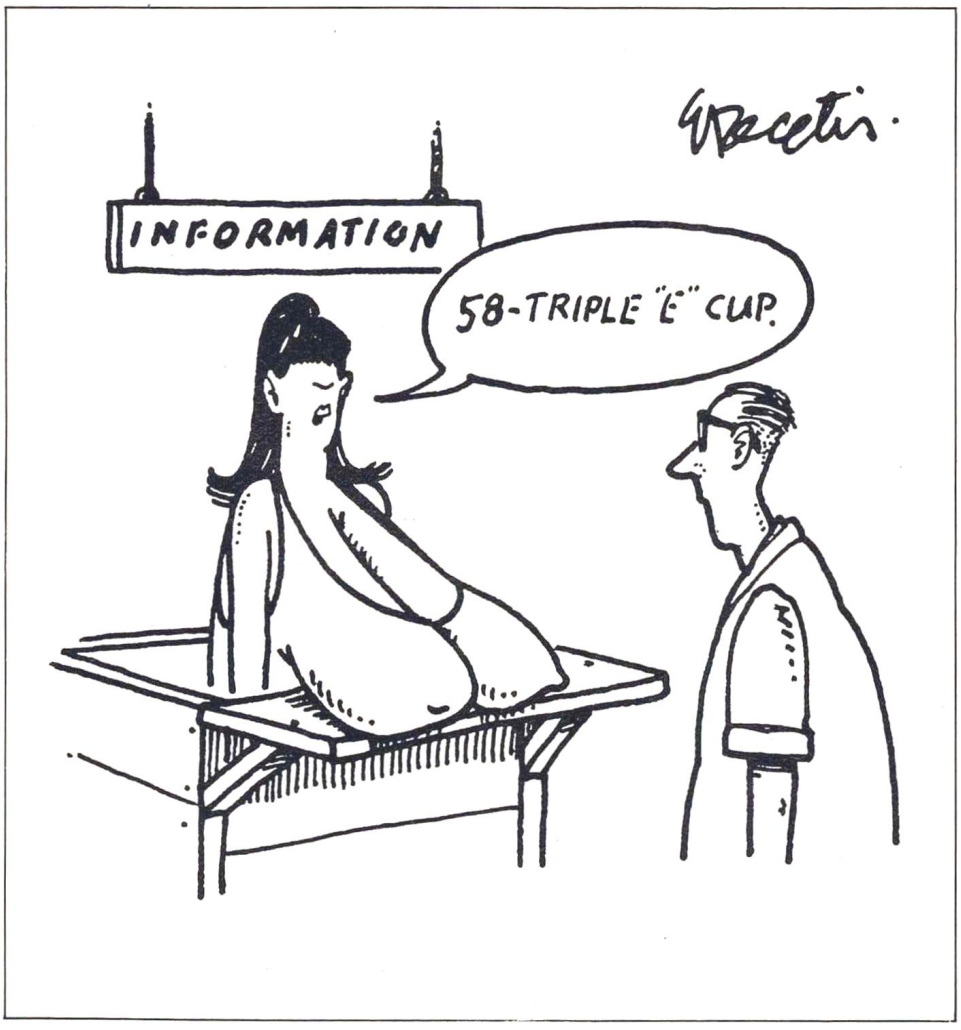
Immediately Justice Evatt handed down his report it was heavily attacked by scientists who had given evidence. Last year, at a conference in Canberra called "Evatt Revisited", Professor Axelson said it had made Australian science a laughing-stock around the world.

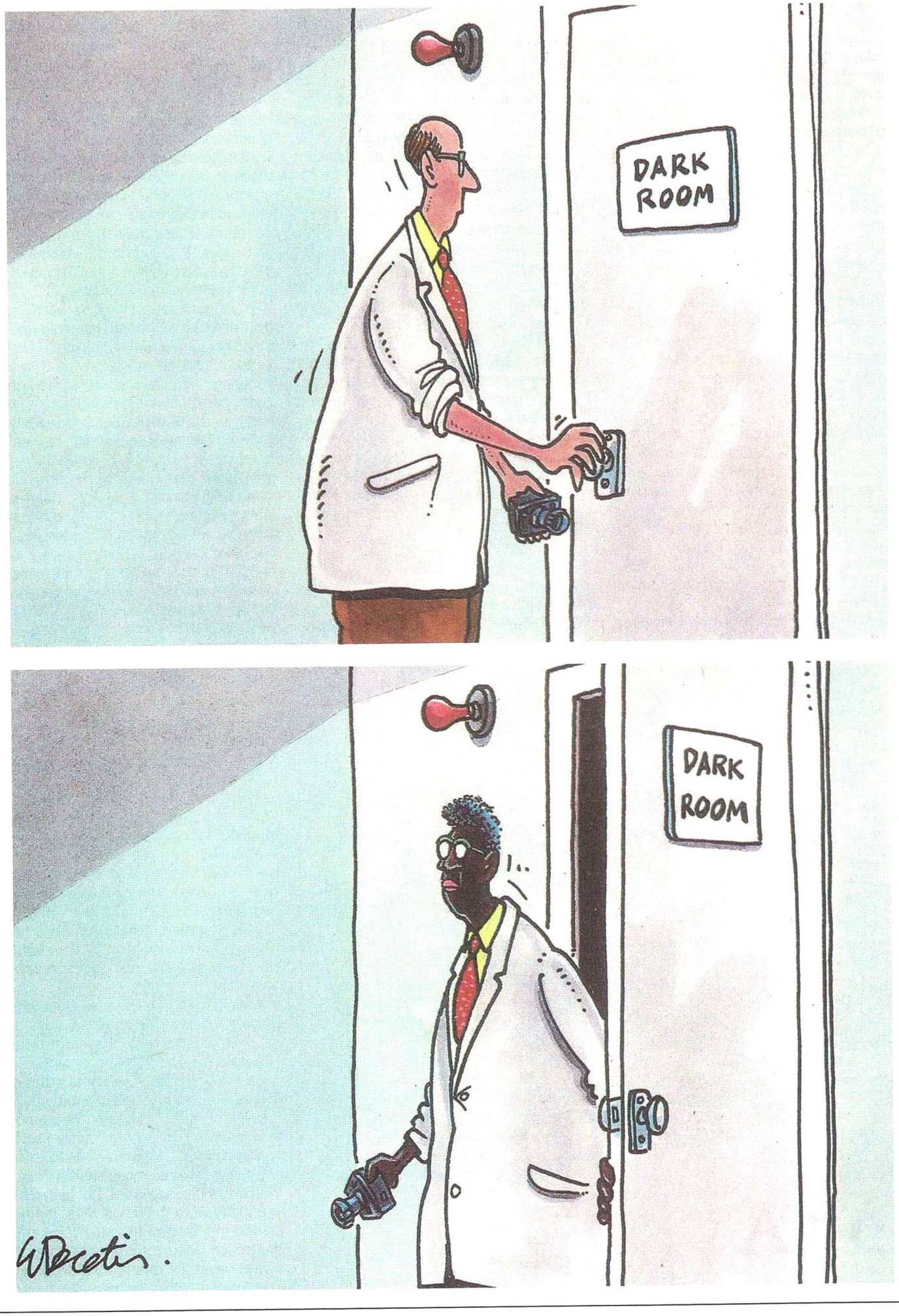
Dr Jock McCulloch, a lecturer in Social Studies at Deakin University and author of *The Politics Of Agent Orange*, observes of the report: "Within the individual volumes the reader is often faced with contradictory statements which make interpretation of the document difficult, if not impossible. Each of the eight volumes contains errors of fact and citation. Those errors are numerous and Evatt says in Volume 8 that he is on the side of science against the men of faith, the radical environmentalists. Yet the report has little to do with the scientific values of disinterest, impartiality and systematic doubt. As science the report makes little sense."

Another critic is Dr Charles Kerr of the Department of Public Health at Sydney University, who also served on the Ranger Uranium Inquiry and drew on his experience there to illustrate the problems with the Evatt Commission. He says that Justice Fox, who headed Ranger, stopped his inquiry from becoming a legalistic process and put the lawyers back in their boxes. By contrast, he remembers the lawyers at the Evatt inquiry: "There were questions about something you didn't do, and when you objected, they shouted at you: 'Answer yes or no' to a question on complex issues where it was virtually impossible to say 'yes' or 'no' without extensively qualifying what you said. These antics of course reflect the black and white legal mind, in this case hell-bent on declaring Agent Orange guilty or not guilty. The lawyers used bullying tactics or semantic sophistry to introduce arcane points of law — things which were simply not permitted at Ranger."

Dr John Pollack of the Histology and Embryology Department at Sydney University adds: "The apparent lack of understanding by the Evatt Royal Commission of the genetic and biochemical mechanisms involved prevented the Commission from reaching a scientifically valid conclusion."

Much of the hard evidence on birth defects and cancers has emerged after




DARK ROOM
DARK ROOM

the Royal Commission. But Professor Ed Steele of the Department of Biology at Wollongong University has made an extensive study of the data available to the Commission and concludes that even on that basis, its findings were not warranted. He casts doubts on the evidence used to reach conclusions and suggests that more cautious recommendations should have been forthcoming both from the Royal Commission and its scientific advisors. "At the very least, veterans should have been given the benefit of the doubt."

Some of the people on the losing side of the Agent Orange debate are intensely private, suspicious of outsiders, sick of people offering to help them. Too often they've found themselves being used, and in the end analysis help has not been forthcoming.

Men drink themselves to death; wives and children are battered; men check themselves into psychiatric wards where they are treated for the all-encompassing "post-traumatic shock syndrome." This is the convenient diagnosis for typical veterans' problems. Significantly, post-traumatic shock symptoms bear a startling resemblance to those of chemical poisoning.

In April this year it emerged that post-traumatic stress disorders are suffered at a rate far higher in Vietnam vets than in veterans of previous wars. If a Vietnam veteran claims he has been chemically poisoned, he is told this is impossible; Justice Evatt said so. If he persists he is diagnosed as "unstable, suffering from post-traumatic shock syndrome", and wheeled into a psychiatric ward.

The most significant recent research findings on the Agent Orange debate are those of the Ranch Hand study of 1988-89. "Ranch Hand" was the name of the operation in which Vietnam was sprayed with a cocktail of chemicals over a period of many years. The Air Force personnel who did the spraying have been monitored and the study has found a significant rise in birth defects among their children.

A study of veterans in Tasmania, reported in 1988, has shown rises in birth defects. Researchers have found significant rises in some types of cancer among people exposed.

Doctor John Pollak at Sydney University believes there is a strong chance that future generations will bear the scars of Agent Orange. Birth defects, he says, will increase among the children of veterans' children. The gene pool has been polluted and the recessive gene of the type which causes defects tends to show up in the children of people who have been given that gene by their parents.

One man who has witnessed this pollution first-hand is Barry Kelly, who served in South Vietnam in 1967 and 1968 and after the war fathered four children. All had birth defects. Now one of his grandchildren has been born with similar defects. In Kelly's view the nightmare of Vietnam will haunt veterans' children, their grandchildren and their great grandchildren.

Kelly has been bankrupted because of medical and other bills associated with his children's defects. He is bitter about the years of indifference from successive governments. These days the anger simmers just below the surface but he seems to have found a positive outlet in counselling other veterans.

In Vietnam, one of his jobs was to spray the perimeter of the Nui Dat camp and surrounding jungle with chemicals. No-one, he says, told the soldiers what they were spraying. "We used those old fire-fighting spray packs. It was hot and we just wore shorts and little else." Since then Kelly has suffered anxiety attacks, skin rashes and headaches. His four children have had more than their share of health troubles: skin rashes, hearing defects, heart problems, deformities, learning difficulties. Now he worries about the genetic time bomb which may be ticking away in the children of veterans. "What happens if a veteran's child marries the child of another veteran? No-one seems to care. We have been sold out."

Little wonder the veterans and their families are suspicious of people trying to hear their stories. But if you do find your way down to the margins of Australian society you witness a maelstrom of suffering and despair.

You sit with tears welling in your eyes while one man tells you how he came back to Australia after a year in Vietnam but found he had to head for the bush, away from civilisation, after a few weeks. He had suppurating sores all over his back. He sat by himself in the wilderness, suffering what he called "the heebeejeebees." He tied himself to a tree and tried to hold himself together. Finally he went home. His wife stayed for a while, then left him. Now he lives alone, still "going bush" occasionally.

Another man retires to his shed when it all gets too much for him. He stays there for days and his wife has learnt to leave him alone.

Just down the road (the area in this case is rural Gippsland in Victoria, but could be anywhere in Australia) you hear another story from a man whose family stuck by him during a desperate 14-year period when he continually hallucinated visions of Vietcong in his backyard. But his wife tells you many were the times when the family loaded the car and tried to drag her from the house, tried to make her drive them away, never to return. But she stayed. Their eldest child is mentally retarded. They think this was caused by chemicals

"Not now, Robert, I'm having sex with somebody else."

THE DAMNED

sprayed on his father during the Vietnam War. But the authorities tell them it wasn't.

And nearby is the wife of another veteran who has had seven miscarriages and a child who lived only a few weeks. Her eldest daughter has a cleft palate which has been corrected after a number of operations, but the scars remain.

Bob Hepes is a feisty Vietnam vet who no longer has the use of his legs. He was a member of an Air Force Airfield Defence Unit at Than Rang, near Cam Ranh Bay, and spent the first six months of his tour of duty on night patrol. He regularly saw aircraft spraying.

One night on patrol he lay down in the jungle and smelt something similar to ammonia. During that time his heart stopped three times and one of his mates, Stan Jones, who himself is now dying of cancer, remembers attending a church service for Hepes.

Somehow the man survived. But the strapping six-footer who went to Vietnam returned to Australia weighing just six stone and paralysed from the neck down. He spent more than two years regaining some use of his limbs. Now he works as a freelance journalist, shrugging off his disabilities to maintain a punishing work schedule. The two children from his first marriage were both born with defects.

Hepes is angry about the chemical issue, although he shuns most of the veteran community. "Some of them can't get their minds out of the Sixties," he pronounces.

After giving evidence to the Evatt Commission Hepes walked from the hearing to the hotel where he was staying. His wife found him drinking beer. He had tears in his eyes when he told her: "They just don't want to know."

Dick Brady lives at Belleport Hill near Geelong in Victoria. He fathered one perfectly normal child before going to Vietnam in 1971; after his return in 1973 he had another son who was born with a squint and a heart murmur. Two years later another son was born with a cleft palate, a heart murmur, long-sightedness and hearing problems. In 1977 there was another child with similar problems. In 1979 twins were born two weeks premature; one subsequently died and the other had numerous cardiac arrests due to circulation difficulties in the right side of his body. Eventually the toes on the child's right foot dropped off. Mr Brady has issued a writ against Dow Chemicals, but the case is stalled by lack of money.

Barry Dowsett lives in Wallerawang, near Lithgow, NSW. He served in Vietnam in the late Sixties. His eldest son is mentally retarded. He had another child which died a couple of weeks after birth. Dowsett recalls the days when he had no money and could only try to bring some dignity to the end of a short and tragic life. "We couldn't even buy her a plaque at the time. That sort of thing really hurts."

He remembers the spraying around Nui Dat, spraying which left the leaves of the rubber trees blackened and dead. "One of our jobs was cleaning up the rubber tree leaves which had fallen on the ground." The hills nearby were denuded. When Dowsett returned to Vietnam after the war the area was still denuded.

The Vietnamese showed him bottles containing deformed fetuses which they said were the result of chemicals sprayed by the Americans. Dowsett said he had to remain skeptical about this evidence because it looked like propaganda.

Agent Orange and its many variants — Agent White, Agent Purple, Agent Pink and Agent Green — were sprayed on the dense jungles of Vietnam to deny the enemy cover, making the movement of troops and supplies difficult. Between 1969 and 1971, 41 million litres of this chemical cocktail were dropped on Vietnam.

Agent Orange was the response of a technically sophisticated nation to a difficult war. As a defoliant it worked wonderfully. The undergrowth died; crops fell over. The enemy was denied cover,

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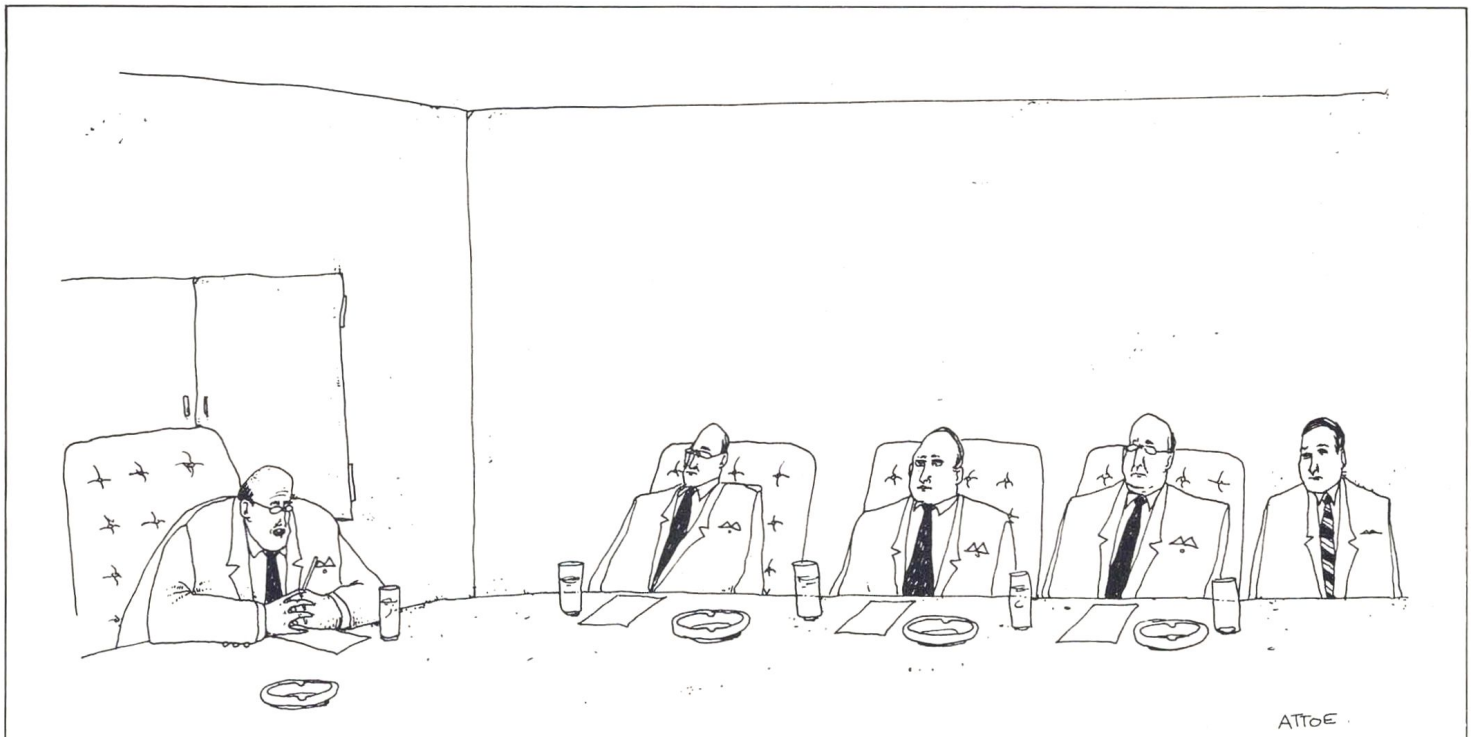


"Gentlemen, I'm worried. Profits are down 42 percent, the workers are threatening to strike, and I just shit my pants."

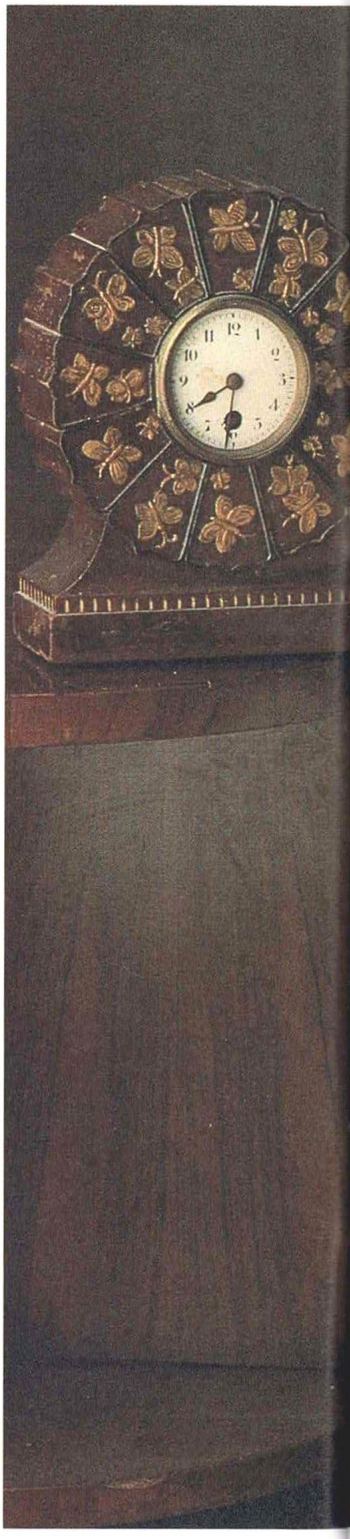
Lady Madonna

In posing for *Penthouse* 20-year-old Giovanna Bonaventura breaks a few perceived cultural rules. "We girls of Italian ancestry are supposed to appear chaste, speak when we're spoken to, obey the whims of our men and generally stay quietly in the background," says the Latin beauty. "But these days there are Italian girls like Madonna . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHEL MOREAU

Madonna ranks highly among Giovanna's idols. "She's so sexy, independent and talented and she doesn't care what people think about her wild past. I'm not so crazy about her taste in men — but then she ditched Sean Penn pretty quickly." Fiery Italian sirens Gina Lollobrigida and Sophia Loren also figure on Giovanna's list of most admired women.

Italian men, however, are a dead loss in Giovanna's eyes. "Marcello Mastroianni aside, Mediterranean men just don't turn me on at all. Most are terribly vain, bossy and more interested in their cars than in women. Mel Gibson and Sam Neill types are my fantasy, but I also really like tanned blond guys with great bodies."



Giovanna is currently working as a receptionist in a doctor's surgery, but only for as long as it takes to save for a world trip. Until she wings away, however, the *bella* Bonaventura issues this invitation to any men as yet unacquainted with the pleasures of a Latin lover: "Multiculturalism. Be in it," she laughs.

BY ANTONELLA GAMBOTTO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP Le MASURIER

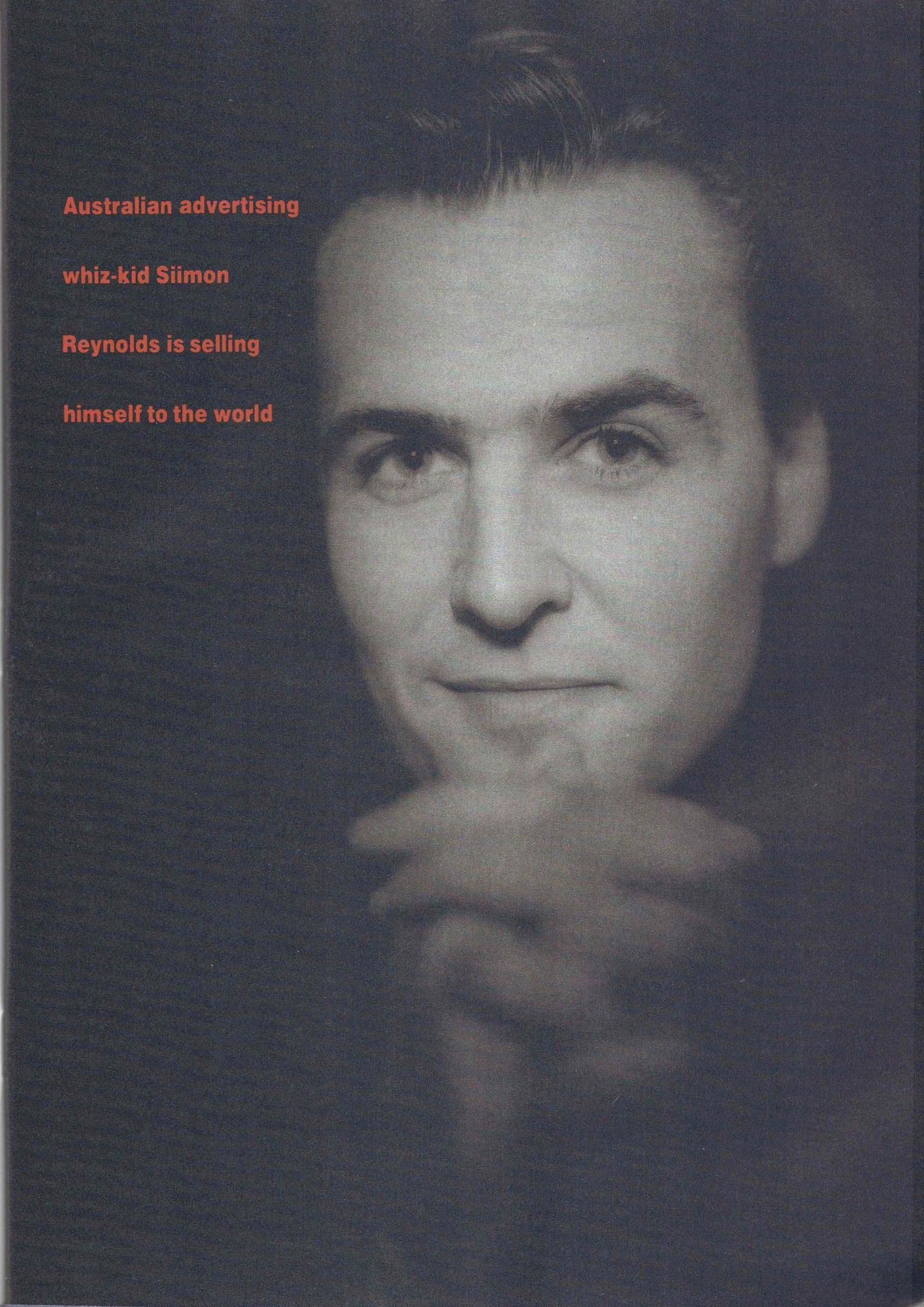
siimon says

There is something undeniably compelling about the guy. It's that open sibilance, the lazy excursion of the two I's, the incongruity of his conservative surname. Flipping through his back-file, you'd be forgiven for thinking he was a hybrid of Nietzsche's Superman and John F. Kennedy. It's that buttery big-boy smile and those cool and clever pop-blue eyes. In certain photographs he's close to beautiful, but in others his mouth melds to a tight little comma and his eyes are hard.

When he walks into a room he fills it. Six feet or so of pure Aryan meat and with what gossip columnist Dorian Wild cooed was a "powerful" build. The boy is solid matinee material and no mistaking it. And courteous. *Too* courteous. Just a little too eager to be of assistance. It becomes obvious that the impression he wants to leave you with is the best one possible. He'll offer you anything — coffee, drinks, chairs, information. One second longer and he'd be in your lap, feeding you soup and advising you on how to maintain a positive attitude.

The enthusiasm of it all! A veritable blast furnace. Siimon Reynolds doesn't talk, he shouts you down. He *pitches*. The whiz-kid of Australian advertising, whose most notable contribution to the industry's dubious list of achievements was the Grim Reaper campaign, sounds himself like an advertisement for washing powder or used cars. I GOTTA TELL YA! NOW LEMME TELL YA! Is this the manner of a boy who wasn't listened to enough? He jabs his index finger at you when he's angry, thumps his big feet on the table when he's feeling cornered, and fixes you with a patrician stare when you've disobeyed an order. It's his way of letting you know who's boss.

Now someone so violently bright must have some darkness to hide. And darkness is something Siimon can't bear, not for a



Australian advertising whiz-kid Siimon Reynolds is selling himself to the world

minute. Black is a "detrimental" color and the people who wear it are "defensive."

Younger women also give the nyctophobic boy energy. "I really get off on younger women's zest for life, you know? I really do like that."

After meeting Siimon, you feel guilty for not being neon. For not being a circus. For not being kinetic enough. You begin to wonder just how much point there is in anything if it can't be repackaged as "energy." His instincts are such that he even uses insults to his advantage.

"I've had it all said to me, I gotta tell ya. You see, when someone slams me, if I'm secure that what I've done has been done with integrity, then what I tend to see is their own unhappiness. No-one knows me, you gotta remember this. They can't. No-one knows the things I do enough to keep a tab on me." He suddenly grins and falls back into his chair. "It doesn't affect me what people say about me. I'm immune to it."

Make any sense? The key here is *reaction*. Siimon needs his reactions. His philosophy is perfect tabloid — use the paradox to shock. Vicar seduces schoolboy. Baby dies of AIDS. The Master of the Universe who is, in fact, a lover of flowers. "I like flowers. I like nature, that kind of stuff. I do a lot of, you know, unmanly kind of things. Like, you know, I gotta tell ya that I'm not into going down to the RSL."

There is only one way in which to sustain a paradox. Never allow the various elements to come into contact. Sever the conjunctions. Don't show any one person every facet of your personality. Keep the confusion and speculation going long enough for you to work out your next move, and by the time they've worked you out, you're on to something else completely. There is a tremendous amount of power in being the only one who knows the full story.

The same principle applies to his work. Everything is designed to shock — the Madonna with her portable stereo, the child "crucified at the Cross." Minimalistic and with a good dose of sensationalism, Siimon's work is strictly New School. The advertisement as mental curettage. The equation is an easy one, as Reynolds realised a long, long time ago. The minute you start getting people emotional is the minute you're left holding the reins.

Ian Venkatramiah, an old schoolmate of Reynolds' at Sydney Grammar, laughs: "You know where he got the idea for the Grim Reaper campaign, don't you? He used to go bowling all the time at Rushcutters Bay."

The now infamous NACAIDS campaign was to be Siimon's first real taste of power. Create a controversy and keep your head while all around you are losing theirs.

Calculating? "Yes, he's calculating . . . sometimes. But that word has such terrible connotations, doesn't it? He's just a very hardworking guy, and that's a point most people seem to miss." Matthew Howison, an investment banker and close friend of Reynolds, is reluctant to pursue the matter.

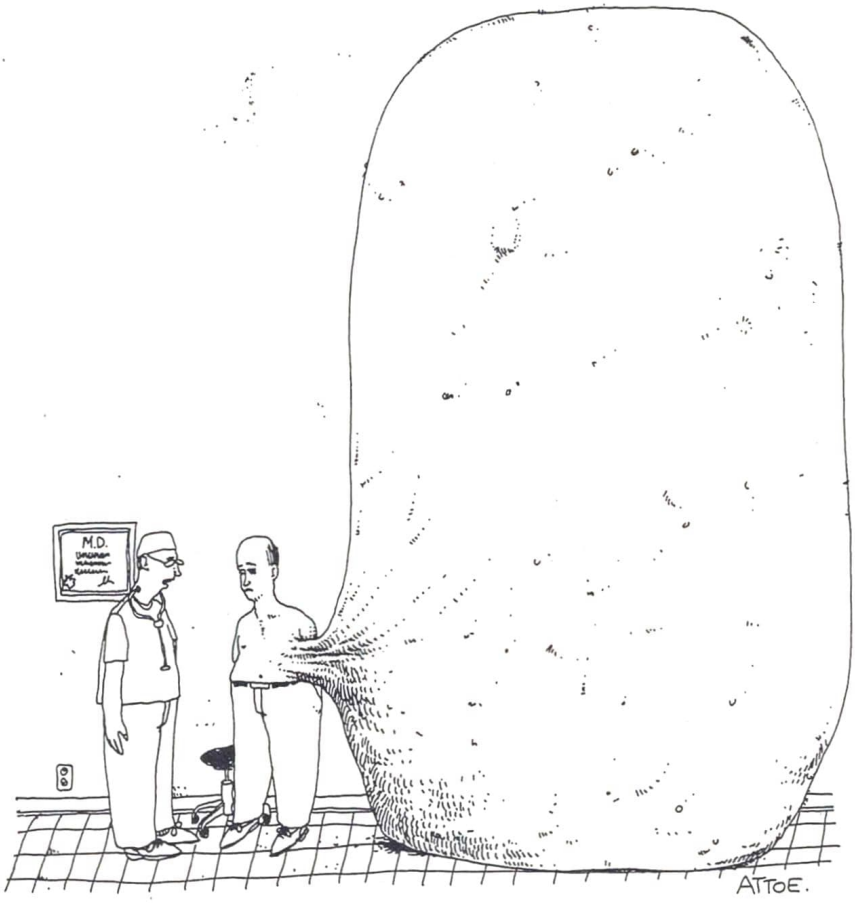
At the time of the Grim Reaper campaign, Reynolds was viewing the parade from his 1959 Mercedes sports. Was there anything the boy *didn't* have? The papers documented his apparent hi-jinks, the expensive sweater slipping off his shoulder, his escorting of Miss Kerrie Friend. Siimon was even at the opening of Stefan's hair salon. It all conspired to create an image that poor old Siimon is still trying to shake loose. This kid who had taken on the roughhouse ranks of the advertising world was in everybody's bad books. In his greedy optimism and ebullient ambition, he had landed himself the patronising moniker of Party Boy. The prescient genius had been demoted.

With his lush, Arcadian mop of hair and his promiscuous mouth he had managed to lose what he most sought: the respect of his audience. There's nothing the public loves like a fall from grace, and Siimon had risen much too fast for most people's liking. The public doesn't like or condone its talent without the requisite blood, sweat, and tears, and Siimon's rise had been so seemingly effortless.

"You know, it's like some of the greatest painters in the world who won't show certain canvasses because they don't think they're any good. The only ones people see are the good ones. And that's how my life is. I've had many disappointments in my life that I, in some cases, pass over. People see the achievement, but they don't see the failure prior to the achievement. I have not had the difficulties some people have had and I've had some that people would find hard to bear. In addition to that, I've been extremely lucky."

He is undoubtedly telling the truth. The boy is too proud and too determined to allow himself the luxury of public tears. The world is a tough opponent to take on, and in his eagerness to succeed, Siimon sometimes forgets to express vulnerability beyond the occasional: "Well, hey — I eat pizzas." Somewhere along the line he's been bitten, and bitten badly, for only someone who has suffered humiliation can be so keenly aware of its ramifications.

Yet all these pot-shots, whether deserved or a product of envy, were being levelled at a kid. He's *still* a kid. His voice wavers between the blasé argot of the West Coast and an Eastern Suburbs budgie trill. Strip away the trappings of the adult and you are left with surprisingly infantile desires. Siimon wants to be the biggest and the best and the happiest and the most effective. He wants it all and he wants it *now*.



"It's a tumor, all right, but fortunately for you, it's benign."

A friend of the family comments: "He has this need to prove himself. He was the baby, the youngest of four. His elder brother and sisters are all very qualified academically, and this played a big part in his upbringing. Siimon hated school, and always had this inferiority complex about it, so he set about proving that things could be done his way, without going to university."

Constant vigilance? "Maybe, yeah. But not fear of falling under. I absolutely look forward to failure. I like keeping in control, absolutely. I like keeping in control because I like balance in my life.

"I am somebody who likes being alone. I like my own company. I'm really happy being myself and I spend a lot of time thinking about things, and in many respects I overthink a lot of things. But I just love dreaming and thinking and I spend a lot of my life doing that."

The storm of publicity after the Grim Reaper campaign and various other difficulties lost Grey the NACAIDS account and two other accounts worth a total of $7.5 million. In that autumn of 1987, Siimon stepped out of the eye of the cyclone and resigned.

Even so, this "despicable" boy was only doing what any other boy in his position would have done — he made a fool of himself. He partied and smugged his way through one society column too many. *Cleo* had him spreadeagled across his bed, with the buckle of his blue jeans nestled low and the smile of a freshly fucked movie diva playing on his lips. The article concerned bachelor bedrooms, and for some unknown reason he fostered these personality-cult attentions. This insecure boy, wanting perhaps to appear to be something he wasn't, was playing to the stalls.

He was certainly in the right quarter for self-involvement. Jerry Mander, in his acclaimed book *Four Arguments For The Elimination Of Television*, describes advertising as a "deep, profound and disturbing act by the few against the many for a trivial purpose." Reynolds' reaction to the quote? For a moment he looks wary and then asks for the quote to be repeated twice.

And then: "We reflect human aspirations, that's all. Seven out of ten times we can't even sell custard powder, and yet people are pinning it on us that we can mould the innermost parts of human beings. *If only we could!* We can't. We tend in general not to be particularly profound, and if advertising were disturbing, there would be action taken against it. Don't you think that when something happens in society which is particularly disturbing, action is taken against it?"

Well, not necessarily, but the argument does have that ring of conviction. And the trick of sounding convincing is what advertising is all about. Reynolds is a powerhouse of conviction, and he is always ineluctably right. Even when he's wrong. At age 16 he placed an ad in the trade journal *B&T* predicting his own success, and even then his words had that sparky ring of truth about them:

Most people seem to think that you have to wear faded jeans, leather jackets, and drive big, red Ferraris in order to write good ads. This myth has been shattered by a 16-year-old schoolboy. Siimon Reynolds may have shattered a myth, but he's about to begin a legend.

And in a way, he was right. But he forgot to think that a king is crowned by others — not by himself.

After taking a three-month jaunt around Europe to clear his mind, Reynolds got serious. On October 22, 1987, Siimon recruited two of his friends and began his own agency, OMON. Art Director Marcus Barnett and Managing Director Mark de Teliga completed the triumvirate. Reynolds, a lifetime devotee of numerology, superstitiously had the postal address of the former pudding factory changed to 33, as he had done at The Campaign Palace. Once again, the venture began in a flurry of publicity and Siimon reappeared in all his old newsprint haunts, but this time with a difference. This time in suits, and with a more suitably

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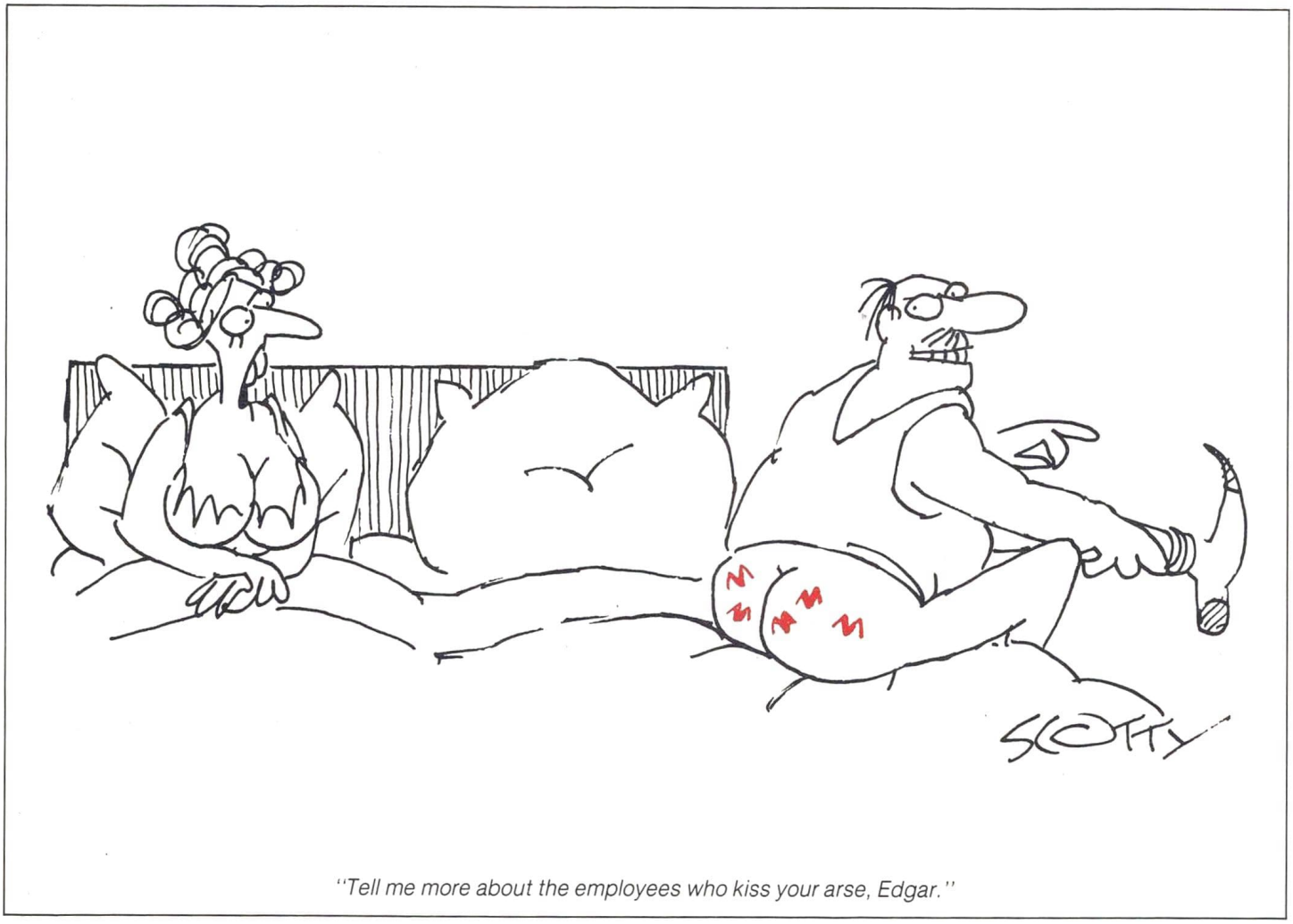
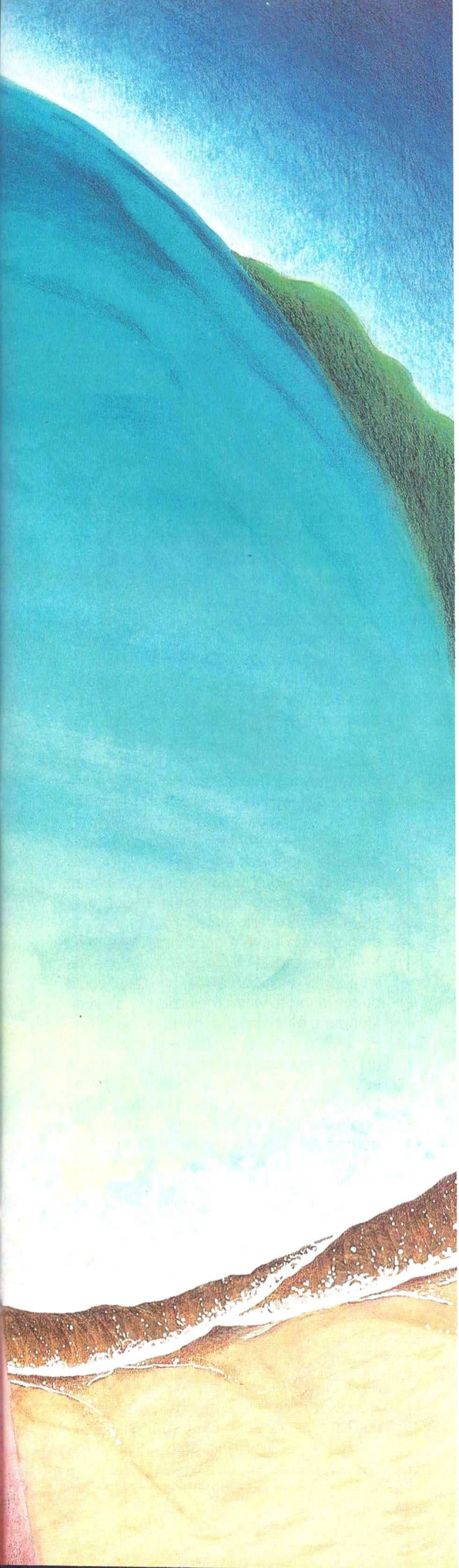


"Tell me more about the employees who kiss your arse, Edgar."



FICTION BY ROBERT ENGLISH

ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL McILVEEN

THE MAN WHO STAYED TOO LONG

Fiji. A long way from home, and the past. But George couldn't escape the memories.

He lifted his eyes and looked out across the lagoon towards the reef now showing in the ebbing tide. Strange — he must have nodded off. But not so surprising considering the afternoon heat and the extra serve of fruit salad he'd had at lunch. It would be three o'clock, he knew, because the *Mariner* had just appeared as it made its wide drag around the southern tip of Narita Levu in preparation for the straight drive through the last links of the Yasawa chain. Soon he would be able to see the tourists on deck, sunning themselves or drinking and laughing as they captured on film the infinite beauty of the northern islands of Fiji. They were opposite Turtle now, in his opinion the most exquisite of the Yasawas. A film company from Hollywood had come out the previous year and stayed there three months making a feature film. He couldn't remember the name of it, but it didn't really matter.

What did matter was that he had better get himself together and make arrangements to go back home. Lorraine was obviously sick of his tame excuses of further business to be completed. And besides, it was unfair to leave her with responsibility for the two children. Of course, it would be devastating having to tell her that everything had fallen through out here and that his company was virtually insolvent. He wondered what effect such news would have on her at a time when all else between them was dis-

TOO LONG

integrating to a point where the word divorce, though unspoken, haunted them both during the long silences that now pervaded their time together.

As he watched the happy, laughing tourists spill over the side of the now moored *Mariner* and splash their way through the turquoise water towards the white crescent of the beach below, he tried hard to rationalise where the fault, if any, lay. In his own mind he felt convinced he had played his part as a good father and dutiful husband. But fate had dealt them several cruel hands from which neither of them had ever truly recovered. The sudden and tragic death of their first-born had probably been the start of it all.

God, how he missed Sonny — the golden-haired child with saucer-shaped eyes that always seemed to be open wide with the surprise of life itself. And all the plans he had shaped for them both — father and son relationship which would exceed the expectation of any God in heaven — shattered and buried that dull afternoon when they lowered the tiny coffin into the wet earth.

There was a young boy just like Sonny down there, scrambling on to the beach, his long blond hair plastered with wetness against his face. A large, bronzed man picked him up with one hand and hurled him back in the water. He could hear clearly the echo of their laughter and he turned away quickly as he felt the pain caused by the nails digging into the palms of his hands.

And then his failure at university. But whose fault was that? One baby and another on the way, all crowded into that bed-sitter, was not really conducive to study. So why hadn't they planned it better? Lorraine knew how important that degree was to him. Why had she insisted on an instant family? And the string of jobs that followed, all accepted in economic panic and none that could do anything but destroy his soul. No wonder he had turned to the solace of alcohol.

The Fijians had suddenly appeared from the fringe of palms and were busy setting up the equipment for a late barbecue lunch. The women had established a long plank table on the sand and were already busy cutting up the fruit. They joked and laughed, joked and laughed and pushed and jostled and joked and laughed as they had done for a thousand years and would for the next thousand, unless the white man had his way and turned their laughter to tears and their happiness to fear.

The big man and the blond boy were now playing with a ball on the beach. Every now and then they would turn and say something to a tall slim lady who lay on a towel nearby, trying to improve an already perfect tan. When the ball came near she would grab it and throw it away towards the water, and he smiled at her mock anger directed first at her son and then her husband. She reminded him of Lorraine. Long, tapered legs, narrow waist and humble bosom. All protected by straight athletic shoulders. He could tell by her quick decisive movements that marriage and motherhood had not blunted an inherent confidence in the image she wished to convey. She was a happy woman.

He remembered seeing those same athletic shoulders before, as Lorraine jerked upright from under the sheet. He remembered clearly the bare innocence of her tiny breasts as a ludicrous comparison to the guilt in her eyes as the pale and hairy man beside her raised himself on one arm and demanded to know what was going on. He had stood there for an eternity watching their actions, stillborn in fear and query, as if like actors on a stage they had frozen in the embarrassment of forgotten lines. And all he could think of at that very moment was the accursed luck of having left work early because of an attack of migraine. He would rather not have known.

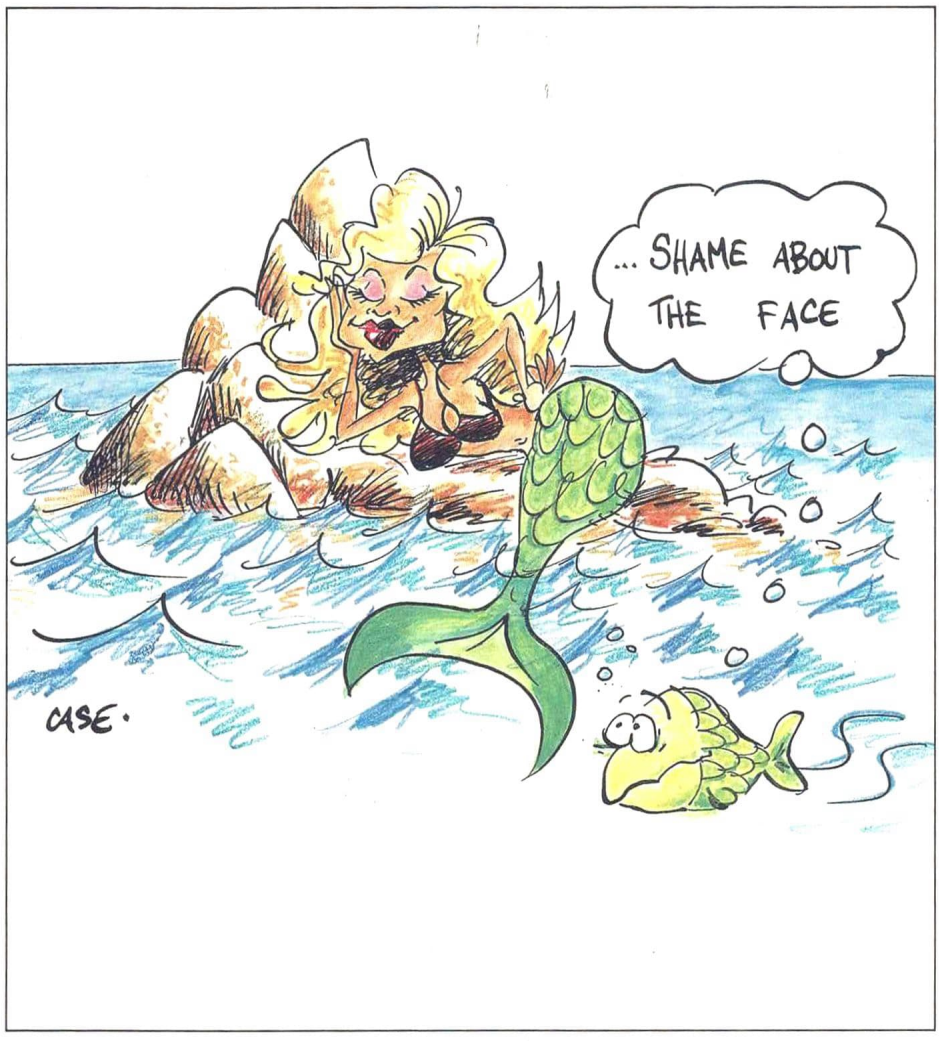
Fortunately, the Fijian trip had already been scheduled. An opportunity to escape the lies and false rationalisations. And counter-accusations thrown up in a desperate effort of feeble defence. Why hadn't he been more positive? Instead he'd allowed his wife to smooth things over, knowing that escape was only a few weeks away. Had he always run from the pain of making decisions?

One of the party below had produced a portable tapedeck and several were now dancing on the beach to a Caribbean rhythm. Nothing apparently could ever stem the inherent force of all tourists to compulsorily have a good time. Watching their somewhat forced enthusiasm he wondered what sort of lifestyle they would be returning to when the holiday was over. Mundane office jobs with little or no future. Perhaps a recently shattered romance, or maybe even a disintegrating marriage such as his own. My God! Was he being too cynical? It was possible that every single one of them had struggled and conquered all the problems that life had thrown at them with a natural resolution he seemed unable to emulate.

"Say something, George . . . Say anything!" He was over by the mantel trying to fill his pipe but because of his shaking hands he was having little success. His face burned at the forced silence between them. He winced once again at her voice.

"I was in bed with him. With a delivery man, for God's sake!"

He knew he should say something. Right now. She was hurling cues at him like a frustrated stage director. Why couldn't he speak? Or better still, why didn't he go over and drag her into the



Continued on page 115

"Hooray! It's Captain Boner!"

EXIT

HUMOR BY JEAN NORMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC LÖBBECKE

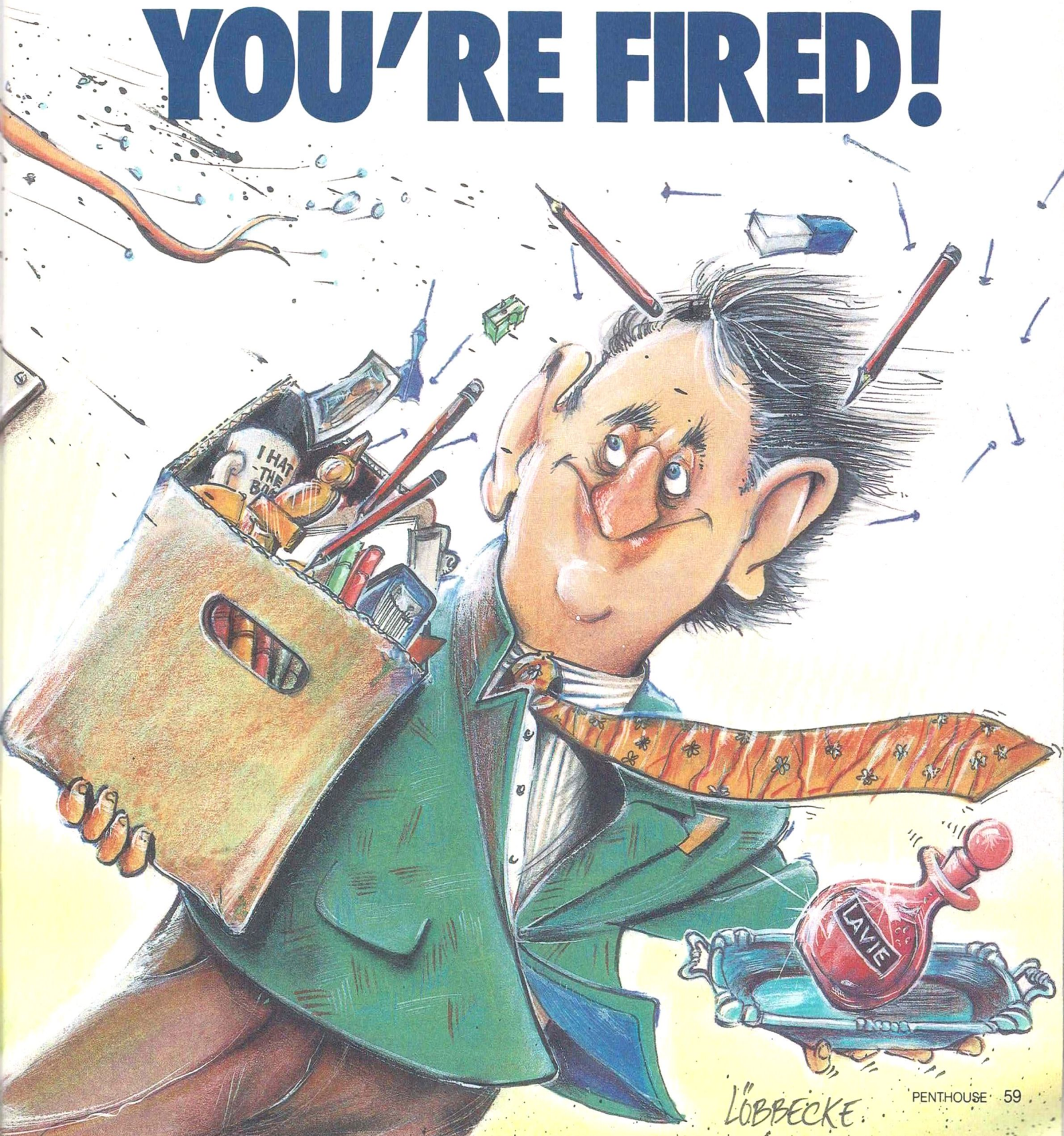
Hands up anyone who hasn't got the boot from a job yet . . .

Really? Honestly? Not even from a paper run when you were 12 or something? Well, that's certainly no cause for smug, self-congratulatory posturing on your part. Maybe it's time to revise your career strategy. Don't you know that anyone with serious claims to being a Somebody will have been sacked at least once?

Shining examples of celebrity sackees include the writer Hunter S. Thompson. His last regular job terminated on Christmas Day, 1958 when, as he recalls in *The Great Shark Hunt*, "the production manager at *Time* magazine ripped up my time card in a stuttering rage and told me to get the fuck out of the building." A Mr Richard Nixon pulls down top dollar on the global lecture circuit after having been sacked from one of the swankiest executive positions in the world. Our own Gough Whitlam, also fired from a top management job, now enjoys a stress-free, lucrative job flogging telephone systems.

There's a fine art in getting the boss to utter the magic words . . .

YOU'RE FIRED!



YOU'RE FIRED!

A squillionaire Aussie property developer owes his success to his unemployability as a milkman. Did he feel a failure after getting the boot from yet another milk run? No, he knew Fate was trying to tell him something. A currently popular television personality was sacked on the spot from a country network for "obscenity on air." He was reading the weather in Woop Woop when he stumbled over the pronunciation of some utterly unpronouncable hick town with a name like Woggatawobbitabuggabugga. After three gos at it he smiled engagingly at the viewers and said: "Fuck it."

Instant dismissal, and good job too.

The editor of this magazine — surely an enviable position — chortled charmingly as he explained that he too had been fired, from a Gosford radio station for stuttering when he read the news. He was slightly miffed at the time — went out and totalled his car, actually — but he went on to far brighter prospects.

Sacking is more than just a casual career move. Termination, as growth opportunity, is practically a prerequisite for success in the Nineties. Retrenchment no longer equals rejection. Getting fired is *fun*. And everyone's doing it these days.

As an expert on the fine art of firing I'm *au fait* with the latest figures from the Bureau of Statistics. They say over 50,000 Australians are "involuntarily terminated from employment per annum" and I'm happy to admit that about 20 of them are usually me.

I'm not sure why they have to say "involuntarily." The majority of sackees set it up that way. "You'd have to become a Goddamned junkie to get the boot from this place," said a colleague at the last job I was sacked from.

I didn't. There's a subtle science in making an employer realise that he'd really rather die than have you in the office. It's similar to making men aware they want to marry you.

My most recent boss was highly distinguished in that he actually looked me in the eye and said: "You're sacked!" It was grand, just like in the movies. It was also a relief because I was so concerned about not having been fired I was about to feature in a *Sydney Morning Herald* article about "People Who Hate Their Bosses." A Queensland university is doing a study on it from a sociological viewpoint and I was going to be a case study because nobody else was willing to have their photograph and real name used. It would have been quite nice if my erstwhile employer had sat down to read the paper at breakfast and seen my fizzog leering out at him complete with several lurid quotes. Later he told a colleague he was upset that I hadn't wept. I was trying very hard not to cackle maniacally.

Sacking styles do differ from boss to boss. Most mutter murky little euphemisms such as "We're letting you go," "Things haven't worked out," "We think you'll be happier elsewhere", and so on. It's psychologically imperative that you create a confrontation out of it rather than repressing any feelings to go over with your friends at the pub later. Crane your head around, catch their swivelling eye and say in puzzled astonishment: "You're sacking *me*? Is that what you're trying to say? *Me?*"

Some employers shriek, some snarl and others just sneak you a memo and bugger off until the coast's clear. Others lurk in wait with your termination note hoping you'll fuck up. One of my worst jobs ever was winding lace in a haberdashery factory. I was also Second In Charge of sequins, so I was supposed to sort the sodding things into size/color ratios before bagging and dispatching them. Clients jammed the switchboards in apoplectic rage at my incompetence. People who wanted to get married in silver sequins had to settle for red. I'd be out at a party on Saturday night and the merest mention of my work would bring on an awesome anxiety attack complete with hyperventilation.

> I spotted the phrase "Fire blonde bitch" scrawled under "Things To Do" for Thursday.

So it was truly thrilling when, as I was perving over the boss's appointment diary one lunchbreak, I spotted the phrase "Fire blonde bitch" scrawled under "Things To Do" for Thursday. She did, bless her concrete little soul. "You just don't fit in here," accused Gangrene Breath as I smirked in euphoric agreement. She said that, in a decade or two, I could have risen to the rank of Supreme Commander In Charge Of Sequin Control but that, no, I was henceforth terminated.

"The idea of giving you a reference is beyond me," she shrieked. "Here's a month's pay in lieu of notice — don't even think of whining to the union for your job back. Now go." I explained that while I wouldn't dream of getting the job back I was happy to stay and finish Thursday's sequins, but she turned bile green. "Please, just leave the premises," she begged, pressing a plump pay envelope into my paws and bursting into noisy tears. Apparently I was the first "gel" she'd ever had to sack. From then on things became one long lunchbreak — which is surely how they should be. Getting fired is akin to having your life handed back to you on a silver platter.

As an example of strikingly different sacking styles, the next boss I battled became so sexually aroused by sacking someone he'd do it twice a week. Wolfgang was the head chef of a posh restaurant, so we were supposed to call him "Sir", but he was known as The Terminator. It was said "for a fact" that he once ran an exclusive West Berlin heavy S & M club, but someone also swore he was Hitler's caterer in the Bunker. He was proud of his skill with seafood, souffles and staff whom he liked reducing to sobbing, sodden little skivvies. The kitchen was run along feudal lines and the more the serfs snivelled the bigger the bulge in Wolfy's checked chef's trousers.

The first day I was there he sacked a waitress who giggled after he punched out a pot scrubber who'd accidentally squirted him with hot water. I avoided the big A for weeks by being an obsequious little bitch until one day I failed to clean a skirting board correctly. He ran his hairy finger along it and roared: "SLUTZVIKKEN — COME HERE!" The staff chorused: "Don't, don't, leave now, run", but I went. He smeared the grime across my face with one hand and covered his groin with the other. "FIKKEN ASHLOK VON HAUSEN!" he bellowed. "Get out of *my* kitchen." I bolted, but years later I asked a German tourist what "Fikken ashlok von hausen" meant and he went white and left the room.

Partly due to my predilection for getting the push I've been cultivating an employment expert from Sydney's Resource Personnel. I told him about the Bureau of Stats' estimate of 50,000 Aussies getting the heave-ho and he frowned. "Surely it's more than that," he said. "A lot of people who've 'left by mutual agreement' have more or less been fired," he pointed out.

Sacking does bear a certain quaint outmoded stigma in some circles — even today. Rather than being happy for you, people tend to worry what the neighbors will think and how scraggy your employment record will look. I've lost lovers who couldn't handle the sense of chaotic instability engendered by my various terminations. I knew my fiance and I were perfectly suited after I gingerly confessed to him that I'd gotten the boot from "one or two jobs" (understatement of the decade) and he looked at me with pitying contempt. "That's nothing, you little wimp," he said, before airily estimating he'd been fired from about 22 positions.

Continued on page 124

Laura

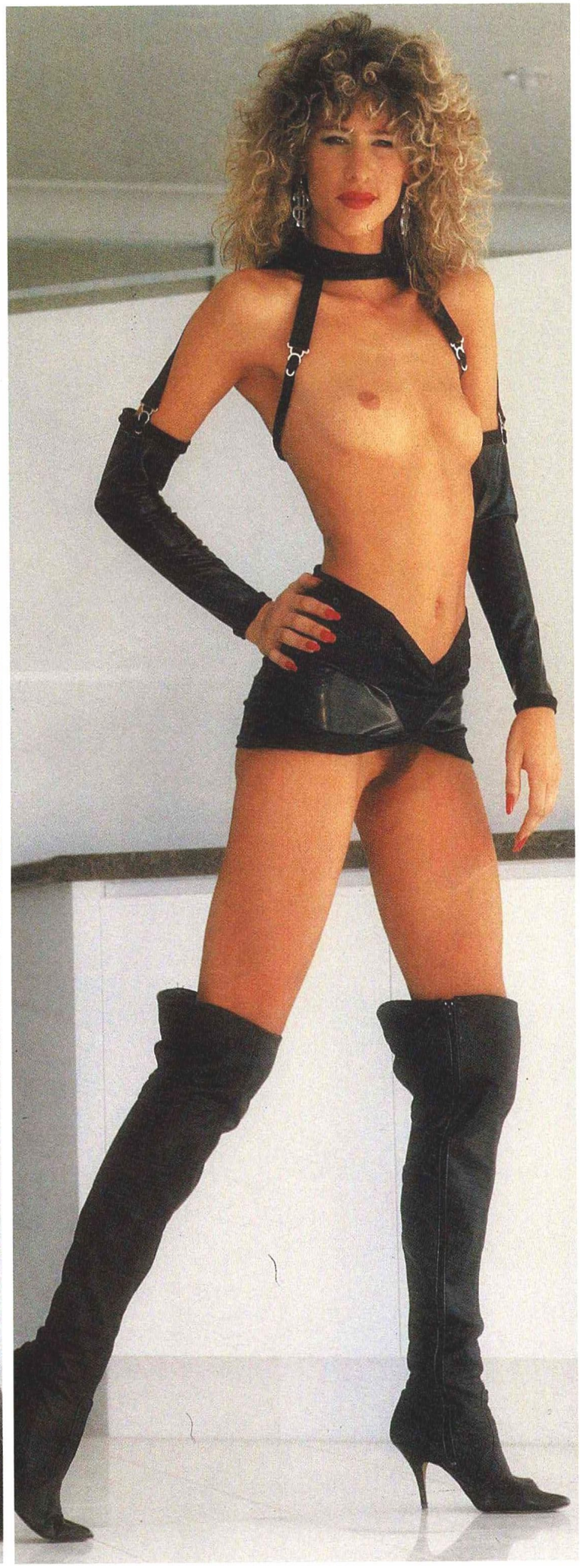
Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; Black rubber skirt, harness and arm pieces by Let It Rock, Centrepoint (02) 231 4640; Diamante bra and belt by Rodd Alexander Lingerie (02) 958 6314; Black muff and black chiffon evening dress from ABC Costume Hire (02) 950 3308; White body stocking, orange silk blouse and jewellery from Cash Palace (02) 360 1565.

Blow for Blow

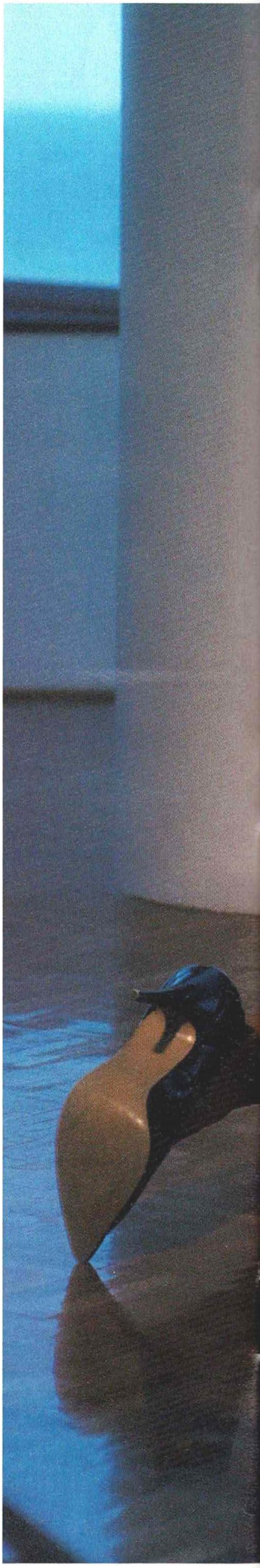
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
NICK BROKENSHA

Lovely Laura Willis is one young lady who dances very much to her own tune. "If you want to stay on top, you have to stay in shape — mentally and physically," says the sleek 22-year-old, who owns and manages her own Gold Coast dance troupe called Body Heat.

Meditation keeps her mind in tune; as for her peerlessly proportioned physique, four years of karate speak for themselves. "Having a black belt gives me enormous self-confidence — on stage, in the street, anywhere!" We're sure it does. "I've never had to defend myself," says our tawny temptress, but with a body like Laura's it's good to have the skills.

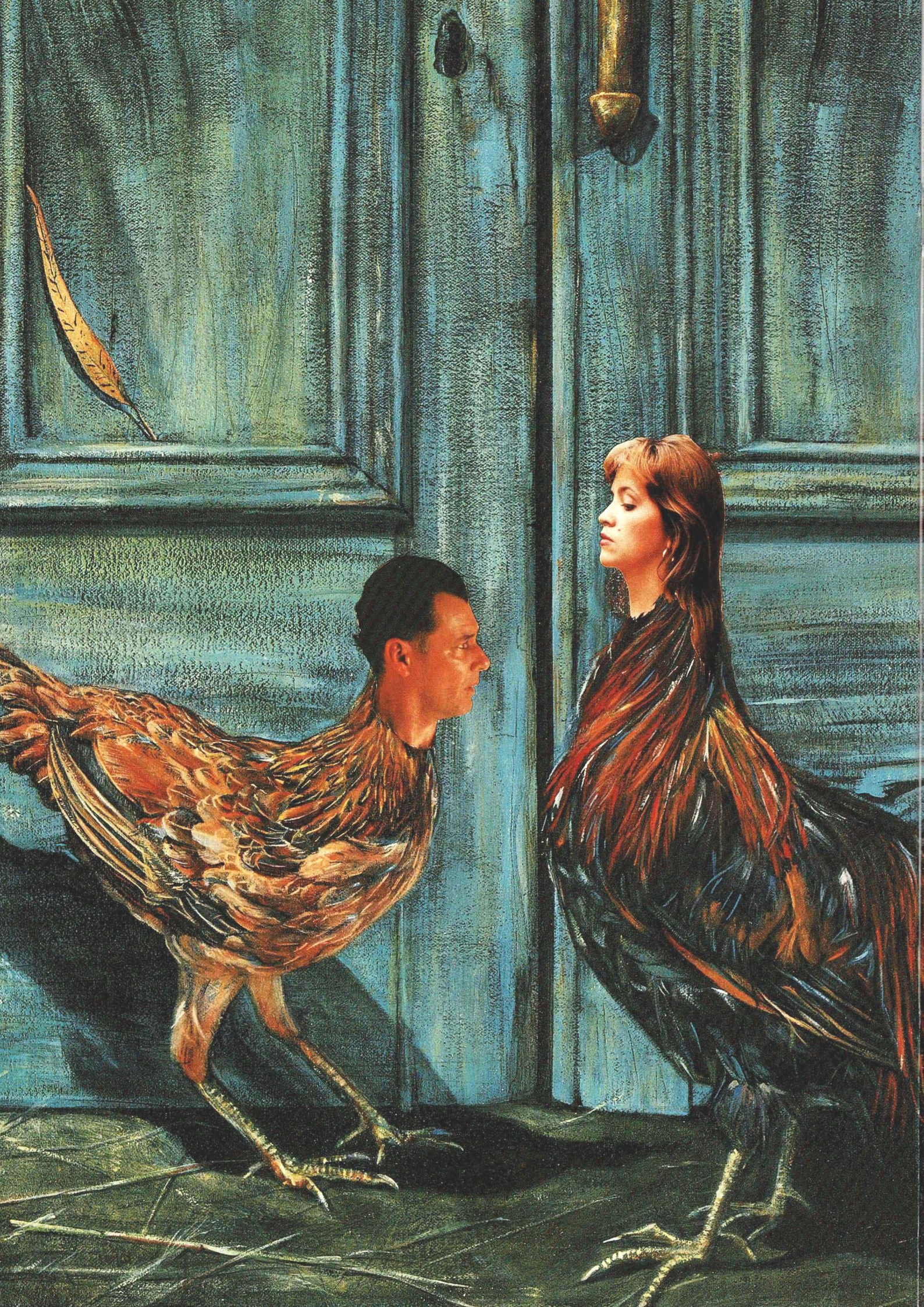


"I feel very natural with little — or nothing — on, which is lucky given some of my stage routines. Until I was 13 I used to walk around my parents' house naked. Dad was always growling 'Put your clothes back on!'"



"I love the Australian climate — the beach and the heat — but I've always wanted to curl up on a bearskin rug in front of a blazing fire, miles from anywhere in a snowbound log cabin, with a bottle of wine and the man of my dreams." Any takers?

"My man doesn't have to be rich (I'll take care of that), just intelligent, sensitive, supportive — and able to match me blow for blow . . ."



BY JOHN NEWTON

ILLUSTRATION BY KELYNN Z. ALDER

making love STAY

In the film *Annie Hall*, Woody Allen as Alvy Singer and Diane Keaton as Annie are on a Los Angeles to New York flight. It's the right place to be: the whole relationship is up in the air. They're both thinking it's all over, feeling depressed, looking for a way out. Typically, it's the woman who speaks first.

Annie: Alvy, let's face it. You know something — I don't think our relationship is working.

Alvy: Tsch, I know. A relationship, I think, is — is like a shark, you know? It has to be constantly moving forward, or it dies. And I think what we got on our hands is a dead shark.

Have you noticed a funny smell about lately? Something fishy? You can't talk to her; she's given up trying to talk to you long ago. She spends most of her time with her friends, you with yours. You meet in corridors, on the phone, in dreams. When you do talk, she makes all these *incredible* demands — who's filling her head with this shit anyway? You love her, Godammit (don't you?), and you're not going to give her up, at least not without a fight. Well, you can leave your fists in your pockets. If you want to win, this is one battle you're going to have to fight with your brain.

It used to be so easy. Mere possession of a penis was enough to put you ahead of the game. We were men, therefore we were better. Women were laid out for our taking, like the delicious creatures over the page, for our enjoyment and delectation. A man could pick and choose, and they were falling over themselves to be picked and chosen. "Me! Me! Choose me! I've got marvellous legs and I'll be charming to your boss." "No, look at me — my lovely blonde hair and long eyelashes; I can cook and sew, make flowers grow, and I'll never contradict you! Take me!"

And if they didn't shape up, why, hell, we knocked 'em into shape. A whole swag of wise proverbs told us how to treat women who didn't conform, or perform. "A woman, a dog and a walnut tree — the more you beat

Any fool can play around, but it takes a real man to make one woman happy

them, the better they be"; or "Women are like carpets — they need to be beaten once a week."

Not surprisingly, they're getting a little tired of this sort of treatment (wouldn't you?) and they're questioning the male world that has led to such a state of affairs. They just won't do what they're told anymore, damn it. They want to be treated as . . . equals! The problem is, most of us don't know how to handle that; with women in general, or more specifically with the women we love.

"Why me?" I hear you ask plaintively. "Why is all this female earth-shaking going on now, in my lifetime?" There are many reasons, but one seems to predominate.

making love STAY

We're all aristocrats. Well, those of us fortunate enough to live and be more or less continuously employed in an affluent society, anyway. Life expectancy in, for example, 18th Century England among the common folk (that's most of us) was around 37, and not a lot higher at the end of the 19th Century. You didn't have a lot of time to sit around worrying about whether or not you were being treated in a sexist way, or whether or not your relationship was 100 percent perfect.

Up in the big house, things were different. Lords and ladies with time on their hands flitted about their beautiful gardens planning intrigues and parties, romancing and dancing, eating lark's tongues and sipping madeira. It's no surprise that divorce was invented by a king, nor that the first suffragettes were from the monied middle classes.

Today, machines have taken the place of servants, stockpiling nuclear bombs has put paid to war for a while and the Pill has freed women from the infernal round of pregnancy and childbirth. Now, we have the time to worry whether we can talk to each other or not, about the quality of our loving and living. Women are no longer satisfied with their lots as servants to a male society; men don't feel entirely comfortable with these previously demure but now demanding women. And we're all faced with the dubious luxury of asking ourselves whether what we've got is what we want.

If you've stuck with the story this far, you're either in or contemplating a long-term relationship, and I assume you're heterosexual, so the object of your scrutiny/confusion/bewilderment is female. If you're already in it, it's in trouble, and you want to salvage it. You have come to agree with the premise that "any fool can fuck around but it takes a real man to keep one woman happy." (As one rueful reformed rogue I spoke to said, "The greater the fool, the greater his success in fucking around.")

Well, there's some good news and some bad news. The good news is, yes, there are ways of reviving a dying shark; there are even ways of divining the odds of survival. The bad news? One in three Australian men are currently separated from their wives; and, in over 60 percent of cases (as high as 67.8 percent in one area), the woman made the decision to end the marriage.

So. It's not going to be easy. But let's begin at the beginning — those of you with a toe in the water, poised for the plunge. Firstly, hold it right there.

"I fell in love with a body and a sexual relationship like nothing I'd ever had in my life. I didn't notice the yawning chasms which separated us. Well, a couple of them, but they kept winking back at me. It lasted four years. Two years into it, and we both knew it was over. The strain of those last two years was amazing, for both of us. After we broke up, we were strangers almost immediately. Maybe we always were."

Brian is in his mid-thirties. He's since tried again, and it looks like he's succeeding. When he looks back at his first try, he can't understand how two people so obviously mismatched even contemplated marriage. How did it happen? Brian was blinded by delight. He didn't bother finding out anything about this woman he was going to marry, except that she was a good screw.

"In the beginning, when all you're doing is breathing heavily, there isn't much time for talking. The sex is marvellous, and you tend to lose sight of where your head is, I mean apart from between a pair of legs. It's a good idea to come up for air once in a while. You can get awful tired breathing through your ears."

> "It used to be so easy. Mere possession of a penis was enough to put you ahead in the game. We were men, so we were better."

Men and women get together for all sorts of reasons: sex, companionship, convenience, family pressure (for and against), status, and sometimes — perhaps rarely — because they genuinely like, love and admire each other. Sorting out your own reasons can be difficult when you're in love with loving.

I asked June Martin, psychologist and relationship counsellor, what can be done to check the odds before it's too late. "Speaking as a counsellor, of course I'd recommend counselling. You can look at the kinds of problems you're likely to encounter, and see how well each of you is equipped to deal with them. But speaking as someone who knows how men and women behave, especially in the first flush of romance, I can't really see this practice becoming widespread. What I suggest is this: before you make *any* commitment, cool it, sit down, and discuss what you expect from each other and the relationship."

"Like what?" you ask. Like do you mind if she works, or do you want a wife waiting at home for you? Do you like her friends? Does she like yours? Do you know what her goals are? Does she want children? Do you? There's a lot to discuss besides whether you'll be drinking French or domestic champagne at the reception. Like do you really know each other?

Elizabeth is in her twenties. For four years, she lived with a man who didn't seem to know she existed. Until she learned to run her own life. "He was a very old-fashioned man. He never considered putting our relationship first. It never occurred to him. His job, football, then me. An accidental third. After he married me, I think he just forgot about me. I wasn't really a person, just 'the wife'." You can't take wives or girlfriends for granted anymore. Today's woman is too independent to put up with it. The man who neglects the woman in his life is more likely to come home to a cold bed with a goodbye note pinned to the pillow than a hot dinner.

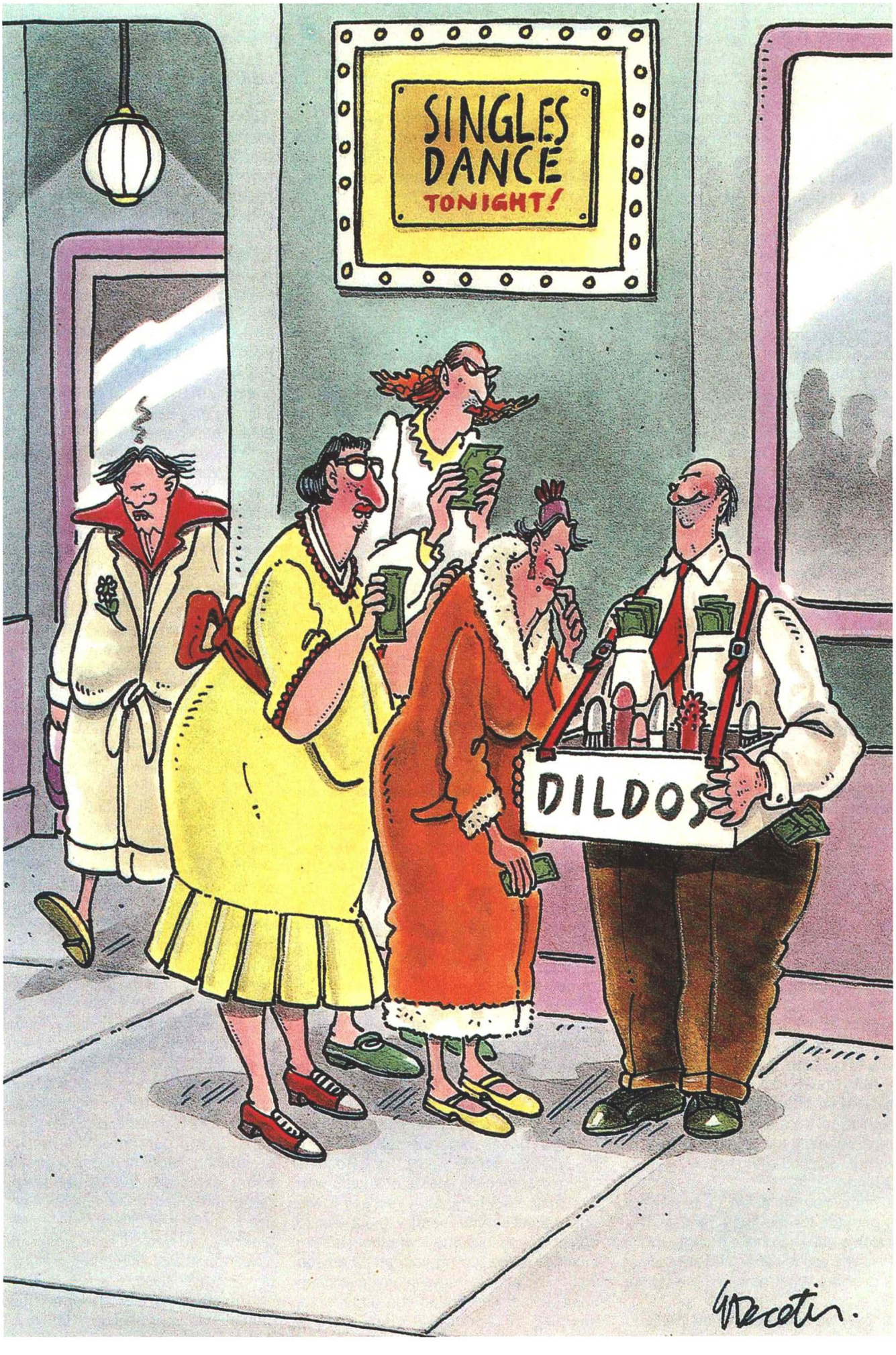
Which brings us to those of you nursing dying sharks. Maybe you've been reading this with the realisation that you never did take the time to get to know that woman you've been sleeping next to — how many years? It's probably not too late. But you're going to have to use that part of your brain called Broca's Centre: the part concerned with the structure and mechanics of speech. You're going to have to talk to her, and listen when she replies. Start by listening to what some other women have to say about male non-communication.

Susan is a member of that increasingly rare tribe, the happily married. She and her husband Richard have been together 15 years. But she does have one big complaint about him. "If something's annoying me about his behavior, or anyone's for that matter, I'll say what's going on. I'll confront it. I would like him to say to me one day, "You are really giving me the shits", and then tell me why. But no, he walks around humming, when I know he's full of anger. I think it's men in their business mode; they're such political animals, they can't just tell their colleagues out front what they're thinking."

Marianne is in her early twenties, and fresh out of a silent partnership. "It's hard to imagine now, but we never talked, in three years. He'd get home around seven or eight, spend half an hour on the phone, then watch television all night. If ever I had a problem, he'd just ignore me."

Roxanne, early thirties: "I think women are more open and down to earth about what's happening in their lives. If they've had a fight with their man, or they reckon he's not screwing them enough, they'll talk to each other about it. But men can't talk to each other. They could be talking about their problems in the pub — what *do* they talk about in the pub?"

"Men talk about a different range of topics," suggests June Martin, "a range that gets them by very well in the male world; sport, current affairs, and sex, in a


SINGLES
DANCE
TONIGHT!
DILDOS

fantasy rather than a real way. Women have always been able to talk a lot more about their real feelings. Starting with the baby at the breast, the woman has traditionally had the most intimate contact with children. Girls identifying with their mothers pick up on this fact. There may be other subtle reasons that we just don't know yet, because we really don't know what are the biological differences between men and women, and what are the learned differences.

"This area of research may yet provide us with some insights into the mystifying reasons for male silence. A female physical anthropologist working at Columbia University in America has discovered, in studying the human brain, that the *corpus callosum*, that bundle of nerve fibres connecting the left and right hemispheres of the brain (the reasoning and intuitive hemispheres), is larger in women than in men. While cautious about drawing conclusions from this, she has said: 'Women do seem to have a bias towards picking up information presented in a verbal fashion'."

Right now, you might be saying: "Yeah, well, I always knew there must be a reason why bloody women talk so much." Sure they talk, and because they talk about what they're feeling, they know they're not alone.

To his mates, Michael is a successful man. He's got the life, the car and the money to go with it. He's made it. Yet for the last eight years, he's been fighting a lonely battle to hang on to the woman he loves.

Not once has he talked about this with his friends. "I don't know. I just can't. It's a lot easier to talk about work, or how much you'd love to screw the girl at the other end of the bar. I did try going to a psychiatrist. He said: 'The only trouble with you, Sport, is you keep it all bottled up inside of you.' I got to the point where I had no control over my emotions. I remember sitting on a plane and bursting into tears. Great embarrassment. I mean, a bus you can get off."

I suggest to my fellow men that we have to learn to talk about the way we feel, to face up to our fears if we're going to make it in this brave new female world of equality. More often than not, the Strong Silent Man is a Lonely Frightened Man. When it all gets too much for him, he lashes out, violence being the only way out of his bind.

All right. You sit down to talk things over, perhaps for the first time ever. The television's off. The phone's off the hook. You're calm, you're sober, and as ready as you'll ever be. What now? Where do you start?

You may be surprised, when you actually get down to talking through your personal problems, that there are relatively simple solutions — that, basically, you understand each other and want the same things. You may, on the other hand, be hurt by her interpretation of your actions, be shocked and angered by her story. You may be tempted to clam up, storm out, go to the pub, go to work, any of the myriad male methods of avoiding the issue. Don't. Stick it out. The sense of relief and release that flows when you actually cut through all the fear and anger and find yourself communicating is remarkable.

"It takes a lot of talking about needs," says June Martin. "It's very hard for a man to sit down and say, 'I need this from a relationship' rather than say, 'I need a wife who'll cook my meals, look charming, and entertain my friends'."

Do you actually know what your emotional needs from the relationship are? Many men have never even examined them, and would certainly find them hard to define. Your woman, on the other hand, when you ask her, can tell you precisely what her emotional needs are; she has spent a lot of time thinking about them and working out her priorities. If the relationship is in trouble in this area, she will be able to tell you exactly what she believes you are doing wrong, where you are failing to meet her needs. You will find, and it may come as a shock to you, that she remembers precisely how many times you told her you loved her in the last six years.

> "Women are like Ferraris," one woman told me. "They're always in need of a tune-up. The problem is, most men treat us like Volkswagens."

"Women are like Ferraris," one smart woman told me (smart enough to communicate in male terms). "They're always in need of a tune-up. The problem is, most men treat us like Volkswagens."

Which brings us to the subject of intimacy. That which writer Tom Robbins calls "the principle source of sugars with which life is sweetened." Intimacy is the ability to open your heart without fear to someone you love and invite them inside. Intimacy is the feeling you get when you watch two people in love seeming to share some secret knowledge you don't have, seeming to occupy a place that is reserved for them alone, and to which they can retreat at any time.

It's looking forward to a day alone, with her, doing nothing, more than anything else you could imagine, including going to the cricket with your mates. The ability to be completely silent with her, which is, of course, vastly different from refusing to talk. It's the shocked realisation that she really is the only woman you want to make love to, in spite of the fantasies adorning these pages. We're talking real life here. Not that there's anything wrong with a little fantasy, but if you've grown up, you'll know the difference.

Men have a fear of and an aversion to intimacy which is another area that needs scientific exploration. Perhaps it is very deeply rooted. One man I spoke to elaborated on this. "In wartime, on the battlefield, you're in the trenches, and you complain about it to the guy next to you — he's distracted, *bang*, he's dead." Understanding the source of our problems with intimacy may help us overcome them, and do something about it.

"It's important to make each other feel good. When I feel bad about myself, I'm just no good to anyone. Sometimes we forget to build each other up; we take each other for granted. That's when I feel we could drift apart," says Roxanne, who has been through one lousy relationship with a groupie-obsessed ageing rock 'n' roll hero, and is now involved with a man who has also notched up one failure. They're aware of the pitfalls, and they keep a close watch on one another. "We make the effort to make time for each other," says her man.

Partners in a relationship should, to a certain extent, be a mutual admiration society. This doesn't mean ignoring faults, but accepting them as part of the person you love, and not harping on them. The principle being, if you hear something often enough, you'll begin to believe it. Keep telling her she's terrible, she'll feel terrible; keep telling her how wonderful she is, you'll have a wonderful woman.

Now we come to that battleground where love is more often lost than won, the bedroom. It appears sometimes that if life is a joke, it is sex, and not death, that is the punchline. Behold the male of the species, his equipment in plain view, his satisfaction a few short strokes away, his needs (fundamentally) a matter of insertion and oscillation to achieve ejaculation, his desire raised merely by gazing upon its object (or even a two-dimensional representation of it), the unadorned female form. Behold our female, her equipment mysterious, hidden, its geography still being explored, the Grafenberg spot being the latest entry on the map, her needs subtle and diffuse, her desire more readily raised by a dozen red roses offered at an opportune time than the mere sight of naked male flesh.

This subtlety in the way women function sexually is mirrored in the way they approach the whole question of sex. We must remember that we can't satisfy their

physical needs until we meet their emotional needs. The bedroom is the one place where complaints dovetail, but also where we encounter seemingly irreconcilable differences on both sides.

There would appear to be *nothing* you can do to recapture those first heart-thumping days when the mere thought of her made the blood boil and the jeans bulge. The experts tell us that the average life expectancy of that initial sexual rush is from 19 to 30 months. So if you're an incurable sexual junkie, and you need your high-grade lift-off every time, look forward to a life of serial monogamy — a different face over the cornflakes every month or so.

But there are two solutions to the problem of what to do when the first flush fades. Start all over again with someone new (see above). Or face the challenge, and the rewards, of building an intimate love life with one woman. Sexual love between two people is possible for a lifetime, if they can achieve that state of intimacy which makes every fuck a joyful affirmation of their love for each other. There are still people out there happily in and making love after 30 years.

Once more, the problems that arise are problems of communication. The irony is that it seems as difficult for women to communicate their needs and desires to men in bed as it is for men to talk intimately out of bed. June Martin again: "Often a woman will interpret any moves from the man in terms of wanting sex. She feels pressured by sexual demands. Sometimes she's right, of course; a man will only touch her when he wants to screw her. But in many cases he'll say, 'No, I just want to cuddle you, but as soon as I come close, you tense up.' That problem crops up frenquently."

She never wants it when you want it? There must be a reason. Don't get pissed off — try and find out what it is. "You've cleaned the house and you've made dinner and you've put the kids to bed and there's still the remnants of the day around you. You haven't had a moment to yourself. It's midnight. All you want to do is go to sleep. You get into bed, and over he rolls. And I appreciate it, I really do, but how do you explain you're tired? It happens so often, and I worry about that. I mean, how much of that can he take? The silly thing is, I often feel horny during the day and I've thought, 'Oh I wish he was here!' "

And of course, women feel very guilty about this. One let me into a little secret that illustrates beautifully the subtlety and practicality that women bring to solving life's problems. "I've got a trick. I thought it was all mine until I confessed to a friend of mine, and found it was quite widespread. I wait until I know he's so knackered he couldn't possibly want to screw me. Then I make advances, get knocked back — and don't feel so guilty."

What can you do about all this? Well, you can keep your antennae out, try and interpret her moods and her desires at any given time. You can do what so many couples seem to do (and find satisfactory), which is to ritualise sex — the Saturday night, Sunday morning syndrome. But you must do something. Discuss the problem and work out your own solutions. Don't let the problem recede into a nasty silent corner, hoping it will go away. It won't. And this time it really is up to us to open the doors; women find this an exceptionally difficult area. Take the whole question of who makes the first move.

"I don't initiate sex," one woman admitted to me. "I just can't bring myself to do it." This is not a dewy-eyed girl speaking, but a sexually aware and experienced woman. Sexologist Bettina Arndt is eloquent on this subject. "Men are expected to know what to do. Women are brought up by society thinking that they'd be a bit bold to make the first moves. All you men seem to do is think how hard it is for you to make the first move — and you've had all the practice! Imagine how hard it is for her; her whole upbringing is against it, and she's had no practice whatsoever."

As well as having trouble initiating sex, many women have great difficulty directing their partner in doing the right things to help them achieve orgasm. "It's really silly," says Bettina Arndt. "There he is, fumbling around in the dark, supposedly knowing what to do, and there we are, lying silently, knowing what we want him to do, and we just can't bring ourselves to tell him." This is, of course, most frustrating, and we've all felt this lack. Why is it? "We don't want to appear like traffic policemen," one woman told me. "Do this, do that." "His ego — I'm afraid of hurting his ego," confessed another. "He thinks he should know it all, and he really doesn't. But I'm not going to tell him, poor darling."

If she's as serious as you are about repairing this ruptured relationship, here's an area for discussion ripe with the promise of real breakthroughs.

One other complaint voiced by men in long-term relationships is that their women seem to lose interest in sex. They don't want it so often, or they don't want it at all. Bettina Arndt points out that "Masters and Johnson suggest that women are more easily distracted than men. They can't enjoy a quick screw, because they're worried about the baby waking, or some other distraction."

Is that all you're offering? A quick screw? Is that the problem rather than some functional disability in your woman? "A lot of women lose interest in sex because their men only seem interested in their own orgasms," one woman pointed out. Perhaps it's not that she doesn't want

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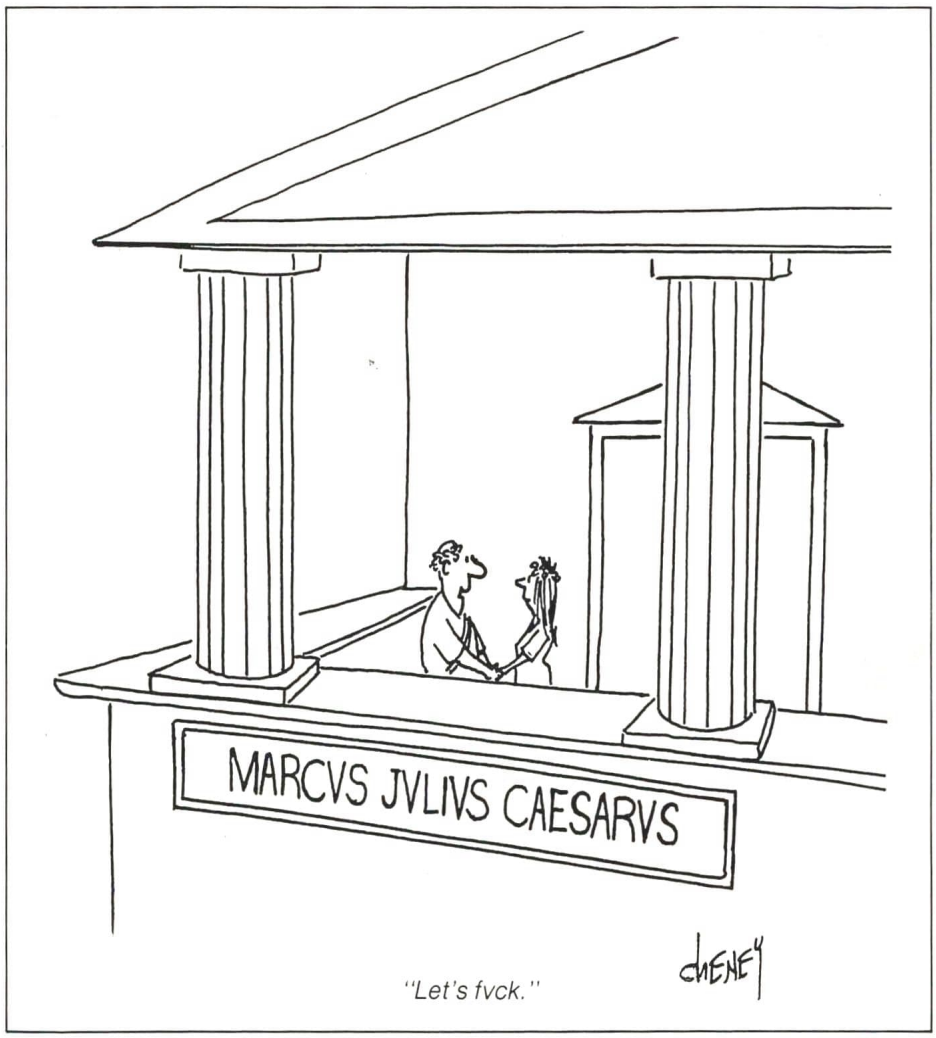


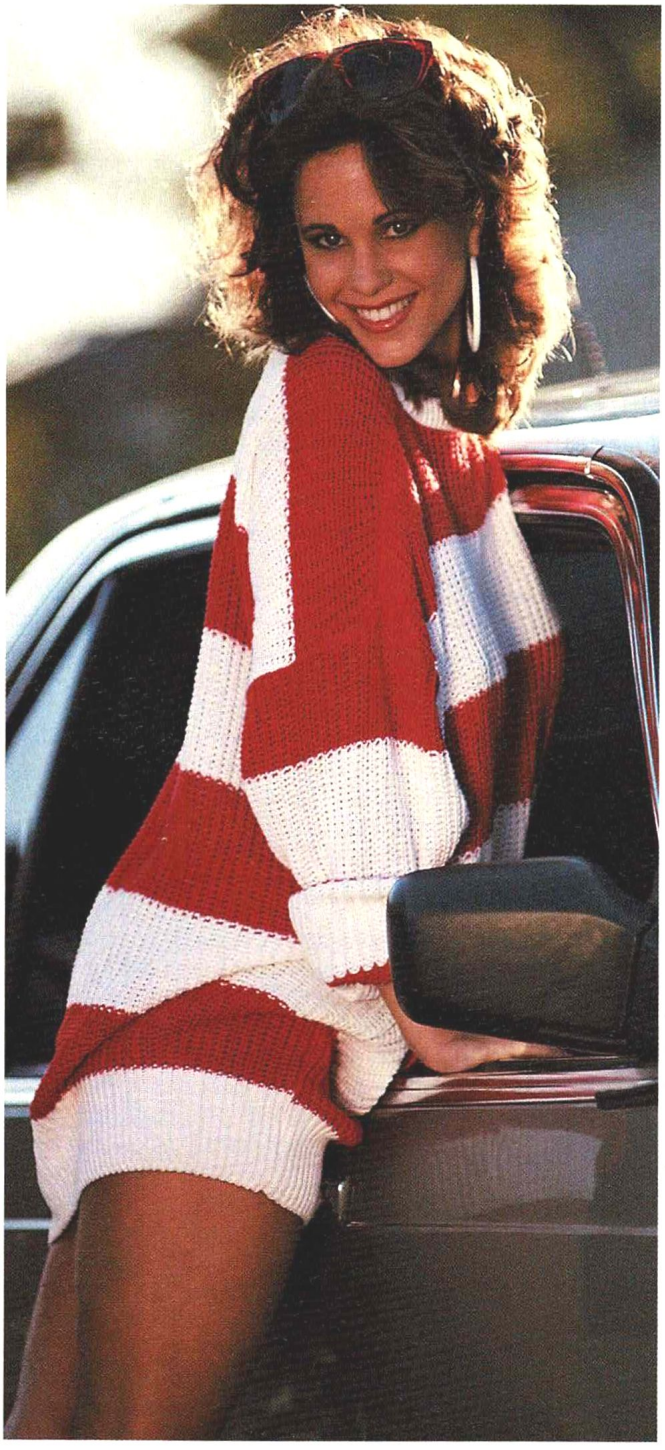
"Let's fvck."

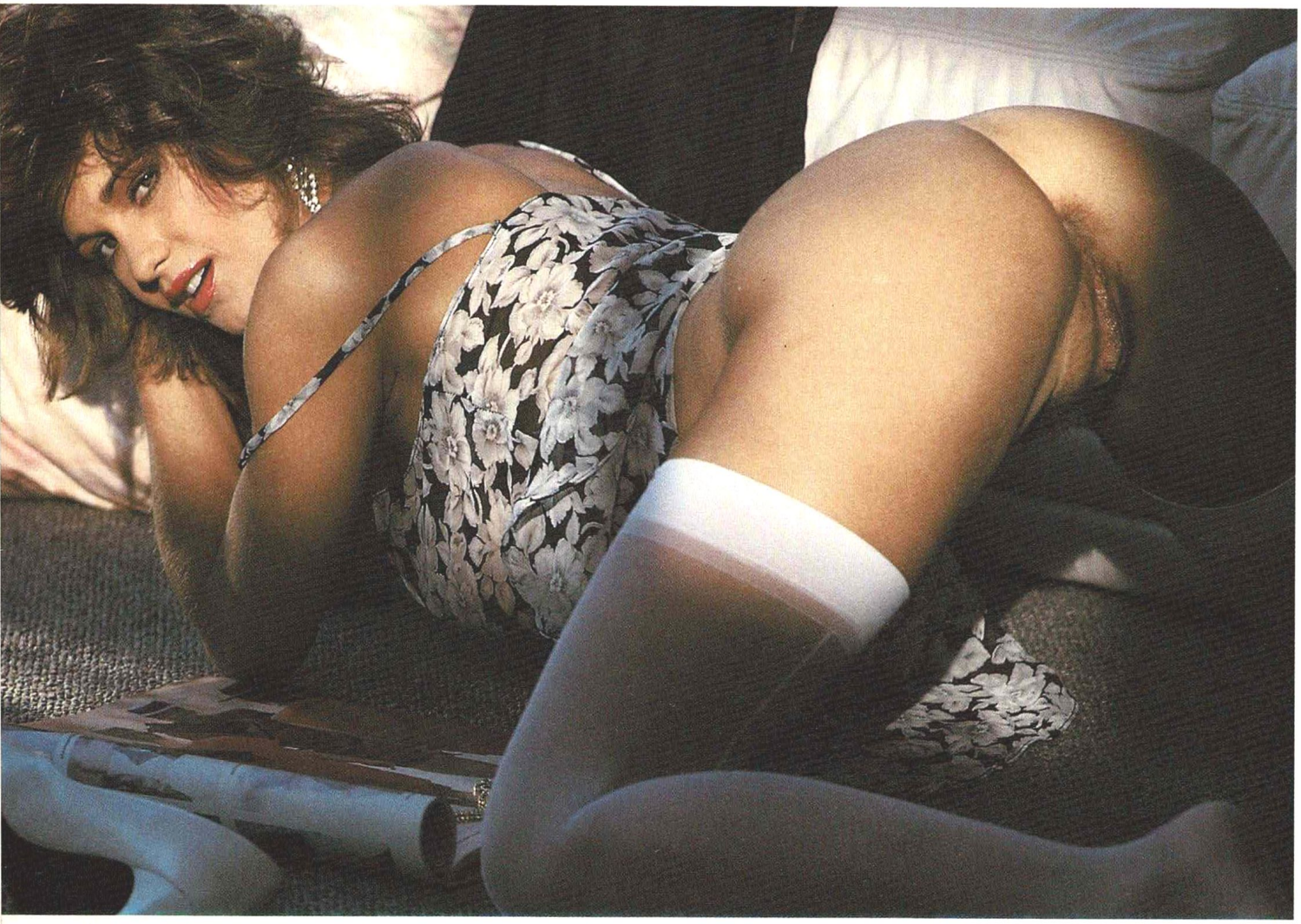
BE AFRAID.

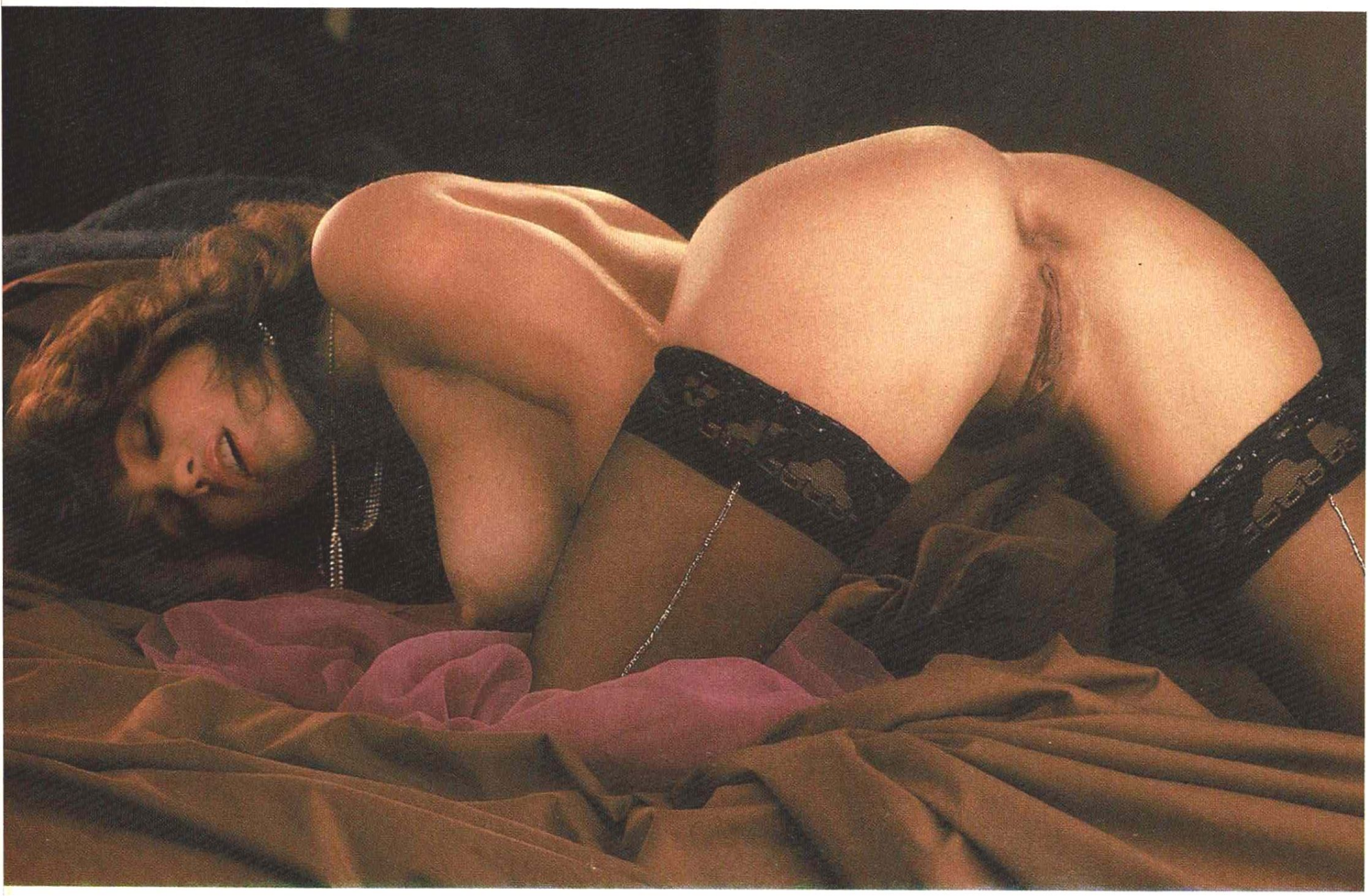
BE VERY AFRAID

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

"I tend to frighten a lot of guys," admits hazel-eyed Catalina. Oh, come now! What's so scary about five feet eight inches of, er, well-stacked 24-year-old? "These, maybe," she says, presenting elegant hands tipped with long lacquered nails. "Once I've got my hooks into a man, he's my slave. If he so much as looks at another woman, these same claws go straight for his balls."







"I think it was President Kennedy who said: 'I haven't finished with a woman until I've had her three ways'," continues the formidable Catalina. "Well, that to me suggests a lack of imagination. I haven't finished with a man until I've sapped him of every drop of juice he's got. In my experience that's a lot more than three ways."

Surely that's the kind of frightening experience a lot of men might give their eye teeth for? "You'd be surprised," says Catalina. "Many men are scaredy cats when it comes to women with voracious sexual appetites. But I like generating a bit of fear. It sorts the men from the boys. In my case, real men only need apply."

For the Top End's heli-cowboys, the party's almost over

THE LAST ROUND-UP

As the morning sun rises slowly through the forest, all that can be heard is the land's ancient heartbeat. Tendrils of sunlight slice through the paperbark trees, reaching out to touch the feral buffalo that still dare to graze the Carmor Plains.

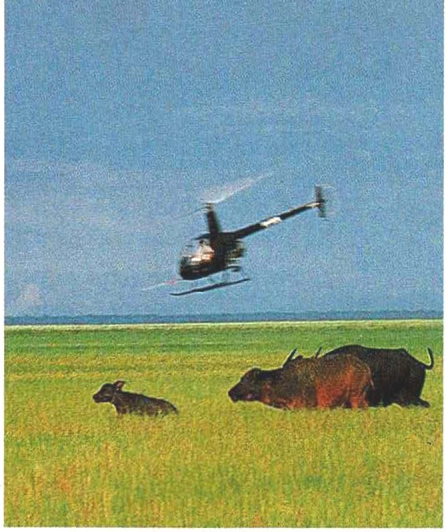
But within minutes a transformation has taken place. A dark shadow falls over the forest, the din of helicopter rotor blades slices through the morning silence and above everything rises the roar of thundering buffalo hooves as the herd flees in panic.

A solitary buffalo bull majestically stands his ground in a mute attempt to repel this threat to his fleeing harem. But his stand is momentary, and he too runs, having no answer to the giant mechanical bird of prey that now confronts him.

The first catch only takes minutes. Strapped into his jet-black helicopter, Simon Taylor and I scream along the flood plains hugging the earth's wet contours. The air speed indicator is reading around 80 knots, and the engine's piercing whine eliminates all possibility of conversation as we barrel along the fringes of Donny Stuart's buffalo station, 100kms east of Darwin. It's like being in a jet boat or a racing car, drifting all the corners.

The smooth passage of a helicopter in flight in the hands of an experienced pilot is easy to get

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY WAYNE MILES



Left: The chopper pilot nudges the buffalo into action, then (Right) steers them towards hidden captors.

THE LAST ROUND-UP

used to. It is a fast, graceful, see-saw motion, in and out of gullies between rocks and trees, with few jerks or bumps — that is, until we spot a buff.

Then there is a shudder that breaks the smooth flight, as Taylor dives his chopper headfirst into a death-defying lunge. He pulls up only centimetres from a buffalo bull's hindquarters, causing a whirlwind of water and reeds that forces this tonne of animal in the direction of his waiting captors, a well-hidden motorised cavalry in the pandanus forest below.

The animals Taylor musters are feral — wild descendants of beasts imported to the Northern Territory in the 1800s. Those that escape this last round-up are doomed under the Australian Federal Government's Brucellosis and Tuberculosis Eradication Campaign (BTEC), a controversial shoot-to-waste policy conducted under the auspices of the government's total eradication program. The BTEC's supporters hope to rid the Territory of all non-native feral animals (buffalo, cattle and pigs) by 1992.

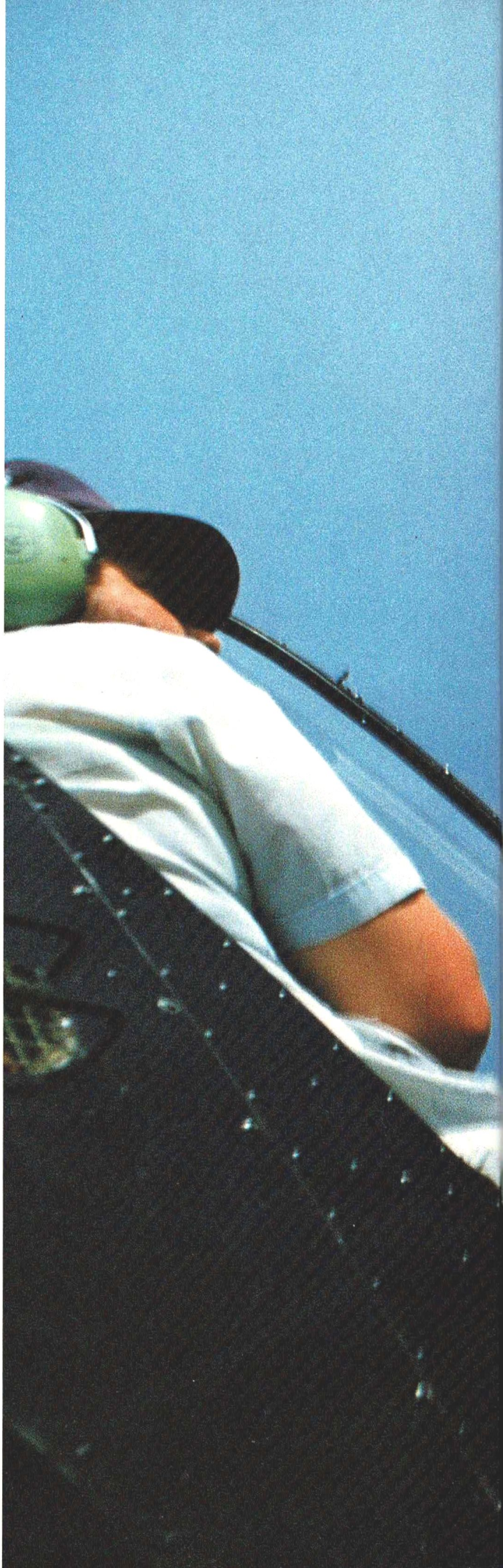
Buffalo caught by the musterers are destined for the live export markets, subject to being cleared of brucellosis and tuberculosis by the health authorities, or for use as breeding stock on some of the more enlightened stations interested in maintaining captive buffalo herds. Old buffalo are slaughtered, and their meat is sold either on the domestic or overseas markets for both petfood and human consumption.

So it is that the last of the wily old buffalo, once a million or so strong, are being cleared from the north to make way for the southern cattlemen and their prized Brahman strains.

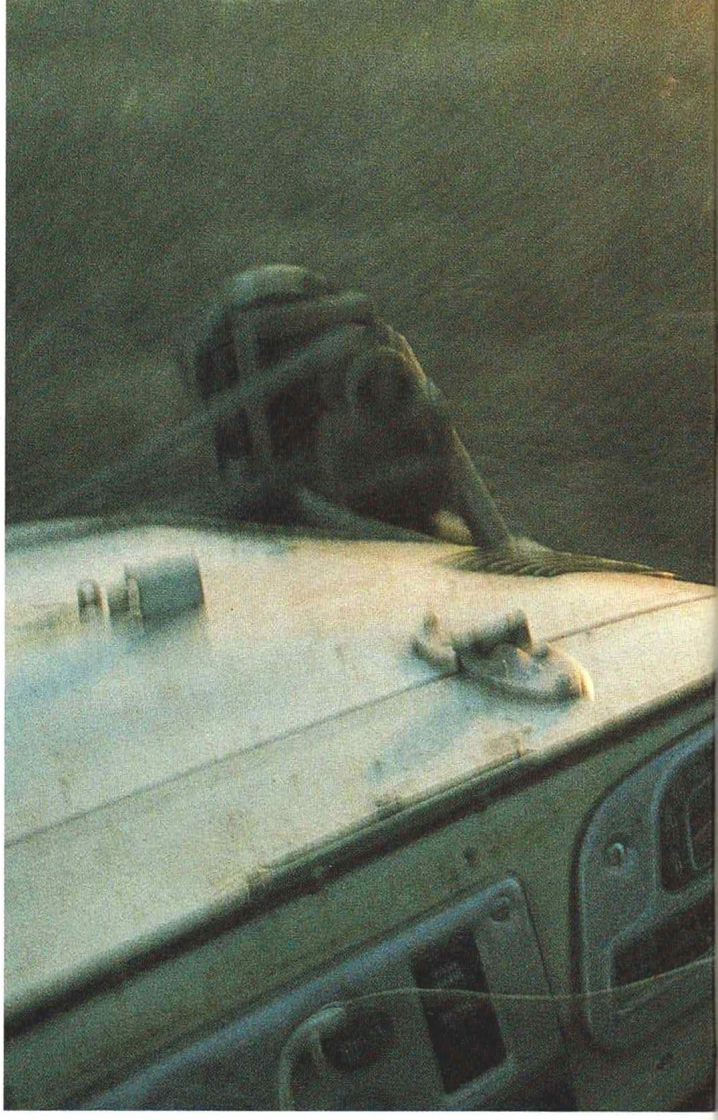
It is November, and the sun blazes down from the hazy sky over Australia's tropical north, clouds hatched by its heat boiling up over the land. As with every year the buffalo catching season is nearing its end. Soon, thunderheads 16kms high will rise above the flood plains, and storms will drift across the country drenching the land in heavy downpours. The meandering rivers will be swollen by month's end and the buff catchers' makeshift roads will vanish beneath sheets of slow-moving water.

Australia's Top End yields its bounties only to a knowledgeable breed of men, as tough as the land itself. Taylor is one of the few freelance pilots refusing to hire choppers or services to support the BTEC helicopter gunships in their final shoot-outs, opting to stand by the last of the bull catching contractors that battle against time and politics. As I sit in his chopper, camera in hand and acutely aware of the mighty paperback trees flashing past, I am conscious of the fact that I'm recording the end of an era.

Earlier this morning Taylor and I had boarded his Robinson R22 helicopter at a mustering camp in Kakadu National Park called the Gimbat Valley. Here a team of professional buff



Left: The unforgiving Mt Cat terrain. Right, Clockwise From Top: Rod Ansell heads off a rogue buff; Michael Swart's mechanical half-nelson; Mustering at Gimbat Valley; Down for the kill.



THE LAST ROUND-UP

musterers, led by the legendary bull catcher Allan Fisher, have a holding contract to clean up a remaining renegade herd before the BTEC gunships get there.

Just a few years ago these same round-ups were executed by cowboys like Fisher on horseback. Today it is the aerial cowboys like Taylor who steal the limelight. Once a muster actually starts it places enormous pressure on both pilots and machines. The art is to move as swiftly as possible. A good mustering pilot is a rare breed: you are either good, or you are out of work quickly. A pilot's work is like the harsh land he surveys — unforgiving.

Taylor is a man of few words; he's cocky, and it shows in his flying. He starts the muster by flying a 16km radius at tree-top level, then gradually closes in with ever tighter circles, sweeping down at an angle on to the straying herds. The startled animals usually turn in the right direction, but feral buffalo have a mind of their own, and the last of these old rogues are not at all fazed by Taylor's airborne antics.

Taylor executes another daredevil descent. "Bastards," he screams as he swoops down hard on to a bull amid his fleeing harem, at the same time blasting away with a siren that is so loud I cringe in my seat. It is only then that the stubborn animal breaks from the treeline, turning to join the rest of the herd now streaming into the well-camouflaged portable traps hidden in the forest below. Later, after a quick refuelling stop, we head south-east to another muster at Rod Ansell's camp at Mt Cat in Arnhemland.

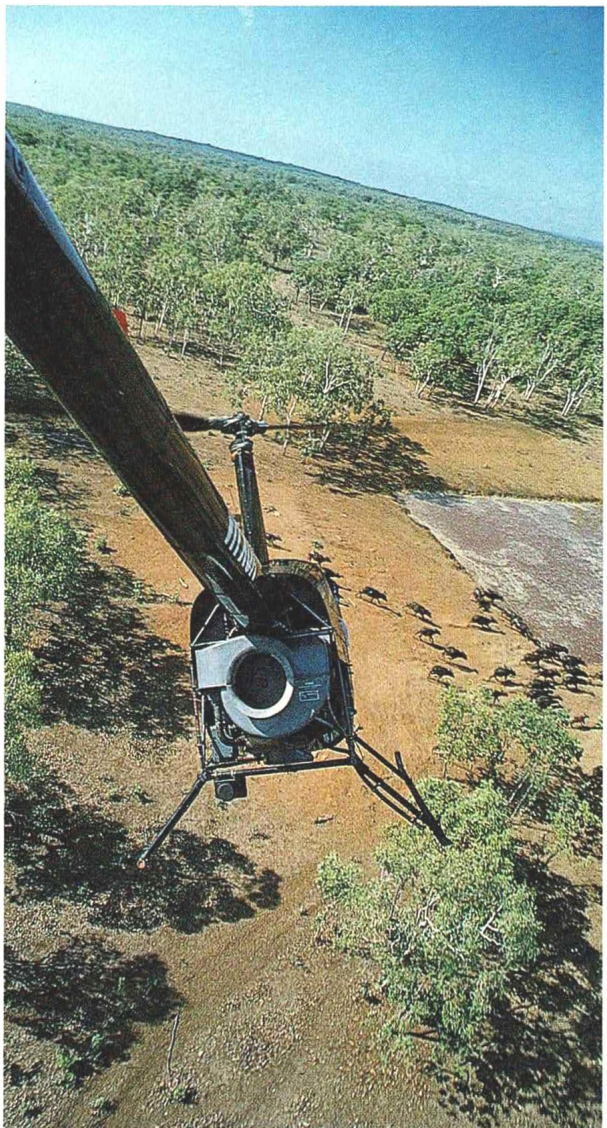
Here, on an Aboriginal station, we join forces with Taylor's workmate Clint, another renegade chopper pilot who refuses to assist with the BTEC program. Together, the slick-looking black and white choppers sweep the terrain, climbing high to scan the horizons. Before long, Taylor tenses and points to the ground. "Eighteen buffalo dead ahead," he calls to Clint through his headset. Both choppers accelerate downwards, bearing straight into the wild beasts. Just before hitting the animals Taylor jerks violently on his cyclic control (the joystick in fixed-wing aircraft), which leaves the helicopter rocking back and forth directly above the animals' powerful horns.

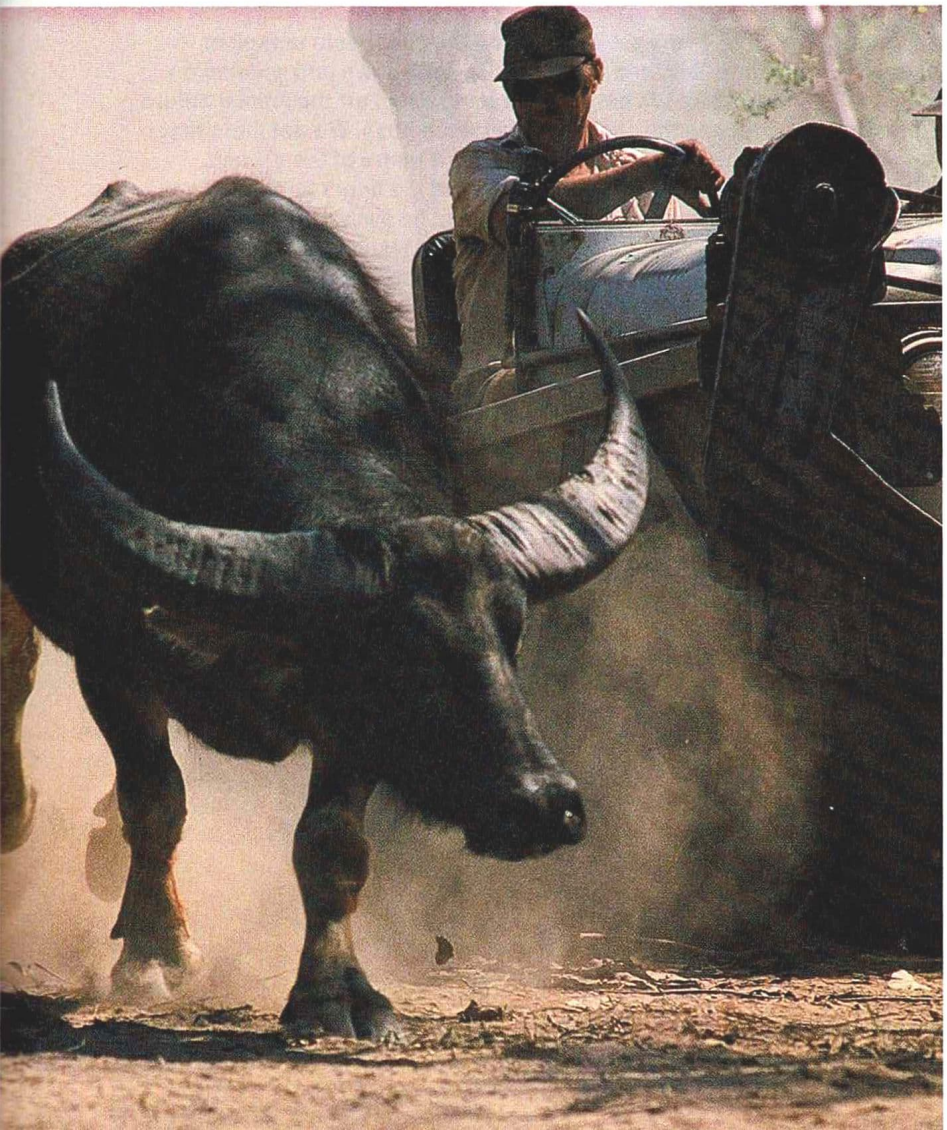
He blasts the siren at one reluctant animal. "You fucker," he screams, "c'mon you bastard." But the buffalo refuses to move. In a last desperate attempt Taylor digs the chopper's skids into the animal's hindquarters. Only then does the obstinate beast bolt in the direction that Clint has forced the rest of this renegade herd.

"What do you do when this number doesn't work?" I scream over the chatter.

"I have to admit defeat and leave the bastards," shouts Taylor. "Something I hate to do when I know they'll be shot to waste."

No more than an hour has passed, and Taylor and Clint





Left: Room to run, but no escape. Right: Like the feral buffalo they hunt, heli-musterers are an endangered species.

THE LAST ROUND-UP

have mustered up some 80 animals, a mixture of scrub cattle and buffalo. Ever tighter flying circles push the animals inevitably into their captors' hands. Before long, Rod Ansell and his black stockmen have herded the last of this line of strays into the hessian-clad wings of the portable yards set deep in the bush below. The youngest bull tries to make a break, tearing through the scrub flat out. "The catchers will have you, you bastard," grins Taylor.

The catchers are brave men on the ground in mechanical steeds with iron clamps, covering the terrain at breakneck speed with little regard for wallows or fallen tree stumps. The iron trap — or "arm" as it is known — extends from the hood of the jeep, swinging down at the desired moment and clamping the animal in its jaws (a modern version of the lasso). This particular type of mustering is known in the trade as "arm 'n' bulls." The essence of the game is to hunt down the renegade bulls that have evaded the catchers for years — usually animals that weigh 400kgs-plus, cunning and lightning fast.

In the air, Taylor has a reputation for rarely losing an animal, no matter how seasoned the beast. On the ground, the Swart brothers are equally renowned for their efficiency.

Today the Swarts are on the hunt for two bulls, both escapees from recent musters, who have been spotted by Taylor. With precision born of experience the brothers close in on their runaway quarry, clamping the bulls within the steel jaws. There is no time to waste. The animals are quickly head-roped to the nearest trees to await the pick-up truck.

Even when lashed to a tree a buffalo is a handful. The old man of the two bulls wheels, bucking furiously; he rages back and forth at the rope's end, swinging from one side to the other. Having secured the knot, one of the Swarts leaps back into his vehicle. Seconds later the bull's horns whack the side of the cut-down truck, only centimetres from the man's hip. It is then that I fully appreciate the armor covering the vehicle.

Back in the air, Taylor guns the chopper in pursuit of another wild one, stacking the nose down and winding on the power. We bank hard, racing to cut off the animal before it reaches the shelter of the dense bush. We get there first, and the chopper drops to within a metre of the ground, positioned between the bush and the angry buffalo. "Fuck ya!" hollers Taylor. Still hovering, he swings the tail so that we are facing the charging buff: a Mexican stand-off. The buff skids to a halt, falters, then panics this way and that, trying to decide which way to run.

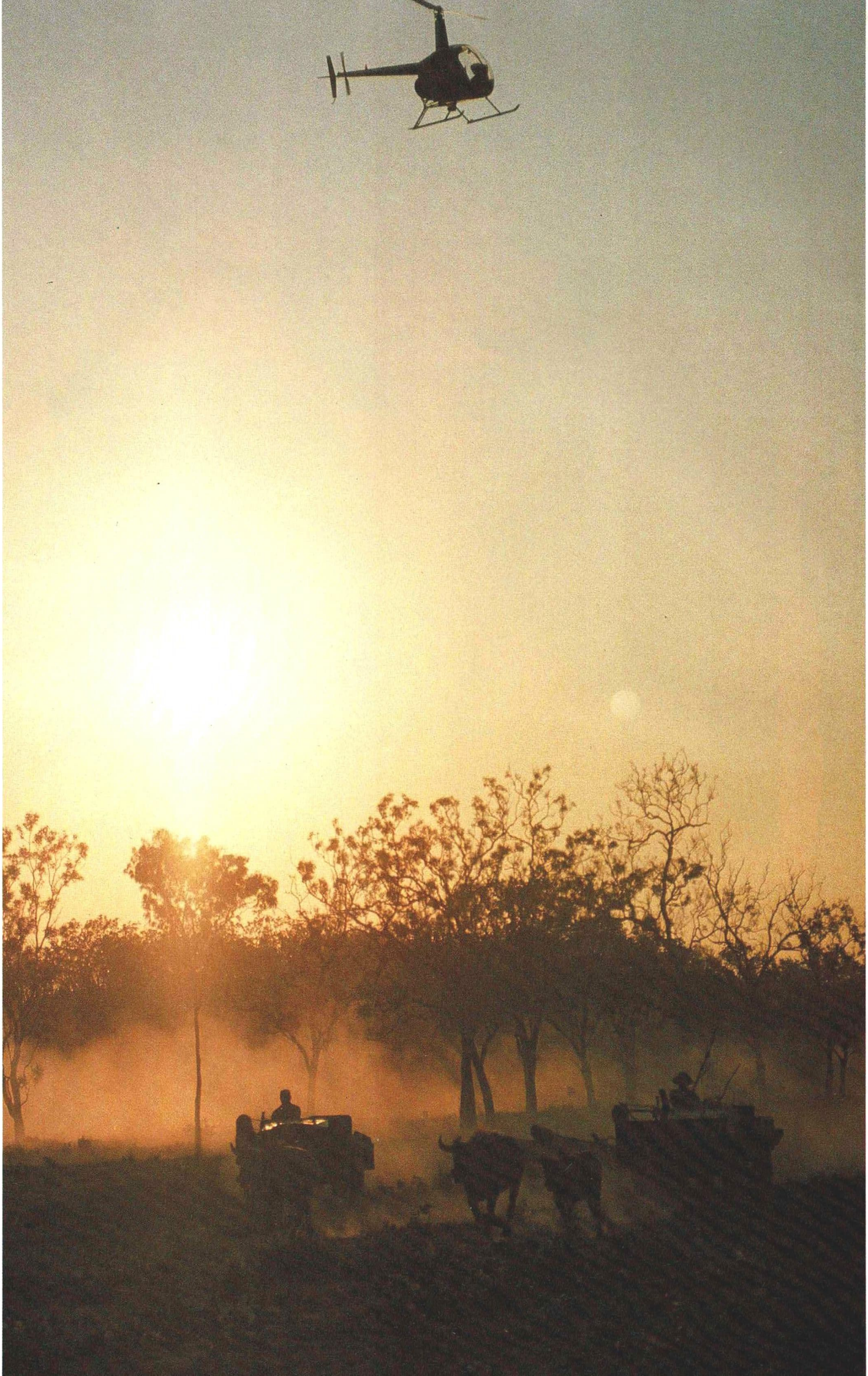
He doesn't know it, but his luck's run out. The Swart brothers arrive on the scene and the hunt is over in moments. The steel jaws clamp the buff to a tree. As the sun will soon be gone, we decide to head back to base.

"During the last few days we have rounded up some 200 animals," proclaims Taylor. "Two years ago in the same time we could have had a thousand buff. Those captured animals below will be sent to market; any we have missed will be shot by the BTEC boys in a week's time."

Buffalo mustering is exciting stuff, but the skills needed are not earned without cost. Undeniably, the helicopter round-ups are extremely dangerous. Some 25 helicopters have crashed in Australia since 1970. Only months before this outing, both Clint and Taylor had walked away from written-off choppers in two separate accidents.

Taylor and Clint laugh at suggestions that they could be maimed or killed carrying out their missions, but cautious men don't bring back rogue buffalo. It's a bloody game, and only brave give-it-a-go-men have been successful.

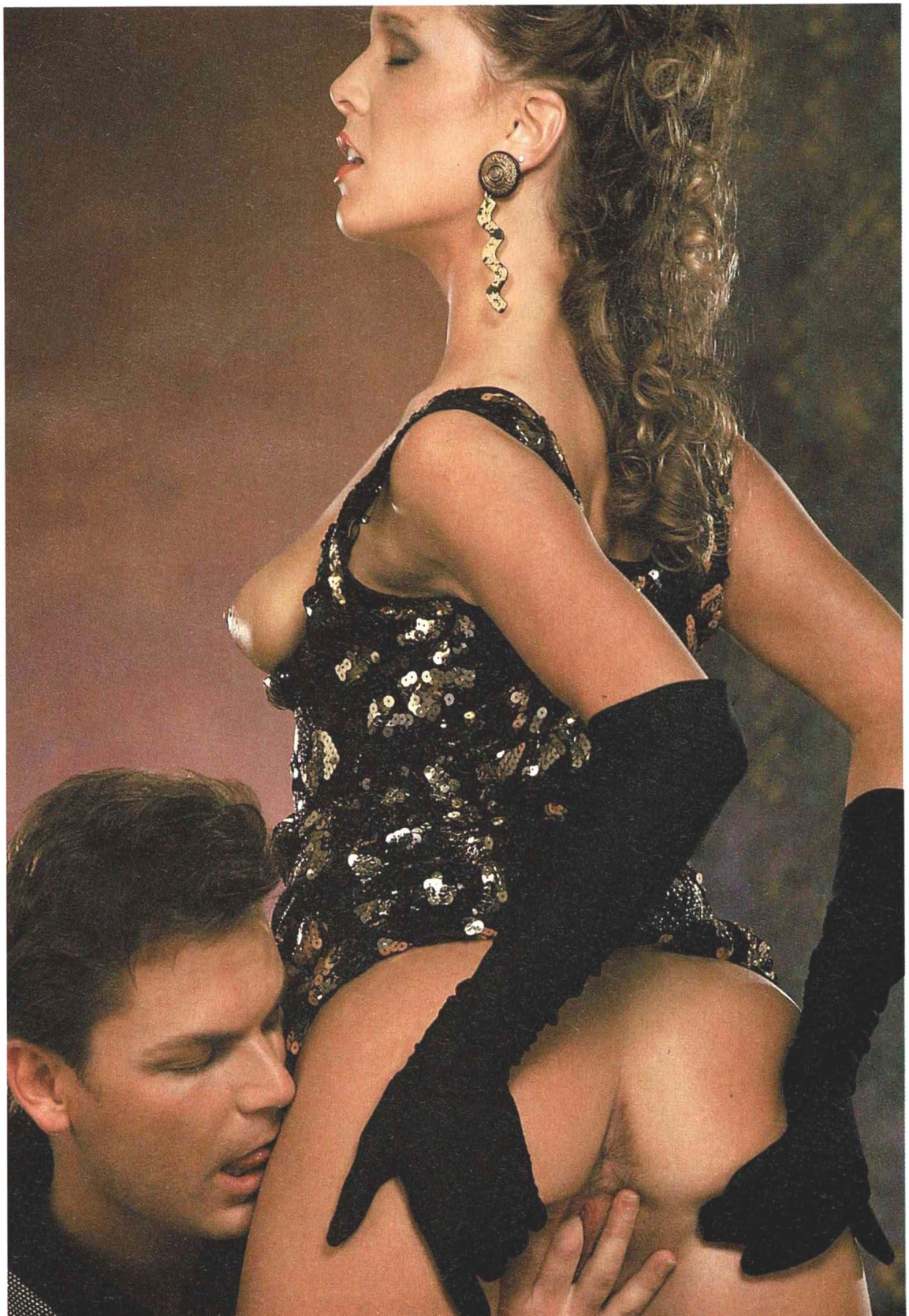
"Naturally I am aware of the dangers," says Taylor. "But for me this game is like a drug, an adrenalin fix like no other. I figure we've got about another six months of mustering left. The BTEC has destroyed the industry, but I may as well hang in there and round up the last of these old rogues."



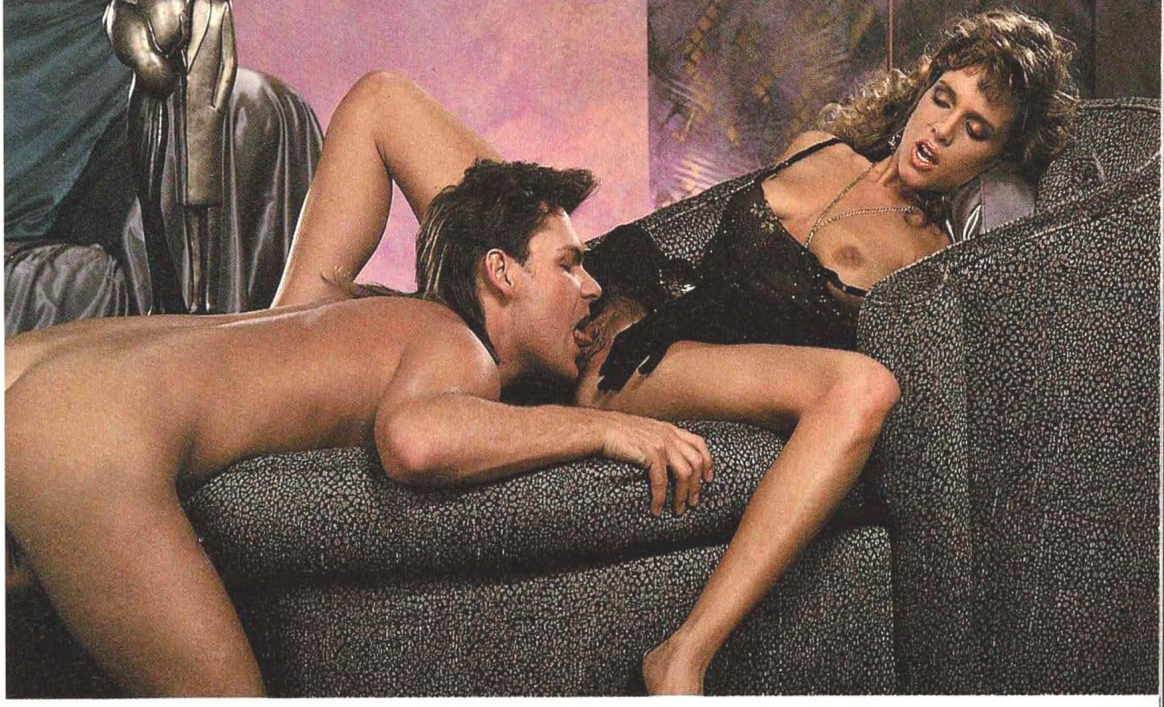
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

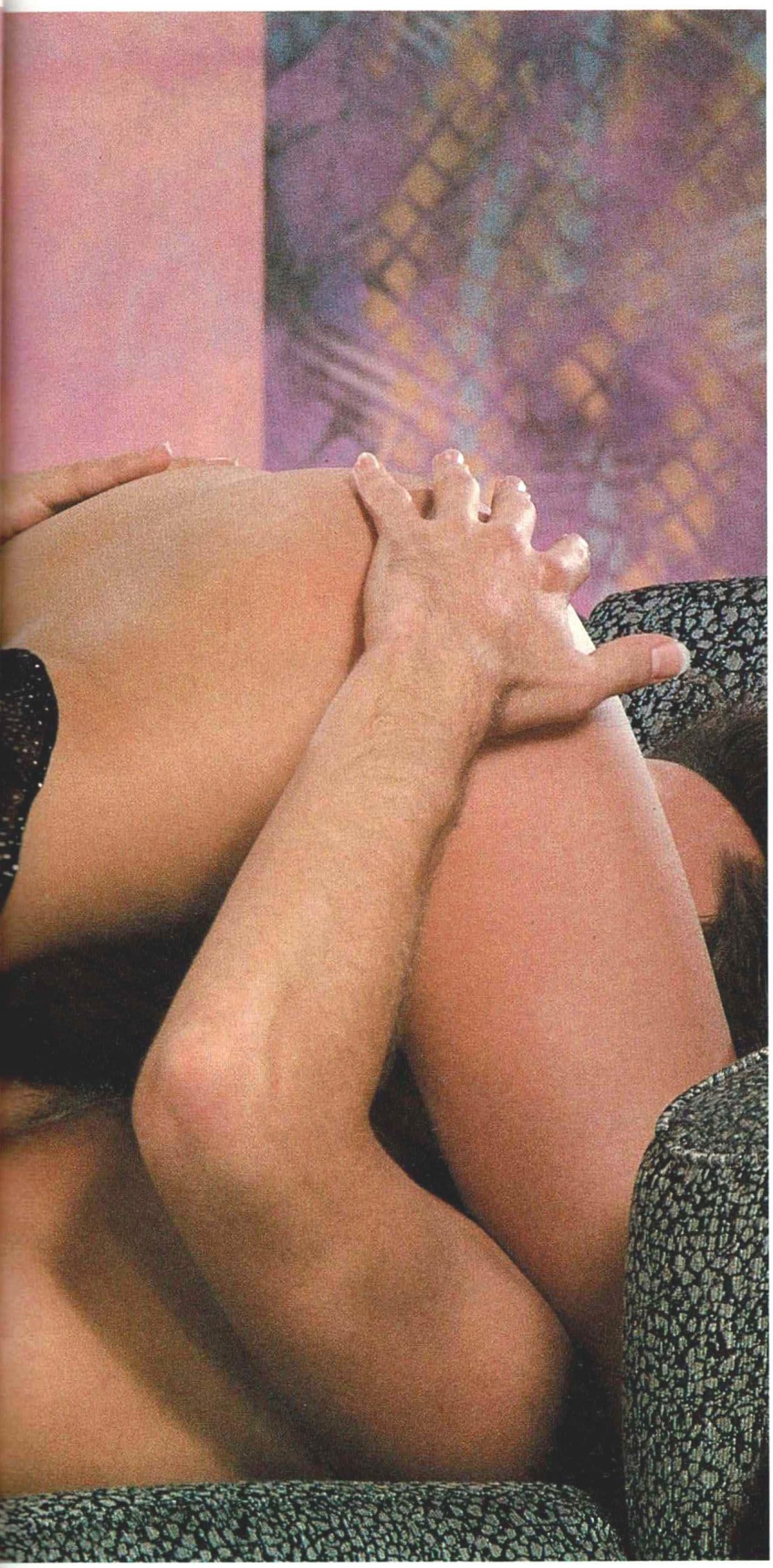
SWEPT AWAY

Tom had come around to see Nikki, his girlfriend, but only her flatmate Jess was home. He could see that Jess was lonely. God knows why — there was plenty there for any man to appreciate. "I brought some wine — do you mind if I stay?" he murmured softly. There was no need for a reply. Her moist eyes said it all.

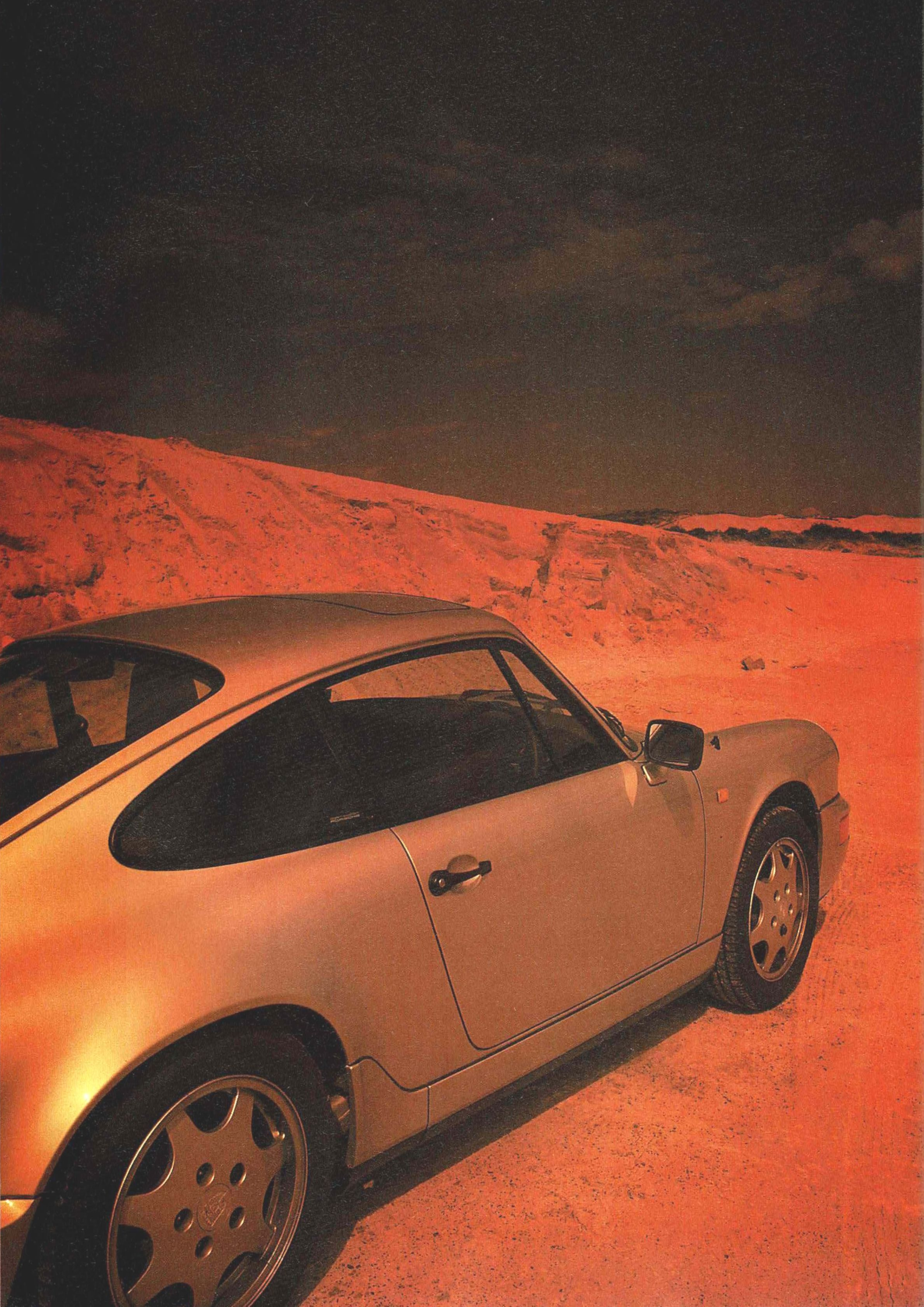


The night stretched endlessly before them. It seemed a pity to waste even a moment. Gently, Tom took Jess in his arms, and found her hot lips pressed passionately against his. "Not here," she moaned. But there was no way back. A tidal wave of desire swept them away, carrying them to places neither had ever visited before.





Like storm-tossed mariners they rode the crashing surf of their shared lust, which time and again cast them up on the shores of a strange and wondrous land, a world of their own making. And, just when there seemed no more to explore, the winds of ecstasy carried them off once more. Their exhausted bodies pitched and rolled in heavenly harmony, unwilling to cut short this voyage of sensual discovery.



Precious metal

Surely not. Can it be that this jewel, this steel god, falls short of perfection?

First impressions suggest foibles: pedals are offset way to the left, there is no resting pad for the left foot, the left knee drapes awkwardly over the stubby gear lever . . .

And then you crank over the glorious flat six, tickle the throttle, slip the lever into gear and zoom off into ecstasy. All is forgiven, Dr Porsche.

Magical motoring comes courtesy of the 911 Carrera 4, the third generation of the purest of the Porsches. Constant four-wheel drive, 250 horsepower, and eye-popping braking, crisp steering and limpet-like roadholding. A bundle of joy. Style with function. The aroma of leather wafting amid the smell of smoking brake pads and tortured Goodyear Eagles.

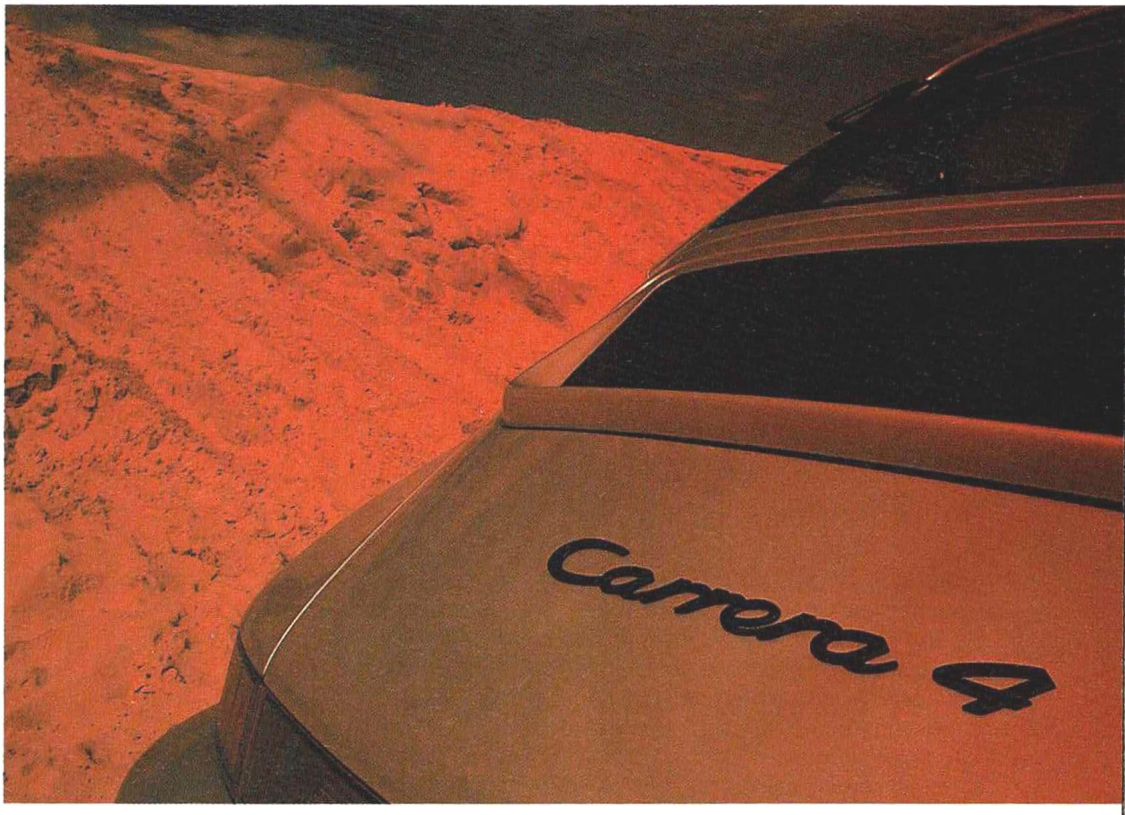
In fair weather or foul, cornering limits extend beyond any motorist's wildest dreams. Bliss is zinging through the hills outside Melbourne, with the 3.6 litres fully operational and the exhaust barking enthusiastically, at a rate considered lethal in mere two-wheel-drive cars.

The gearshift is a manual, of course — five speeds, with a lever that requires the briefest of wrist movements to move up or down a cog. A precision instrument. Ripping up and down through the gears, the tacho needle leaping at every change and then surging up through the scale towards the 6800rpm red line, throttle acting as an orchestra leader's baton in concert with the engine, the massed choir roars or ebbs in response as the driver discovers Heaven on Earth. Look at the instrument panel: biggest and boldest of the dials is the tachometer, slap bang between the driver's hands as they caress the wheel. Porsche knows.

The Carrera 4 can be spirited into corners at frightening speeds. Somehow it grabs hold of the road and it emerges at the other end with that cocky nose-up Told-You-So attitude, eagerly looking for more. Easy.

It's an astonishingly poised motor car. Always composed, it appears affixed with Velcro to the road. Burbling like a contented kid, it gobbles up tarmac perhaps better than any production car on Earth.

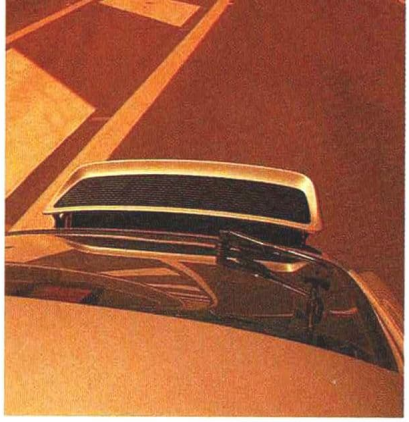
The Porsche 911 Carrera 4 is a legend that any driver can fit

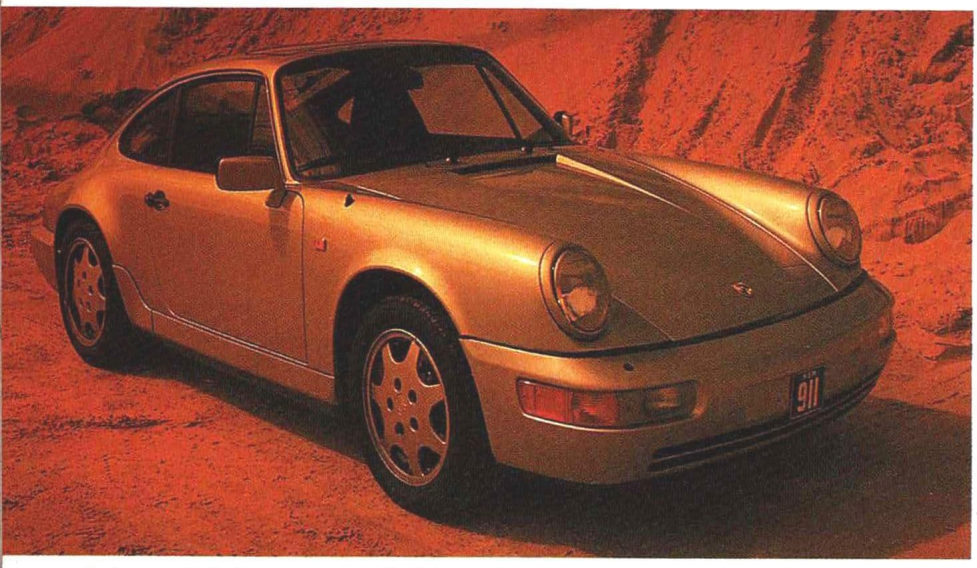


BY PETER McKAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL BURROWS

Porsche's patented retractable rear spoiler . . . increases downforce, aids engine cooling, and steals the show.





Test car provided by Porsche Cars Australia, Melbourne. Photographic car provided by John Newell Porsche Centre, Sydney.

Precious metal

Hey Buddy, where were you in '63? The Beatles had only just scrambled out of the Cavern Club, mean and ugly Sonny Liston was the world heavyweight champ, Margaret Smith became the first Aussie gal to win Wimbledon, Bob Menzies was Australia's paternal dictator, and Alan Jones wasn't yet old enough to hold a driver's licence.

And from Zuffenhausen, near Stuttgart, came the new Porsche, the 911. Remarkably, the car still lives. To the uneducated, the 911 of 1990 seems little changed, visually at least, from the original of 27 years ago. But only the basic outline remains, and it too has been subtly enhanced aerodynamically to slip through the air with greater ease than its predecessors.

The 1990 Carrera 4, it is said, has 85 percent new components. Relentless development over the years by Porsche engineers has kept the 911 on terms with its Italian rivals. The boffins of Zuffenhausen have managed to stay faithful to the classical lines while providing an awesome technical package for the Nineties.

The latest reworking of the familiar theme is the grandest yet: the 1990 Porsche 911 Carrera 2 and 4.

The 4 (for four-wheel-drive) takes the definitive mainstream Porsche towards 2000. The 911, from all the evidence, will endure for many more years, defiantly ignoring the automotive trend to new shapes introduced at terrifyingly swift three-year intervals.

In the catalogue of excellence, the Carrera 4 emerges as the most competent of all the 911 creations, a machine as coolly efficient and predictable as the earlier two-wheel drive versions were tricky and demanding.

The Carrera 4 surely defies the efforts of even the seriously inept motorist to miscue. Its inherent balance and limits of handling and road adhesion take driving to a higher plane.

Recent Japanese sports cars, notably the Nissan 300ZX and the turbocharged 4WD Toyota Celica GT-Four and Toyota MR2, have demonstrated just how far the mass-produced machines out of the East have progressed. All three are quite marvellous examples of affordable, exciting motoring. But there is still a difference between the best of Japan and the best of West Germany. The Porsche prevails as the motor car by which others are measured. Sure, its margin over the rest is narrowing — but it is there nevertheless.

Just as obviously there is a price to pay for the stunning engineering evident in the Porsche — *any* Porsche. The Carrera 4, carrying Mr Keating's quite outrageous 50 percent luxury car tax plus 40 percent import duty, is now a $200,000 purchase. A few months ago it was a mere 170 big ones.

Regardless of the enormous bounty, the marque will continue to sell. Porsche, better than other nameplates, somehow rides out the dark days of recession and the savagery of ridiculous tax measures. The company is more buoyant than others in tough times because of its product's unassailable retained values: a Porsche keeps its value better than a Mercedes-Benz. It is an investment; not gilt-edged, perhaps, but close to it. And how else can a man get up to as much mischief, have as much sheer unbridled fun, be as envied and admired, and ultimately run a good chance of recouping much of his investment? Owning gold bullion can't be half as exhilarating.

It's come a long way, this oldest, most venerable of Porsches. Not so long ago it was considered spartan and obstreperous, a car of unequalled character, but flawed in execution. The metamorphosis is remarkable, covering all aspects of its engineering and extending to its cabin, the driver's work area. Now it is a clever balance of tradition and advanced ergonomics.

And convenience features. Today the 911 pampers its owner. Electrically adjustable seats, integrated central locking with alarm system, automatic climate control, automatic speed control, hi-fi sound package, heated and power-operated outside mirrors, electric windows . . .

The 911 is the most popular of the Porsches. There have been other models since, namely the 928 and the 944, but these more recent front-engined cars cannot match the 911 for character and verve.

The 911 has a heritage rich in motor sport. Indeed, the Carrera 4 borrows heavily from the 4WD engineering of the exclusive limited edition 959, which in turn evolved from Porsche's Paris-Dakar Rally beast.

The four-wheel-drive system gives the machine its incredible balance and grip and reassuring safety. Instead of all the engine forces being concentrated at the rear wheels (as is the case with the Carrera 2), they are distributed more evenly over all four wheels. This enables the driver to exploit the Porsche's engine performance and handling to the full.

Normally, 69 percent of the Carrera 4's driving force goes to the rear wheels, with the remaining 31 percent distributed to the front. The preset balance of power is intended to retain some of the classic rear-drive characteristics of the 911.

However, should any of the wheels begin to spin due to loss of traction — for instance, if the driver puts a wheel into a dirt verge or tracks through a puddle — sensors detect the change and a microprocessor instantly redistributes the

Continued on page 144

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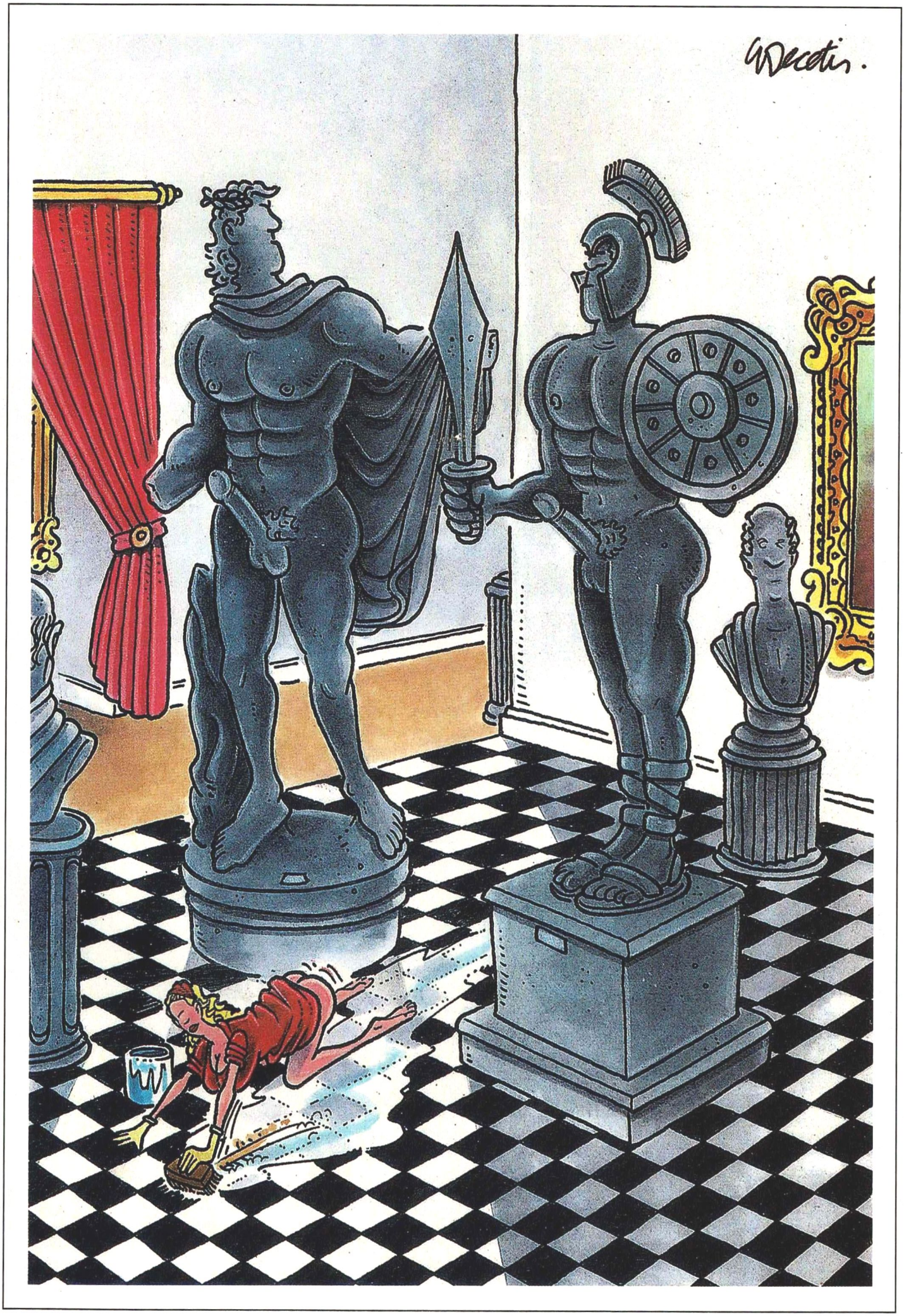
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THE DAMNED

Continued from page 40

and so were the American, Australian and South Vietnamese troops. Whole villages were emptied when their crops died and the inhabitants left to join the slum dwellers of Saigon.

Agent Orange has become a generic term for phenoxy herbicides composed in whole or in part of 2, 4, 5-T or 2, 4-D. These toxins were the basis of Agent Orange, Agent Orange II, Agent White, Agent Purple, Agent Pink and Agent Green. The different names refer to the color of the band around the drums used to store the chemicals.

In addition to Agent Orange a bewildering range of other chemicals was sprayed on troops in Vietnam, including diquat, paraquat, picloram, daipon, diuron, monuron, DDT and dieldrin.

Dr Jock McCullough recounts in *The Politics Of Agent Orange* how Air Force personnel were told not to wear uniforms and so many appeared on aircraft dressed in shorts and T-shirts. The Air Force gave them unmarked planes and told them that if captured the US Government would not help them. Because they came under heavy fire, the Ranch Hand squadron members took to wearing helmets and carrying water bottles which they used to wash chemicals from their eyes.

On the ground and in the air there was a half-hearted attempt to persuade personnel to wear protective clothing. But it was hot and no-one needed any extra burden.

When the Ranch Hand planes came under fire the aircrews usually dumped the herbicide from the aircraft in whatever manner was possible, so it's virtually impossible to say who was sprayed and who wasn't. On top of that, wind drift spread the chemicals far and wide. It is believed by many that the chemicals flooded water supplies and thus nearly everyone in Vietnam was exposed.

When Ranch Hand was closed down the remaining herbicides were shipped back to the United States. According to Dr McCulloch various proposals were put forward for dealing with the toxic drums, including reprocessing and burial in the US, but none was acceptable. To begin with, no American state wanted the material buried within its boundaries. Finally the chemicals were transported to Johnstone Island in a remote area of the Pacific. A total of 24,795 drums were disposed of by people clothed in rubber aprons, rubber gloves and boots. Sensitive potted tomato plants were placed at 14 monitoring stations on the island to warn of any vapor leakage, and all personnel were given thorough medical examinations.

The men battling to have the veterans' case heard don't inhabit high-rise offices in the heart of cities. They are just dedicated people slowly losing their health and going broke as they try to achieve some justice for men and their families who have had to sacrifice everything to the demands of this country after it decided to enter the Vietnam War.

In the Sydney suburb of Randwick, in a room where you can almost watch the paint peeling off the walls, sits the President of the Vietnam Veterans Association, Tim McCombe. Tim stepped on a mine in Vietnam and lost a leg. His marriage broke down and these days he burrows away at the system, appearing for widows and veterans against the might of the Veterans' Affairs Department, which has access to heaps of funds and personnel.

Veterans are unanimous in the belief that the department's function is to hold back the tide of evidence against Agent Orange because the government knows that many millions of dollars worth of compensation could be payable to veterans and their families.

> "The veterans get little help from the RSL. Says McCombe: "I think the RSL just can't believe a government would do this to its diggers."

Tim McCombe was the man who assisted the late Phil Thompson at the Evatt Royal Commission during the last six months of the hearings after the association's lawyers pulled out. Shortly after the Commission's findings were published, Thompson took his own life.

The total rejection of the chemical claim left the veteran community shattered, but none more so than Phil Thompson. In Canberra he is remembered as a skilled lobbyist and single-minded in his pursuit of the veterans' case. McCombe recalls: "He had cancer and a number of personal problems, but the last few months of the Evatt Commission pushed him over the edge."

The veterans get little help from the RSL. McCombe: "I think the RSL just can't believe a government would do these sort of things to its own diggers. It's different in America, where there is a strong right-wing core that will tell you a government is entitled to do anything it likes when waging war.

"In the United States the military is obstructionist in efforts to research the chemical issue. One of the Ranch Hand studies was interfered with by the Pentagon and special legislation has been enacted to prevent any further interference."

McCombe is currently readying a case for the Federal Court on behalf of a child with a birth defect. He expects the government to fight him every centimetre of the way. "But I am going to stick at it until it is finished. And that will be when we have the cancer-chemicals link proved and the courts have accepted that Agent Orange has caused the birth defects."

And how many victims are we talking about? "We estimate that the fewest it could be would be around 3000."

The current Minister for Veterans' Affairs, Mr Humphreys, is not considered sympathetic to the cause. "The government says it can't interfere with the decision of the Royal Commission, but it interfered with the Helsham Royal Commission into logging in Tasmania. They put up the facade that they are looking after the veterans, and when it comes to the crunch they are not. They're just an extension of the Department of Finance." McCombe cites a case where the department spent 12 years fighting an application for a war widow's pension, and another such case which has been going for six years.

A veteran campaigner is Melbourne solicitor Monty Hollow, who appeared for some veterans in the United States at a protracted class action (an action mounted by numerous plaintiffs collectively) brought against the chemical companies. The hearings lasted five years, ending in 1985 in a settlement of $5.5 million for Australian veterans administered as a trust fund.

Hollow accuses the Federal Government of failing the veterans. "I can never forgive the [Australian] Government for not seeking leave to appear at the class action. If it had, it may have shamed the US Government into coming before the court. In the class action the veteran needed his government to stand up for him. The government sent men to Vietnam and there they were exposed to substances that caused cancer. The Commonwealth can spend money like water to put its side of the case. Who puts the veterans' side? I have to get people to help me for nothing. Why should the veteran have to take charity? How can we get to the truth when the veteran isn't represented properly?

"I suspect the feudal system looked after its servicemen better than we do. Money was at the root of all this, right through to chemical corporations dumping chemicals on Third World countries with a morality which on the whole is on a level with those exporting cocaine from Columbia."

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siimon says

Continued from page 53

sardonic smile.

"OMON has two strengths. We have very smart people here and we try harder than other agencies. The people here try harder than other agencies because they want to be famous and earn lots of money for themselves — stuff like that. And as a professional unit we try harder because we have a real aim, a true aim of being the best agency in the world. That is the aim of this company."

Another aim of the company is not to waste time. OMON is revolutionary in that it doesn't work in writer/art director teams. Each member is expected to come up with as many as 30 concepts for each advertisement. All the ideas are then reviewed and voted on.

"By working separately, all our writers do is work on the ads. Consequently they don't have time to talk to anybody because they're by themselves. That means the art directors get to spend all their time on the look of the ad. Now what that means is, we spend ten times longer on the look of our ads than all the other agencies."

It does seem to be the usual paradox then that the historical figure Siimon would most like to have been was Lao-tse, the founder of the Chinese religion of Taoism.

"He used to do things like ride an ox backwards and I gotta tell ya, this guy knew how to have fun. It's a very simple and yet totally in-depth philosophy that I really admire and would like to follow."

The paradox? Taoism teaches that man can find harmony by returning to simplicity and humility. That man must be good to all things and avoid distinctions and honors.

In the April of 1988, Siimon received what was to be one of the biggest blows of his young life. After a protracted battle with cancer, his father died. Justice Tom Reynolds was described by solicitor Bruno Nesci as having a good sense of humor as well as being "a very fair judge and well-liked within the legal community." Siimon's way of coming to terms with the situation is to evaluate it from an educational standpoint.

"I have an absolute and utter belief in life after death, so his passing away meant nothing to me because I absolutely believe he's alive. One of the greatest lessons of life is death. I learned so much when my father died. I learned about power when it came to how he overcame suffering, and I learned about love because it really brought the family together, and I learned that if you're gonna do something you've gotta do it now because who knows when you're gonna be at Prince Alfred Hospital."

Daryl Somers as a child.

Earlier in the interview, when describing his attitude to physical illness, he had said: "Right. I hate, you know, pain." When the topic of his father arises, much as he would endeavor to control it, his demeanor becomes childlike and almost vulnerable. But to the boy born the day Krakatoa erupted, nothing is simple. To admit weakness and capitulate to emotion would be, even in this instance, too much.

If pride is his pulse, he certainly must feel alive. In 1989, Siimon and his partners went about opening the first Australian-owned advertising agency in America. OMON N.Y.C. is a sixth-floor flat on Wooster Street in the fashionably arty area of SoHo. While in New York, he took time out to have his locks barbered.

"I cut my hair off because it took too long to organise. It was a nightmare! All those blowdryers and gels . . ."

As well as having the satisfaction of entrepreneurial achievement overseas, OMON was voted *Campaign Brief's* agency of the year in 1989 for their freshness and excellence. Accounts held by the small agency include Bayer, Triple M, Duo Gold, the Lady Mayoress' Appeal, Aiwa, Casio, The Natural Gas Company, Ashton Tate, The Design Warehouse, Jonathan Sceats and Seafolly Swimwear. And to top that, the big companies — the companies that every agency would dance for — are shortlisting OMON as their boys. In the same year, they won an unprecedented number of awards, locally and internationally, including the honor of creating the only Australian advertisement (Triple M) to be nominated for a Silver Pencil at the British D&AD awards.

Impressive or merely astonishing? Their billings are estimated to exceed $100 million by the end of this century, and the New York branch has just netted a $10 million account.

Siimon is flattered by the accolades and the attention, although he expresses some worry at being omitted from the *Cleo* "50 Most Eligible Bachelors List" for a comment he made about women in his industry, namely: "Finding girls who are stimulating mentally is extraordinarily hard for me. The day I meet an intelligent, beautiful woman will be a great day, I can tell you."

He shakes his head. "Do you know," he smiles, "that I've hardly had a negative reaction from girls about that editorial? You know, the year I had my photograph in *Cleo* they wrote in the next issue that I got a lot of letters. I rang them up and asked them why I hadn't received any of these letters and they said, 'Oh — we thought we'd sent them to you' or, you know, either that or, 'We thought you didn't need them.'

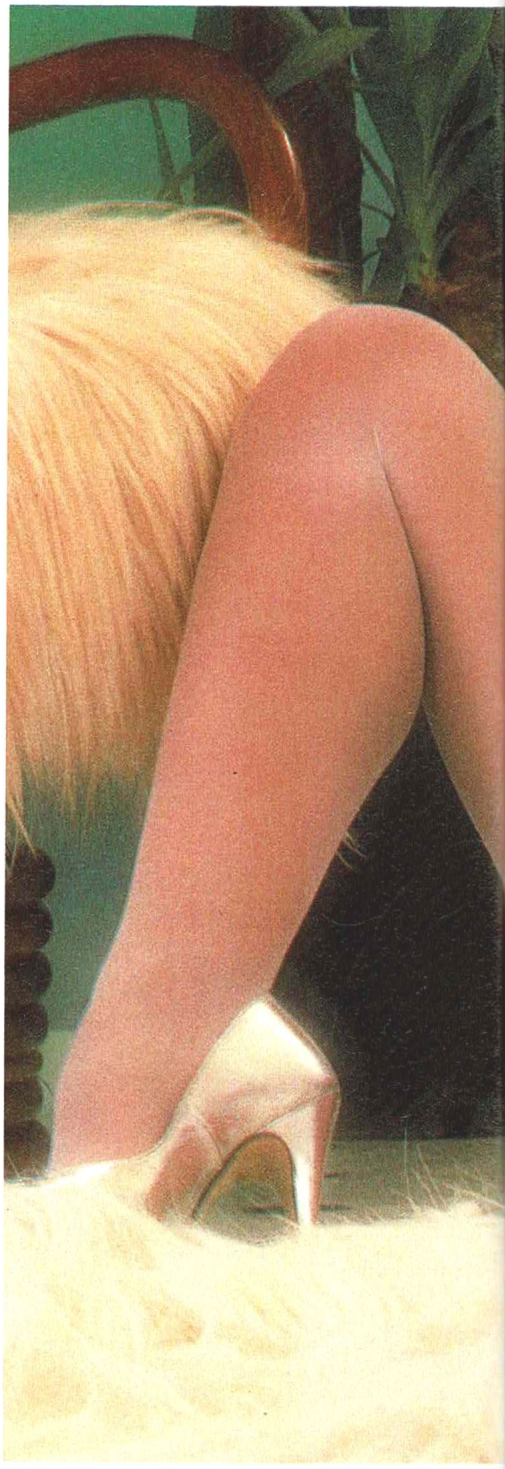
"Some girl sent a photograph of herself spreadeagled across a pool table so I was very pissed off that I didn't get to see that bit of correspondence!"

LEAN, MEAN AND HUNGRY

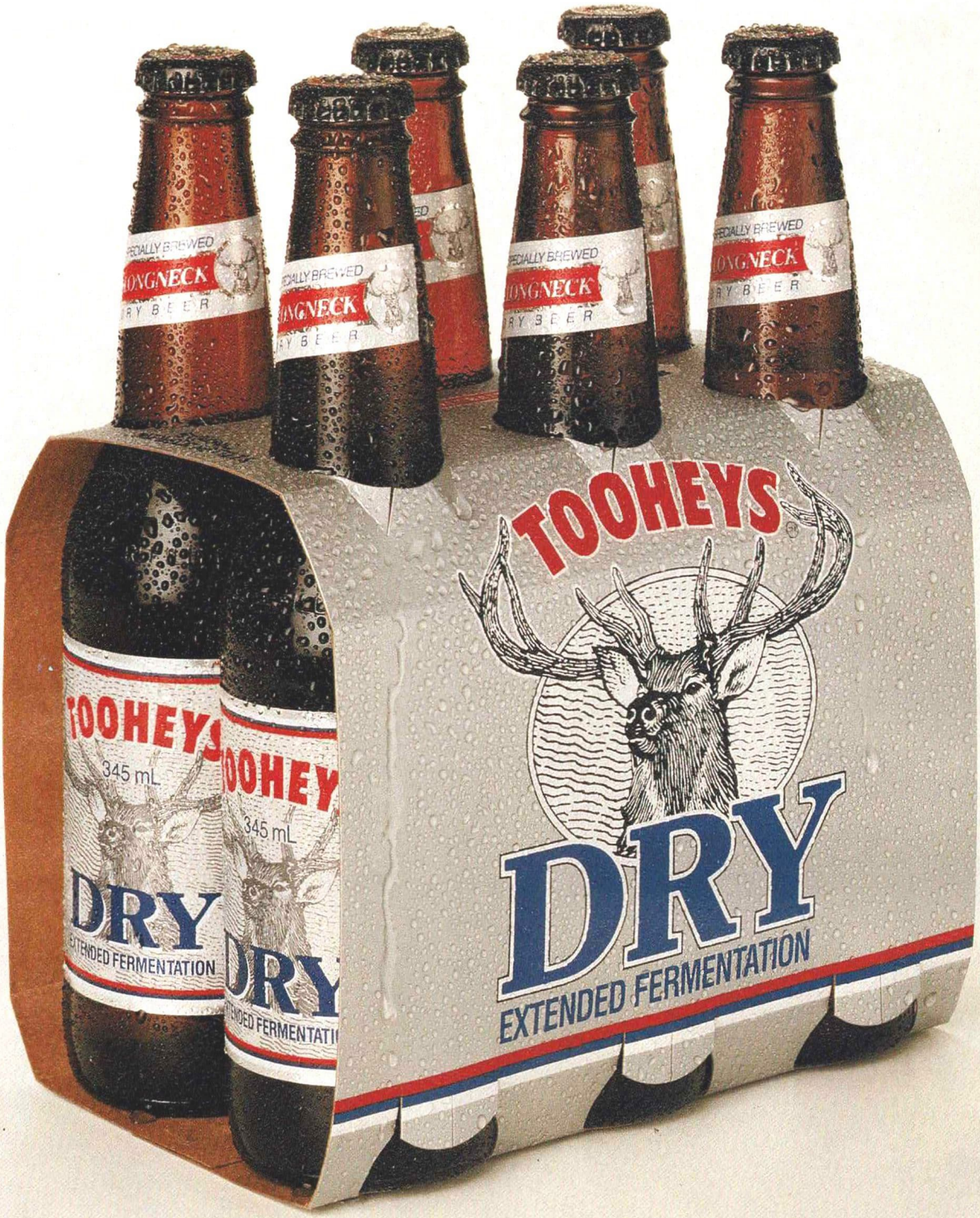
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL MAYOR

"I like my bodies to be lean, mean and hungry," says 24-year-old Jo Gardner. Succulent Jo usually finds herself on the other end of the camera, pursuing a career as a fashion photographer, but decided her own finely contoured physique deserved some exposure. "No hard feelings to any of the models I use, but most of them fall short of my own standards." We'll say they do!

"I've longed to strut my stuff in *Penthouse* ever since I read copies of my brother's *Penthouse* collection as a little girl. There's nothing as sexy as the thought of thousands of men enjoying a close-up view of my physical charms. I often fantasise about being naked in a room full of chain-ganged men, slowly revealing my wares and enjoying their frustration."



If you want to catch Jo, you'll have to move fast. Her work takes her all over the South Pacific and West Coast USA, with the occasional assignment in Japan. "I need a hard-driving man able to give me the freedom I give myself. My last boyfriend was such a drag, always wanting to know who I'd been with and what I'd been up to overseas. You're only young once — why not enjoy it?"



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TOO LONG

Continued from page 57

centre of the room and give her a thrashing which would proscribe any repetition of her filthy aberration? Or *was* it just an aberration? A delivery man! Maybe it was a habit. How many *more* had there been? The pipe was filled now. He put a match to it.

"Well . . . aren't you going to say something?"

He puffed it alight before turning to her. "I have to go to Fiji," he said simply.

Her eyes widened. "Fiji?" she repeated, trying desperately to understand such a bland announcement. He stood there and blinked. "Yes," he said at last. "I have business there." He watched as she slowly slid to the floor, covering her face with her hands.

He had left her there, preferring to put on his coat and walk out into the rain. They had spoken in little more than monosyllables until he finally left the following week. His pain had been matched only by her contempt. At the time, he had thought that her attitude was unfair.

The tourists, their lunch over, were gathered in a group being addressed by a young Fijian girl wearing nothing but a bright floral *sulu*. She would be their guide for the tour up the hill, through the village and on to the Mission. He watched as she waved her arms towards the various points of interest on the island. The tourists followed her motions with clockwork intensity. Soon they would set out on the relatively long trek up the hill.

From a distance, the dark girl reminded him of Sese and with a sudden pang of disquiet he wondered why she hadn't been over so see him for so long. Without wanting to admit it, he had missed the total warmth of her . . . the spontaneous and incessant laughter, the natural urge to touch, so misunderstood by most foreigners, and the simple, almost childlike curiosity of their love-making, as if each was trying to learn something genetically unknown from the other. But the final emotion was never curious or unknown. Just an overwhelming engulfment of both body and mind which transcended any conscious or rational query. He wondered at times whether Lorraine would ever understand, should he be foolish enough to share this new knowledge with her. Sadly, he thought that she wouldn't.

Despite the deep ingrained tan of his skin, the afternoon sun burned hot on his face. He felt wonderfully drowsy as he watched the snake-like procession of tourists wind its way up the hill towards him. He supposed that Sister Marie-Therese would already be making her way from the front gates of the Mission to greet them. As if in a premature dream he heard their voices, constantly asking a stream of questions of their patient guide. But sleep had come by the time they all stood in a line before him, seated there in the camp-chair facing the lagoon, as if on watch in case Sese should come across in the canoe from the island opposite.

"He looks an interesting old man. What's his story and why is he here?"

There was a giggle from the guide.

"His name is George White and nobody knows much about him . . . (another giggle) . . . Sister Marie-Therese says he came here 50 years ago, or maybe longer, but he never went back. The Mission looks after him now."

"Half his luck," said the voice of a young man at the rear. The Fijian girl giggled and smiled with all her teeth but then became suddenly serious. "Sister Marie-Therese says that he is dying."

The tourists looked at the sleeping figure curiously, then, at a signal from the guide, shuffled slowly away towards the Mission. The young boy with long blond hair remained behind. He moved towards the old man slumped in the chair and stood before him, head cocked on one side. Slowly, and with trepidation, he uncoiled his arm and poked at the chest with his forefinger.

"Are you dead, old man?" he whispered.

But George didn't hear a thing.

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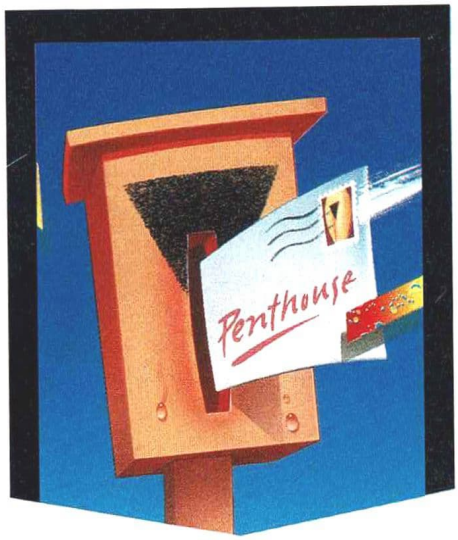

forum

Continued from page 10

to play with my hairy balls. Reality hit and I had to get inside of her real fast! Sensing my urgency, the little blonde held my cock as she pivoted so I could enter her, positioning my cockhead at her gate of pleasure. Her pussy was so tight and hot and sweet. I was in ecstasy and I screamed with pleasure. Before long my hips were ramming it to her, and our bumping and grinding began to cause "tidal waves" in the river. Her thighs clutched my back even harder and she pushed against my arse to get more dick inside of her dripping pussy. After we fucked each other senseless, I awoke on the river bank to find that my water nymph had gone. There wasn't a trace of her, but I knew this was no dream. I visit home about two or three times a year, and I make it a point to ride by that lazy river. Who knows? Maybe I'll get lucky again. — *Name and address withheld*

Worth the wait

My girlfriend and I just had the most incredible experience so we're writing it down. I had been ill for weeks and we weren't able to make love for the duration. After my recovery I took her out for a special celebration dinner. Dinner was excellent, but dessert was even better. You can only imagine the passion that had built up inside us during those weeks without sexual activity.

After a wonderful but tedious dinner, we went back to my warehouse flat. As I fumbled for the keys with my right hand, she reached into my left pocket and found them and my dick, as hard as a steel rod. Somehow the door was opened, and the next thing I knew she was unbuttoning my shirt. She slowly bit each button open. When she got to the top of my slacks, she licked her way back up to my neck, and then placed soft wet kisses around my ears, tugging at the back of my hair. I took her face in my hands and kissed her hard — I wanted her so badly, and she knew it.

I turned her around and kissed the back of her neck. She let out little moans of joy as I unzipped her tight black dress. It fell to the ground, revealing a perfect, petite size-six body. I followed her curves with my tongue, pulling her panties down as I licked my way to her feet. After I rose, she knelt down and undid my pants. She grasped my swelling shaft expertly, placing her moist tongue on the sensitive tip. Moving lightly, she worked her tongue along the underside from the bottom of my ten-inch cock to the top. Knowing that this drives me mad, she did the same with the top side. When she got to the tip she touched it with the tip of her tongue. By now I was going out of my mind, and I pushed her head down so she would engulf my huge member. She sucked me until I was on the brink of coming. Then I pushed her off and on to the floor.

I slowly kissed her lips while fondling her creamy breasts. I licked my way along her right breast and took her nipple between my teeth. Her moans of enjoyment led me on to further exploration of her body. I made my way down to her stomach. Her bush was perfectly trimmed to a triangle. Tracing the outline with the tip of my finger, I explored her love canal with my tongue. Her juices began to flow, dripping down my chin. I slithered up her body and she whispered in my ear that she wanted to feel my cock deep inside her.

In an effort to be obliging, I placed the tip of my rock-hard dick just inside her wet pussy. She moaned for me to go deeper — she wanted it all. I thrust all of my manhood inside her and gasped with pleasure. Her desire mounted as she told me how good it felt and how much she wanted more. As her climax got closer, I slowed my pace to increase the passion. She screamed for me to go faster, grabbing my tight arse and pushing me deeper inside her.

I don't think I had ever been that deep before, but tonight she seemed to be an endless tunnel of pleasure. At that moment we both came, screaming and grabbing at each other in an endless frenzy. We collapsed in each other's arms and decided that this experience was good enough to put in *Penthouse*. — *Name and address withheld*

Photo frolics

Although I am an avid reader of *Australian Penthouse*, especially the Black Label Edition, I have always thought the Forum section was a figment of some very horny *Penthouse* journalist's imagination. But this has never stopped me spending lonely evenings (I live alone) browsing through the magazine drinking my favorite bottle of wine and masturbating, usually with my vibrator. Doing this I am never short of an orgasm or three. I really love the pics of couples or when two girls are together. These shots always get me

"It's not the fucking I mind — it's the bloody accent."

really wet and ready for anything, and I can appreciate the quality of these pics as I'm a photographer (I often fantasise I'm the photographer taking the shots!).

I am 24 years old, of medium height, have a fit body through plenty of exercise, blonde hair (I was modelling before I picked up a camera), and because of my busy work schedule I don't have a regular man. I own a suburban photographic studio, specialising in fashion, advertising and portrait photography, and live in a smallish flat above my studio.

The other day, a woman named Julie (I'll withhold her surname) rang me and asked if I'd shoot some portraits of her and her boyfriend. When I said OK, with reluctance (I'd rather be shooting fashion), Julie mentioned she wanted something different and in black and white (more darkroom work – yuk!).

On the appointed afternoon, an attractive couple in their early twenties came into my studio, introducing themselves as Julie and Mark. After taking their particulars, I led them into my studio. Since my studio has a white painted cyclorama (designed for fashion work) and they were both fair-haired, I thought high-key shots would be most suitable. Julie and Mark went into the change room while I prepared my gear.

When they returned I almost melted. Julie wore a sexy white teddy, which hid nothing and complemented her great body. Mark wore a white singlet top and white Speedos. His body was also excellent (I later found out they were professional dancers), and both were made-up to perfection. I had placed a two seater sofa in the middle of the cyclorama, and I asked them to sit on it while I adjusted my flash units. Julie and Mark appeared confident, so I thought this session would not take long.

They sat facing each other, with Mark's hand on the inside of Julie's thigh and her hand on Mark's chest. A few frames were rattled off thus. Julie then asked if they could remove their tops. I told them I am no prude, so off they came. Julie's breasts were about a B-cup, with no sag, and her nipples were already erect even though the studio temperature wasn't cold. Mark was very fit without being musclebound. The next thing I knew, Mark took Julie's nipple and started sucking it while Julie rubbed his hardening penis through his Speedos.

Julie looked up and said: "Did I mention to you that we wanted something different?"

"Yes, go ahead," was my reply. I started to get wet and felt a tingle in my pussy. It is very difficult to maintain a professional attitude in this situation, but who cares? Then Mark stood up and removed his Speedos, releasing a beautiful, erect and circumcised penis.

Julie grabbed his cock, asked if I minded, then proceeded to lick and suck his gorgeous organ. Now, I have never shot porn before, but have fantasised about doing so. As a tutor at tech once told me: "If you see a great shot, take it." I proceeded to take some terrific shots of Julie deep-throating Mark, including one of him coming in her mouth, with a dribble of semen around the corners of her lips. Mark let out a groan when he came. This turned me on no end.

Mark pulled clear of Julie's mouth with his penis flaccid, but Julie was still as horny as hell. Julie asked me: "How about getting a few shots of me masturbating?" She unclipped the press-studs on her teddy and spread her long legs. Her pubic hair was almost blonde in color, closely trimmed, and shaven below her clitoris, so I had a perfect view of her pouting lips, and she was wetter than I could have imagined.

While Julie was gently stroking her clit, I was getting hotter and hotter. Julie by now was pushing two or three fingers into her pussy, moaning with pleasure, her hand wet from her juices. Next she looked up at me, and asked if I had a vibrator. I was upstairs and back with my toy before Julie missed a beat. While I was upstairs, I put on one of my body suits in the hope it would make things more interesting.

Julie rubbed the vibrator against her clitoris, oohing and aahing while she did it, then plunged it headlong into her cunt. I was mesmerised. Mark broke the spell by

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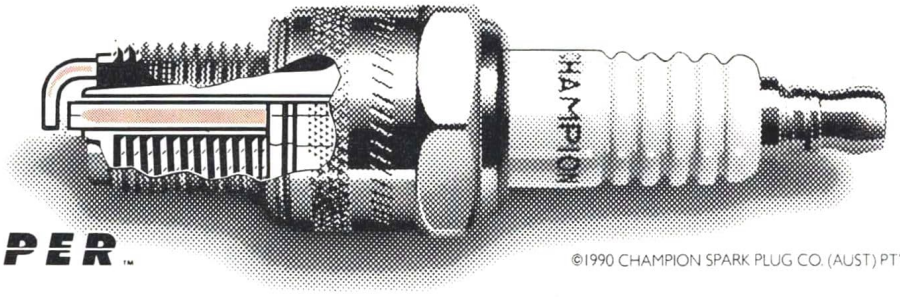

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exposing my breasts and fondling them. I didn't care by now, and enjoyed the sensation. My nipples were erect and sensitive, and I loved it. I had not felt this horny in ages; my pussy was soaked with my juices.

"How about a shot with the vibrator inside me?" Julie asked, and inserted it until only the end of the eight-inch vibrator was showing. I was close enough to hear it buzzing away and I could smell the mustiness of Julie's juices. Mark came up behind me and put his hand inside the crotch of my body suit, inserting his fingers into my cunt. It was impossible to concentrate on my photography, so I spun around and grabbed his once more erect cock. I dropped my camera while Mark pushed my head towards Julie's pussy. I had never been with another woman before, but I was in such a state I would have done anything, and I mean anything. My vibrator was still in Julie's cunt, so I licked and sucked around her clitoris, just as my ex-boyfriend used to do to me. Julie tasted and smelt like me (I often lick my fingers or vibrator clean after masturbating).

After about five minutes of licking and sucking Julie's cunt, with Julie ramming the vibrator in and out of her pussy, I had forgotten about Mark. Julie let out an almighty groan, there was a bright flash, and there was Mark with camera in hand and his prick erect. He'd managed to capture Julie's orgasm on film, with my mouth between her legs! Mark had orgasmed, Julie had orgasmed, leaving me very horny.

"What about me?" was all I could say.

"Would you mind, lover?" asked Mark of Julie.

"Please do Mark, so I can get a few shots of Deanna getting fucked by you, too," came the reply.

Mark sat on the two-seater facing the camera, with me positioned on top of him, also facing the camera. I had removed my body suit earlier, leaving me naked except for my heels and ear-rings, and with my legs wide, Julie could see Mark's beautiful cock sliding in and out of my cunt. I had not had a "real" cock inside me for about six weeks, so I didn't hang around. I just slid down his pole, inserting his penis into my cunt in one go.

Now girls, take it from me, a vibrator is fantastic, but nothing, I mean nothing, compared to the feeling of a real live cock, especially if you've been celibate as long as I had. Mark's penis just seemed to fill me up so much. Wow, was I enjoying his fucking. I rose up and slowly sank back down on his shaft, feeling every ridge and vein on that gorgeous cock.

We bumped and ground our way to heaven, with Julie taking the odd shot with the camera. We even stopped fucking so I could reload the camera. This went on for about half an hour, and probably due to the situation I was in, I couldn't orgasm. I am no exhibitionist. Feeling a tad tired, I stopped in spite of Mark's protests.

"I'm close, but I just can't come," I groaned.

"I've an idea," said Julie, putting the camera down. "Have you ever had a dick up your bum?"

"Well, I sometimes slip my vibrator up my bum when I'm really horny, but very gently," I mentioned with some alarm. By now, though, I was willing to try anything, just to get off. My juices were everywhere, all over my pubic area up to my anus, and soaking Mark's penis and balls.

"I'll be gentle," promised Mark.

"I hope so," replied Julie. "We wouldn't want to split Deanna in two with your great slug, would we, hey Deanna?"

"Come on you guys, just get on with it, while I'm still willing to go that far."

I slid off Mark, while he transferred some pussy juices to my bum and slid a finger inside it. Mark's finger went in with ease, and I was enjoying the feeling of it. Then Mark stood up and Julie came over and wrapped her mouth around his penis, leaving it shiny and wet.

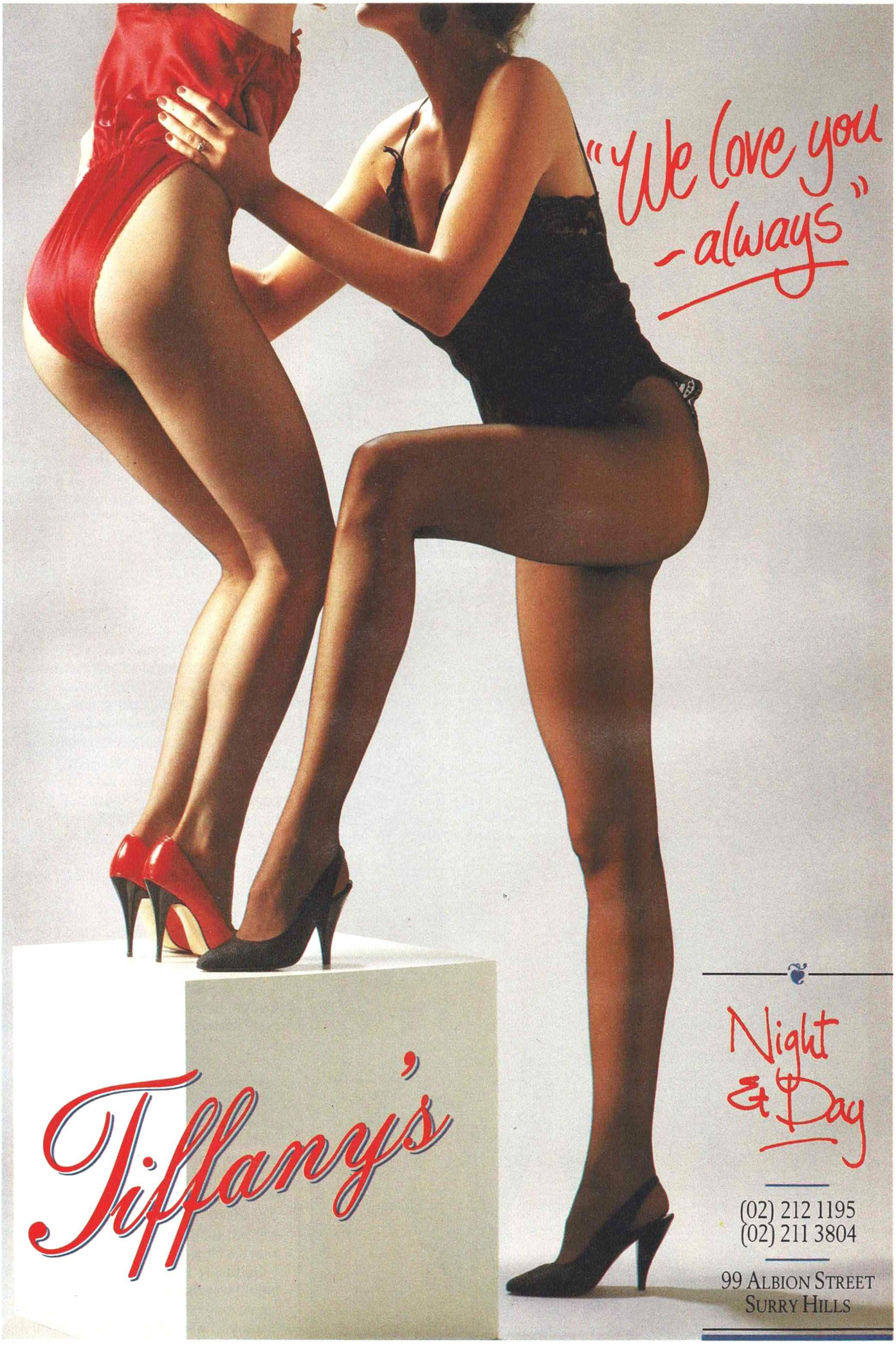
We were still facing the camera as before, and Julie wanted to take photos of us arse-fucking. I decided she was a real deviant, but that only turned me on more. I positioned myself above Mark's cock, held my breath to relax, lowered myself but missed, and his cock slid into my cunt. That felt nice, but it wasn't what we wanted. On the second attempt I could feel his penis, inch by glorious inch, slip up my anus. Mark kept to his word, giving me full control of the penetration. I lifted myself up the length of his cock, then slowly lowered myself again, feeling myself open up. No pain, just an exquisite feeling of fullness and tightness, absolutely beautiful.

Now Julie was taking photographs, rubbing her crotch against the tripod leg all the while, and before long her juices were running down the tripod leg. I couldn't tell who was more turned on, me or Julie! By now I was getting used to Mark's dick in my bum, pushing down harder with each stroke, meeting Mark's upthrusts, hoping he wouldn't come too quickly.

What happened then was the most incredible sexual experience I have ever had. Julie came over to us and very slowly pushed the vibrator up my vagina, and when only the end was showing, turned it on. I exploded almost immediately in orgasm. Mark had not yet orgasmed, so I kept riding his penis while Julie pushed my vibrator in and out, at the same time rotating it. Feeling the humming of the vibrator through my thin vaginal walls, Mark splattered my anal cavity with his semen. Before we uncoupled, with my vibrator still in place, Julie took a few more shots. While Mark went to the bathroom to wash his penis, Julie gave me a deep kiss and thanked me.

I spent the rest of the afternoon taking photos of Julie and Mark fucking in all sorts of positions. Their sexual stamina really blew me out.

After the photo-session, over coffee, Julie mentioned they had seen me before, and it had been pre-planned because both had a fantasy to have a threesome. I felt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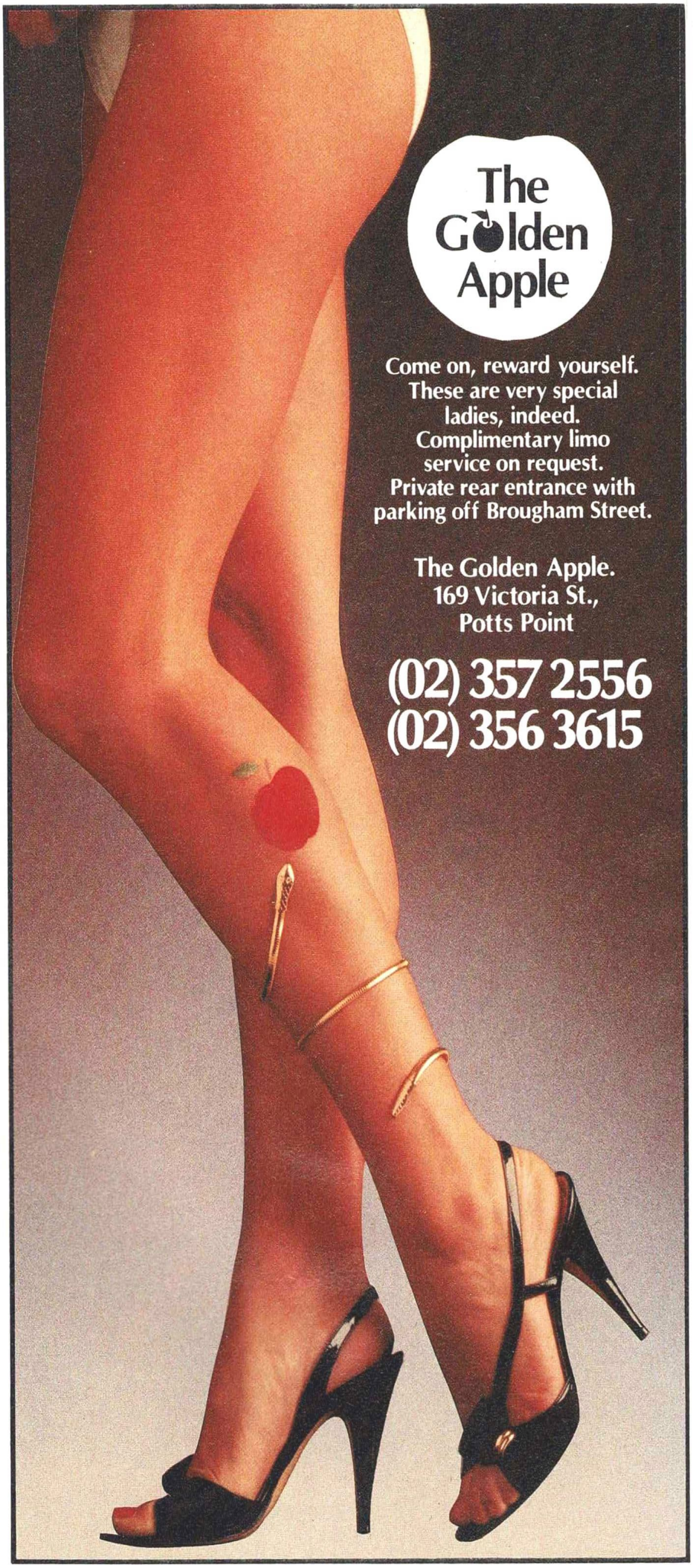

both shocked and flattered. I was tired, a little sore but very happy to have shared the experience with two such beautiful people, and never again will I show reluctance to shoot any assignment. One is never sure of the outcome.

I spent the next day in my darkroom, printing up the previous day's work, remembering each shot and reliving my experience. The darkness has never felt as friendly as it did then. Julie rang me to pick up their prints, and was delighted with the results. I didn't even give her an invoice for the photographs, believing the experience was payment enough. Two days later a courier arrived with a bunch of flowers, an envelope containing $300, a note saying "Hope you enjoy the pics, we'll keep in touch, love J & M", and a bottle of my favorite wine (how did they know?).

I never did see Julie or Mark again, even though I searched all the night spots looking for my blonde lovers. All I have are the photos, which I use when I masturbate (frequently, I may add), and the memories — and still no man. — *Name and address withheld*

Sex toy

I am a seductive 24-year-old brunette. I've never really thought about being kinky — I mean, my climax was when my man got off. But that all changed in one night — due to Billy.

I was enjoying myself at a friend's party when there was a knock at the door. I said that I would get it and then totally flipped out when I saw who it was — my very first lover of six years ago! In walked Billy with a big shit-eating grin. I knew that my night had just begun. We got high, drank some more, then politely excused ourselves from the party, claiming that we were going out for some "munchies." Instead, we went to his place.

We were both feeling pretty good and stoned. I had planned to get laid that night, but I would never have dreamed that Billy would show me some of the kinkiest, most erotic sex that I've ever had. I went and took a shower while Billy got comfy in his bed. After that I put my favorite fishnet bodysuit back on. I peeked in the bedroom but, to my dismay, Billy was fast asleep. "Oh well," I thought, and I got into bed to snuggle close to him.

I was startled out of a wonderful dream and then realised I was being licked from my knees up to my thighs. Billy waited until I was fully awake to lick his way to my throbbing clit. I exploded in ecstasy. My over-sized milk-chocolate-brown nipples were at full peak as he pounded into me with his finger, still licking my labia.

Suddenly Billy sat up and opened his night-table drawer. It was filled with magazines, lotions, vibrators, and various other sex toys. I was full of curiosity and lust.

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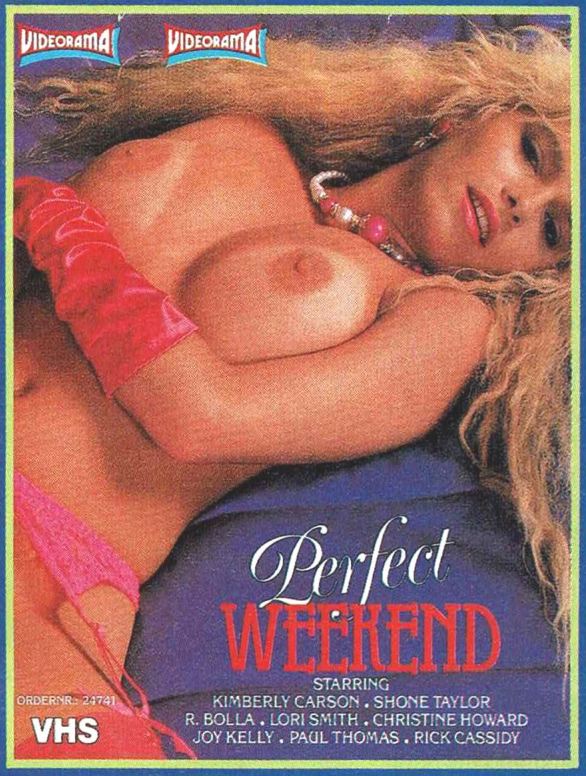

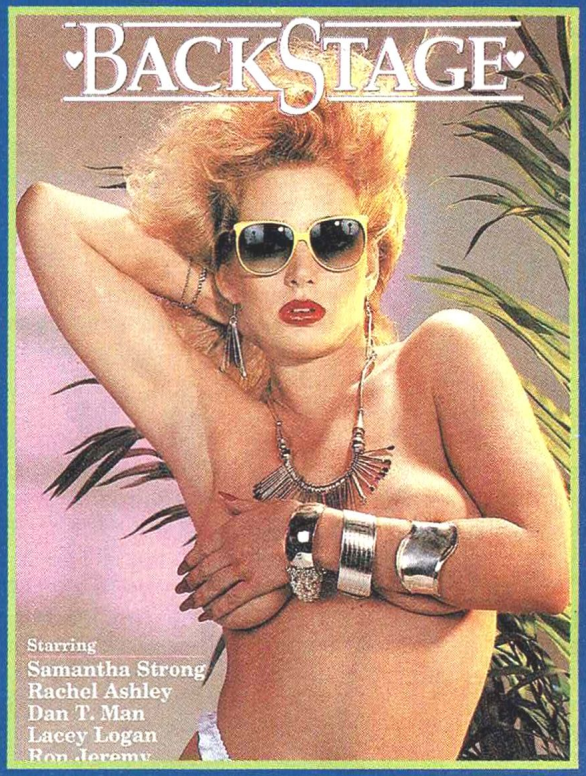

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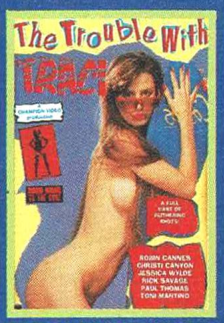

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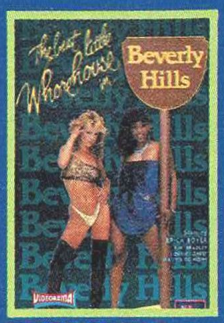

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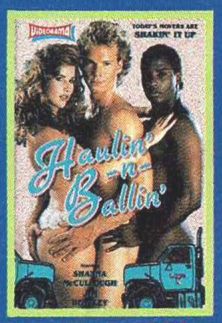

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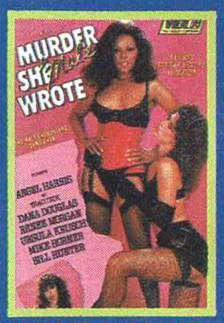

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Pulling out some strawberry lotion, he asked: "Want to try this?" I nodded my head up and down, willing to try anything once. Billy spread the lotion all over my body. As soon as the cream hit my skin, it became warm and tingly. He spread it all over my cunt and then drove his tongue into my snatch again. I responded to his actions with a moan. I was in a sexual frenzy and decided that we should sixty-nine. Getting on top of Billy, I spread some of the delicious lotion on his rock-hard prick. I engulfed his strawberry-flavored lovestick and there we were, licking and sucking each other in unison. Suddenly, close to climax, Billy somehow got a vibrator and stuffed it up my dripping snatch. That was all I needed — I came immediately. My moans and gasps must have turned Billy on, too, because he pumped his thick come into my gaping mouth. My whole body was shaking with orgasm and I have never felt so good in my life.

That night was a long one, and since then Billy and I have cemented our wonderful sex life, experimenting with lots of things. I'm never bored. — *Name and address withheld*

Sonny boy

As a representative for a large construction firm, I am occasionally called to job sites to take care of problems that come up. Recently, I visited an office building under construction and had an experience quite different from any I had encountered before. When I walked into the building I met Sonny, who is in charge of the building. He is the most delicious-looking guy I have ever met. I am in my thirties and in pretty good shape. Sonny is considerably younger than I, with muscles from here to there, and a cute moustache that I imagined would tickle if I ever got close enough to find out.

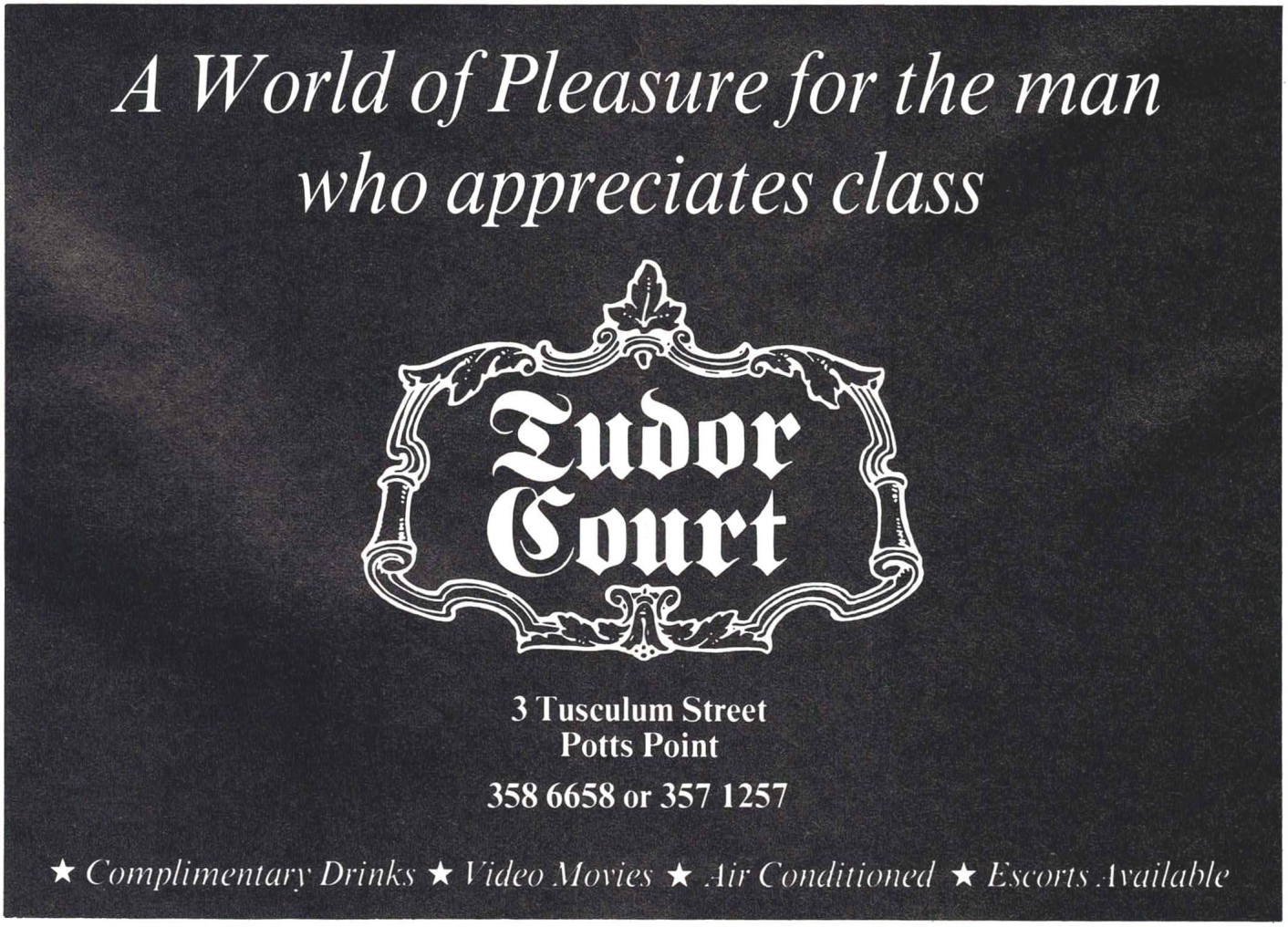
We walked around the building, taking care of business, but I was getting hornier and hornier being near this guy. I was having a hard time keeping my mind on the business at hand. Suddenly, I heard myself telling him that I thought he was very hot, and that I'd love to get together sometime. I was surprised at myself, and embarrassed, but Sonny stopped, pulled me into a corner and kissed me.

His kiss made me want to rip his clothes off, but all I could do was moan: "God, I want you!" With that he grabbed my hand and ran for the freight elevator. We stopped at the fifth floor, ran down the corridor, and ducked into the lounge. Sonny began kissing me, running his hands over my body. Once I had my arms around this hunk, I was in heaven. I plastered my body to his, rubbing my tits on his chest and my now tingling crotch against his pants.

Once I realised that he had my skirt up around my waist, my panty hose down around my ankles, and his tongue inching up my thighs to my pussy, I didn't care about anyone finding us. He pulled my string bikini down and buried his face in my pussy. All I could do was hold his head and moan.

Suddenly my pussy melted — I was coming and coming! Sonny's hand moved over my mouth to stop the noises I was making. There were voices outside the door and my heart nearly stopped, but the voices soon faded away and then it was Sonny's turn.

I hurriedly unzipped his jeans. Out popped the hardest cock I have ever seen. It stood straight up and seemed to be made of stone. I licked this beautiful thing up and down, swirling my tongue around its lovely head. I had to have the whole thing in my mouth and I started to slide it in and out. Before I knew it my mouth was filled with come. Sonny pulled me up to kiss me and I realised that we were covered with sweat — the room was hot and unvented. We laughed at ourselves and straightened our clothes so that I could go back to work in a presentable condition. Sonny thanked me for "lunch" and I drove back to my office, thinking about Sonny for the rest of the day. That was without a doubt the best "service call" I've ever made. — *Name and address withheld*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YOU'RE FIRED!

Continued from page 60

Sadly, there are people who lack the life-enhancing skills of the seasoned sackee. They stagnate while all around them people far less worthy are getting fired. They try but their feeble attempts are insultingly ignored.

I asked my employment expert (EE) what advice he had for readers in this quandary and he explained that successful sackees fall into five basic categories. So here are five foolproof firing methods. Pick the one which appeals to you most. If you meet with no luck, combine two or more of the techniques until you come up with that winning combination.

The Sexual Mercenary

"Bring sex to work and you're in trouble," said the EE. "They'll find another excuse for it but you'll get the boot eventually. The person of lesser value to the company always gets the sack."

Okay — so make passes at everyone, preferably of both sexes if you can pull it off, but only actually seduce people who are of more value to the company. Once you've done it — boast about it. Tell everyone. If every one of your colleagues is too revolting you'll have to discuss lowdown dirty fucking incessantly. Tell people how big your donger is. Leave gonorrhoea leaflets scattered around with bits emphasised in yellow highlighter pen. Make workmates lie to distraught women on the phone. Ask around to see if anyone knows the latest legality on paternity suits. Say you're a gold card carrying sperm donor. Tell guys that their girlfriend really fancies you.

The Thief

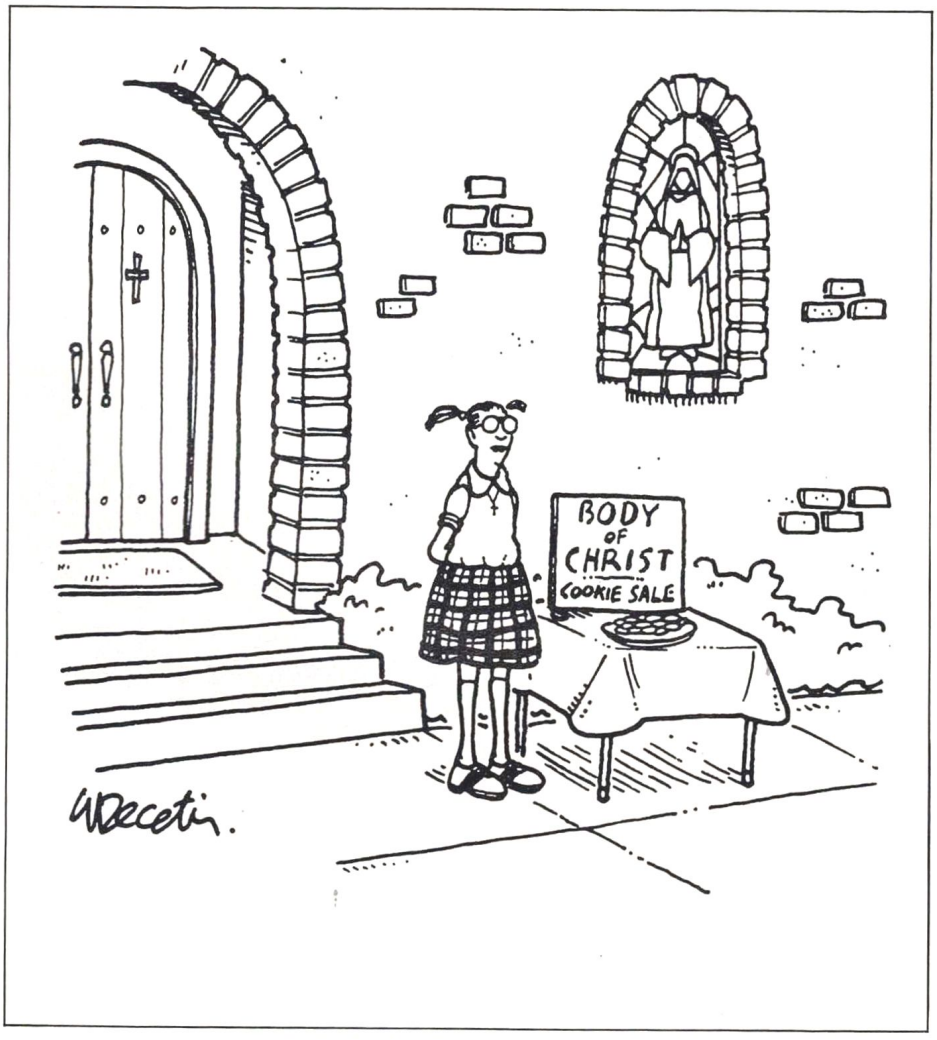
The EE said we'd have no idea how nicking even small things pisses a boss off. "It's surprisingly common. The employers' rationale is that they're paying you a pre-negotiated sum and you're violating that agreement."

So — steal that stapler. Go ahead, filch that file. The filing cabinet? Pilfer anything you can. The bigger your booty the quicker you'll get fired. Eschew the paper clip school of robbery and go for items that'll be rapidly noted as missing. The receptionist's Mills & Boon, the boss's copy of *Outrage*, Cabcharge cards, company cars, confidential documents, computers and so on.

The Sad Sack

"People who display a negative attitude and constantly whinge always end up terminated," said the EE.

Be depressing to be around. Tell everyone your troubles. Sigh heavily whenever anyone speaks to you. Learn to weep whenever the phone rings. Practice saying "That's a bit of a worry" whenever anyone talks to you. Cultivate a wretchedly melancholy countenance and leave Mogadon or Serepax conspicuously on your desk.



The Non-Conformist

According to the EE the classic non-conformist is "independent by nature, better off self-employed anyway, hates doing things by the book, can't handle authority and doesn't want to hide the fact."

This one's the easiest. Argue all the time. Think of John McEnroe at his finest and adapt his style to the workplace. Deliberately do the opposite of everything you're asked to do — especially the little things, as these rankle the most. Wear slippers to work. Park your car backwards. Openly undermine the boss's authority. Insist upon percolated coffee. Turn your desk around so it's the opposite to everyone else's. Make it quite clear that you march to the beat of a different drummer.

The Square Peg In The Round Hole

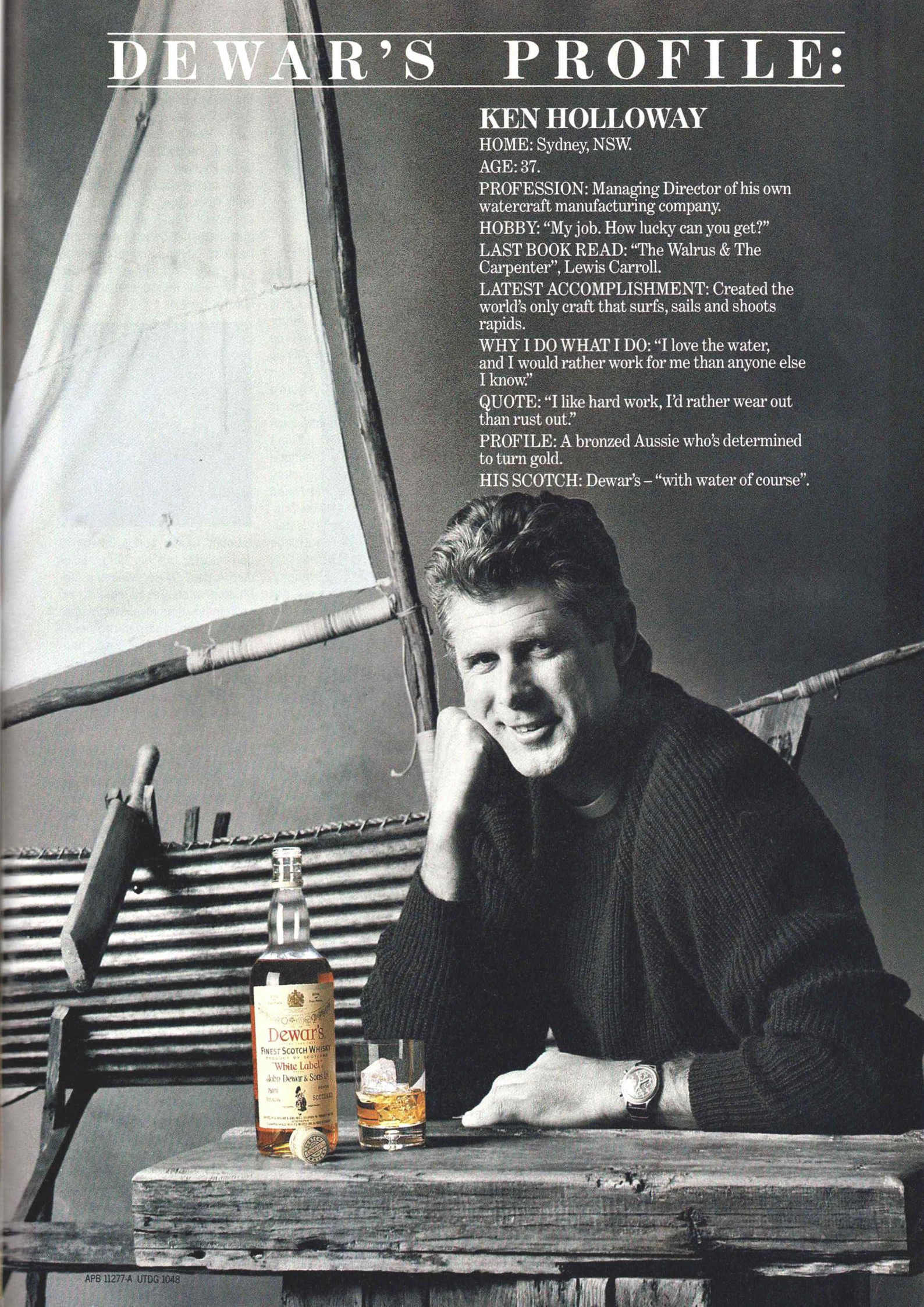
"They're either too intelligent or too thick for their environment," said the EE. "But unlike the non-conformists they try to hide it, which is infuriating. They either don't want to be doing their job or they've bullshitted their way into it in a moment of desperation. Often they're just supporting themselves till they can do what they really want."

Use the workplace as a base for your more dynamic ventures. Be overheard jacking up new jobs on the phone but then pretend to be busy doing *their* boring work. Be the last to arrive in the morning and first to leave. Tell people that you're really an actor — that you're doing this "at the moment." Sneer at your colleagues. Say that you can't see the point really. Act half-hearted and wistful. Say things like "If I'm still here next week then I'll . . ." a lot.

There are other techniques such as The Junkie, The Cosmos Kid and The Hypochondriac, but the aforementioned are the basics and you'll learn others as you go along. And it *is* worth the effort. "In most cases sacking really is a growth opportunity," said the EE. "It's the best thing that's happened to a lot of people. People who don't get sacked occasionally can become complacent and stagnant. Getting fired forces you into new directions. It makes you look at your life and find more creative uses for it."

So let's say you happen upon an old mate at the pub. You ask him about his job and he says: "What job?" Olden day etiquette would have demanded a suitable display of shocked horror: "You poor bastard. Jeez, you must feel like shit. I'll get you a stiff drink." The modern mannered gentleman's response is to say enviously: "You little devil. Congratulations. How'd you pull it off? Your shout isn't it, mate? Hell, I'm impressed . . ." O+

DEWAR'S PROFILE:



KEN HOLLOWAY

HOME: Sydney, NSW.

AGE: 37.

PROFESSION: Managing Director of his own watercraft manufacturing company.

HOBBY: "My job. How lucky can you get?"

LAST BOOK READ: "The Walrus & The Carpenter", Lewis Carroll.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Created the world's only craft that surfs, sails and shoots rapids.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "I love the water, and I would rather work for me than anyone else I know."

QUOTE: "I like hard work, I'd rather wear out than rust out."

PROFILE: A bronzed Aussie who's determined to turn gold.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's – "with water of course".

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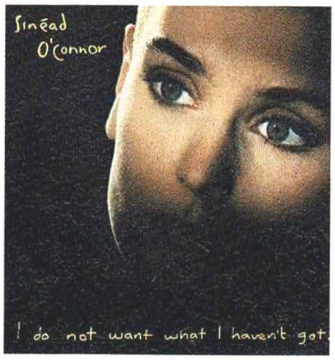
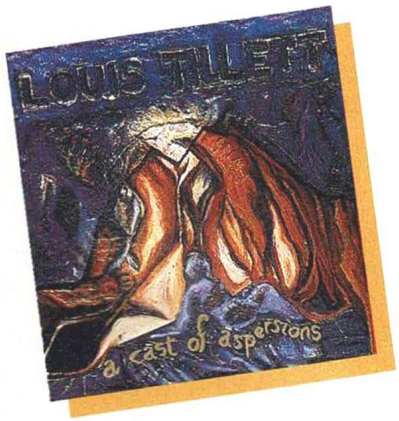
SOUNDS

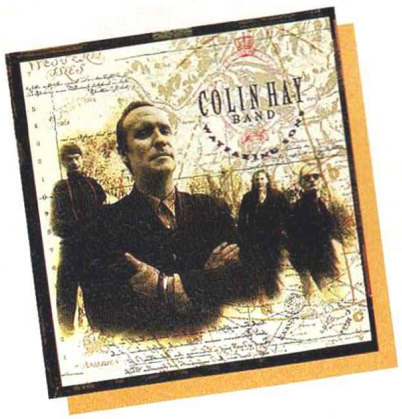
SOFTENED EDGES

Clockwise from right: Brilliance from Sinead O'Connor; Lene Lovich's latest; Colin Hay's welcome return; Louis Tillet lightens up.



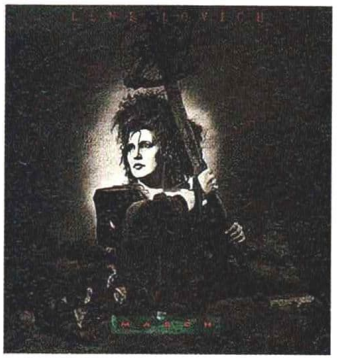
A night spent watching **Alice Cooper** live should be enough to convince any stragglers that his latest album is aptly titled *Trash* (CBS). With his rehashed, soul-less sonic mush still ringing hollowly in my ears, relief was found in the understated power of **Sinead O'Connor**. I just wish the people who broke into my house twice in as many weeks would also take to heart her new album *I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got* (Chrysalis). To insistent, moody string backing she proclaims: "I feel so different." But it's not that she feels like an alien. O'Connor is no freak, she just flies her own banner and she is singing of a personal transformation. "The whole time I'd never seen, that all I'd need was inside me." Like some interesting, spiky desert cactus she has bloomed (with motherhood) into a rare, brilliant flower. No longer screaming at the world, she's softened enough to cry a bit with it. Once a wrist-slashing angel of doom, she now allows the vulnerability of compassion and personal honesty. O'Connor handles much of the guitar and keyboard duties, and musical assistance comes in parts from some of the Smiths lads, an ex-Ant and Karl Wallinger (World Party). The arrangements are uncluttered with many ethereal moments. Still, "The Emperor's New Clothes" crackles to a rock bop. "I am Stretched On Your Grave" is an incantation over a ubiquitous James Brown rhythm loop that builds to an Irish reel. Her honesty is the most appealing aspect of this record, and it is with an almost religious fervor that she sings "no longer will I be hungry for the bread of life is mine."





Another true original but from a previous musical generation is **Lene Lovich**. After theatre projects and time out to give full vent to her own maternal instincts, she's on the *March* (Interfusion) once more. Live, she takes command of the stage like a possessed rag doll. No court jester, her idiosyncrasies have not made her mince words ("Meat Is Murder"). However, her stagey, melodramatic style seems detached and imperious now that even the backwash of New Wave has subsided. Written and performed with constant partner Les Chappell, the duo have simply picked up where they left off all those years ago. "It's a world affair — don't waste a minute, let the heart decide it's time to care." More sombre sentiments than her zany anthems like "New Toy" but delivered with a similar yodelling, high kicking style.

Also clocking in with a couple of environmentally conscious tunes is **Colin Hay** on his latest band (as opposed to solo) offering. The Colin Hay Band of *Wayfaring Sons* (MCA) is a simple stringed quartet with a mandolin/fiddle player spicing up a basic rock trio. Following the mega success of Men At Work, Hay succumbed first to wanderlust (spending a year in New York) and then to his love of traditional Scottish music. Hay sings "like all good wayfaring sons" he's back in Melbourne "with some good stories . . . they'll all become a pack of lies when I'm beyond my prime." But these songs are full of anything but bovine excrement. There's a wry sense of humor behind the open gaze and slight smirk. For the planet he dons ecological drag, taking on the guise of Mother Earth in the plea "Help Me" with the added dietary advice "Don't Drink The Water." For a prematurely demised roadie in "Ya (R.I.P.)" he ponders "Is it warm up in Heaven, Can you put your name on the door, Do they have a drink rider, now you're suffering no more?" Such traditional folk pub mateship doesn't mean the band is beyond the occasional cavernous chorus ("Not So Lonely") but the general attack is lean and direct.



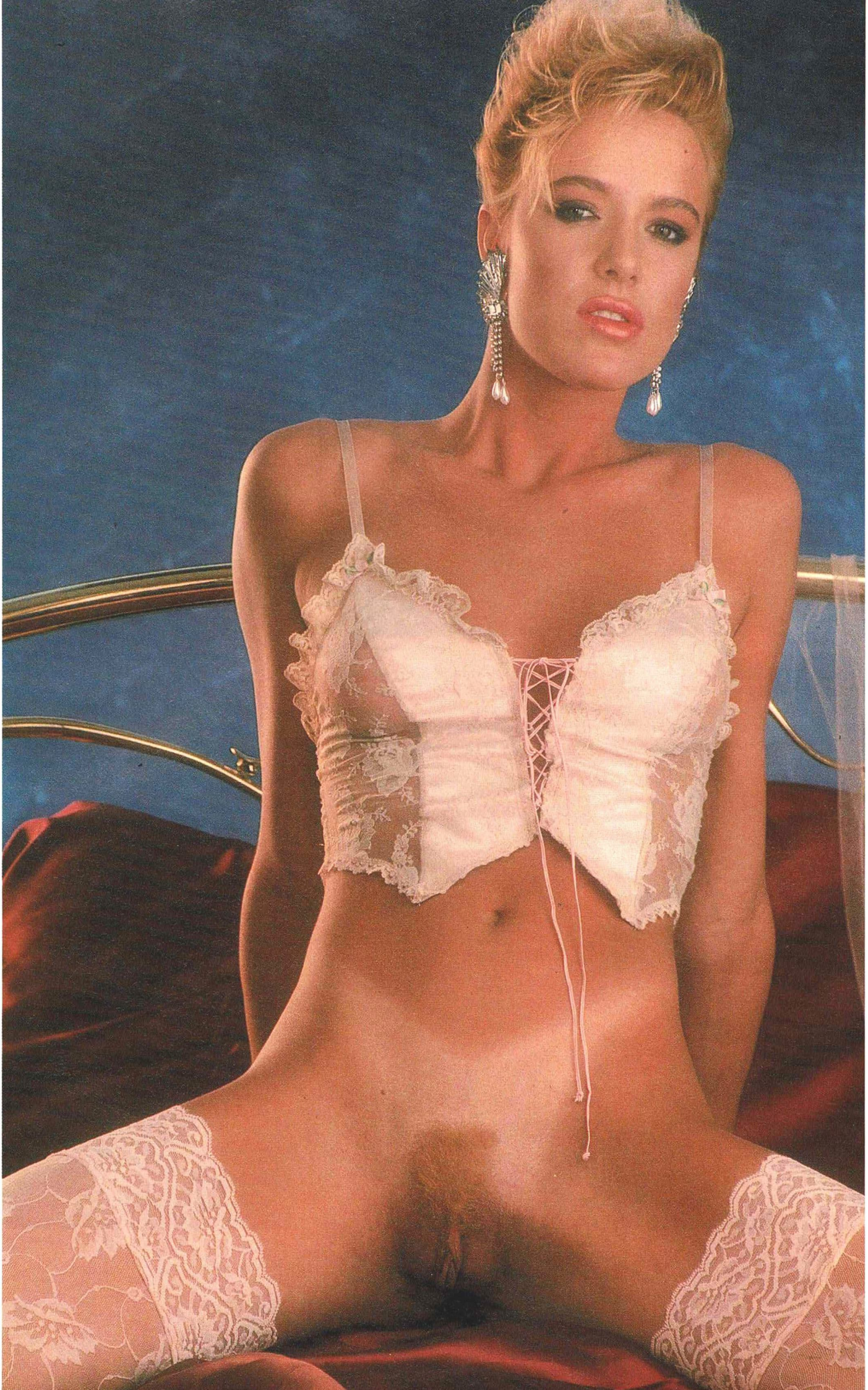
Louis Tillet's songs inhabit a dark world, but his latest solo disc *A Cast Of Aspersions* (Blue Mosque) manages to blast, if not sweetness, then at least light into his melodies' usual dank corners. Tillet has played keyboards and sung with bands like Wet Taxis and Paris Green, which he formed with Jeffrey Wegener from Laughing Clowns. Reacting against the "polished but heartless" sound of new technology he has opted for players who produce a churning bluesy thrash with rolling jazz feels. The big brass section (from Jump Back Jack and other luminaries like Mark Simmonds and Diane Spence) manages to all but drown out his basso rumblings on the opening "Carousel." If you too feel we are "Condemned To Live (on our own)" amid a general urban desolation you will be pleased to know all is not lost. "Strange voices are calling."

The Church offer to deal you a *Gold Afternoon Fix* (Mushroom) on their latest recording — from the totally unrelated stock market practice of the same name. Still, like the price of gold their songwriting seems to have been frozen at a vaguely euphoric level for more than a lost weekend. They plod on in their own apparently self-fulfilling trance. They may claim to be "here for now" but they sound as if they are dreamily pining for a "then." — *Jeremy Cook*

PLAYING THE PART

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

"What are your measurements, sir?" Next time you're in a clothes shop and someone asks you this, take a good look at the asker before you answer — your measurements might have changed by the time you do! The reason: it could be beautiful 20-year-old blonde Shelley Dillon, who works as a sales assistant at a large department store (we won't tell you which one — wouldn't want to start a riot).



Shelley is studying to be an actress, and has already landed some small parts in musical comedies. "I know I've got what it takes. When you act you have to be very body conscious; words are nothing without the body language that goes with them, and I communicate very well with my body." For the moment, however, Shelley is happy where she is. "I love helping people choose clothes. We're all actors really — choosing the right costume for your character is half the game."

making love STAY

Continued from page 79

sex, but that she doesn't want the kind of sex you've been offering lately: wham bam snore, not even a thank you ma'am. It's very easy for we men to focus on our orgasm, or, to put it another way, to treat sex totally genitally. A woman is interested in love, romance and sex, in that order. The sex and the romance begin life hand in hand. First the romance dies and the sex hobbles along alone; then, gradually, she begins to turn off sex.

And thanks to the constant stream of books and articles over the last 15 years, women now know that they need more in bed than most men have been giving them (in fact they're probably being conditioned to want more than is humanly possible, but that's another problem entirely). Lucky is the man whose woman demands it. But so accustomed are many men to merely taking their pleasure that having to give in return has come as a shock.

It's not only in bed where women's demands are increasing. The shock waves of the feminist revolutions are spreading to the suburbs and touching the lives of hordes of confused and uncomprehending men. Today, books like *The Cinderella Complex* (Colette Dowling/Fontana), *Why Do I Think I'm Nothing Without A Man?* (Penelope Russianoff/Bantam), *Unwedded Bliss* (Kenelm Foss/Windmill Press), *Not The Marrying Kind — Single Women In Australia* (Robyn Penman and Yvonne Stolks/Penguin) are pointing out to women who want to listen that they don't have to put up with a lousy marriage; that they would, in many cases, be better off alone.

This is extremely threatening to the traditional man, used to ruling the roost and being loved, honored and obeyed. But it's a confusing time for all men, even those who embrace feminism and welcome equality in women. June Martin has noticed a common syndrome developing among men. "I see men struggling now. This is the kind of thing that happens. He shows even a minor bit of chauvinist behavior and his feminist wife berates him for being sexist. And, of course, he has no reply — he has to agree with her intellectually. Or she'll report to him some incident of sexual harassment where she works. She'll tell him what bastards men are, how much she hates them, but she's not talking about him because he's different, sensitive and so on. But he thinks, 'Hey, I'm one of them; I belong to that tribe.' And of course he feels bad."

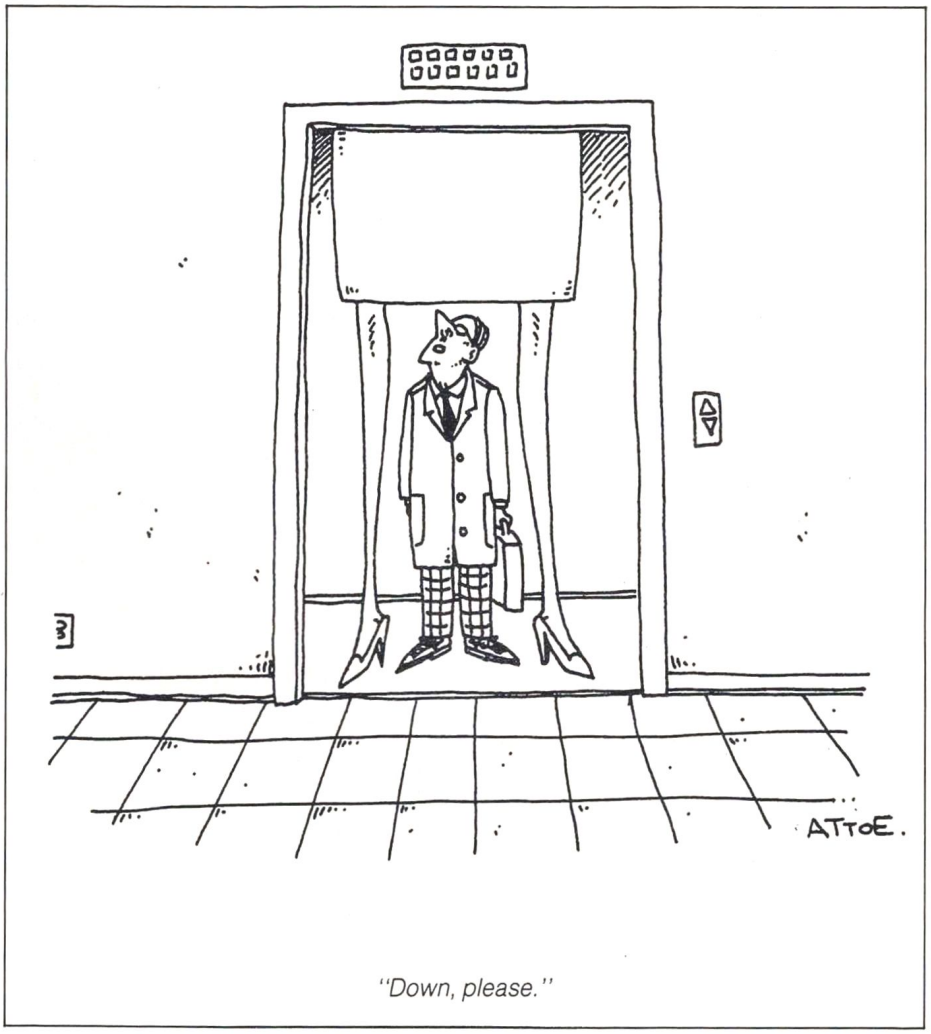
Many men are torn apart by this conflict, split by what they think and what they feel. The solution may, once again, come from science. The question is: are attitudes inherited? If there is, as Jung says, a collective unconscious, perhaps there are collective (and inherited) unconscious attitudes. In other words, intellectually we might agree with and understand the demands and needs of the New Woman, but deep within us is a slobbering, marauding, raping, pillaging pirate who would keelhaul any woman who raised the issue.

If this is so, it'll take us time to outgrow our outdated impulses, the way it took us time to stand on our hind legs and stop talking in grunts. But perhaps we can accelerate the process by treating women who demand equality quite simply — with respect. We could start by listening to the way we talk to women. In her book *Mirror Image*, Nancy Hunt, who used to be a bloke, writes of how she learned to speak like a woman. It was not a question of how deep the voice, but rather of how it was used: "Men hand down pronouncements. Women suggest and question." Try an experiment. At work, or in the pub, stand back and listen to the way men bark orders at women, talk over them, don't let them finish their sentences. And then listen to yourself speaking to her. Perhaps you could start by speaking to her as you would a friend whose opinion you respect. This is the very first step in beginning an equal relationship with a woman.

The problem is, perhaps, that we have always thought that we would automatically be deferred to and respected by women. Now that we're not, we feel threatened. Are men losing their self-confidence as women gain it? Women have had their own revolution, and they're on their way to liberation. It's our turn now. And, whereas women had to be liberated from the domination of their men, we need to be liberated from ourselves. It will take time, patience and courage.

Start talking to your mates about something else besides last week's game and the girl at the other end of the bar. You'll find out you're not the only one out there with problems. And finally, don't forget counselling. Two people who've been arguing and bickering for years can get stuck in a repetitive rut of accusations, denials, and counter-accusations. Look on a marriage guidance counsellor as an interpreter, a professional who can help you get back to the real problems you're faced with; or, if you like, a referee between two opposing teams, there to adjudicate impartially. Either way, a good counsellor can, at best, help two people get back together again; at worst, he can help them to part amicably.

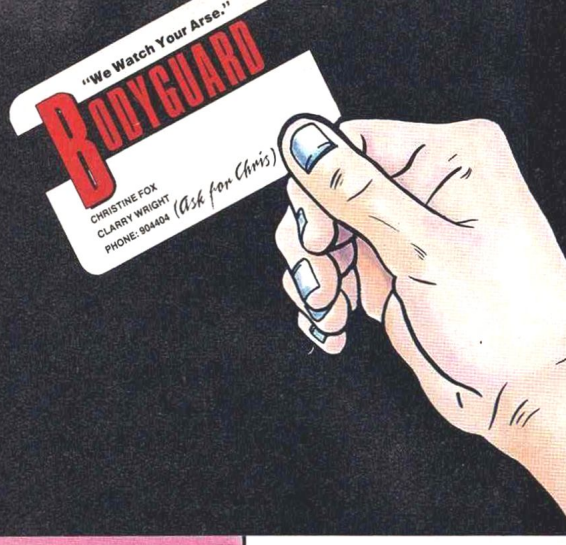
And as to how we can make love stay, who knows? We can only try. The rewards for persistence are ample. Facing life with a good strong woman by your side beats dragging a rag doll around by the hair. And giving pleasure in intimate lovemaking with the woman you love, like and respect is one of the most rewarding experiences known to man — and woman.

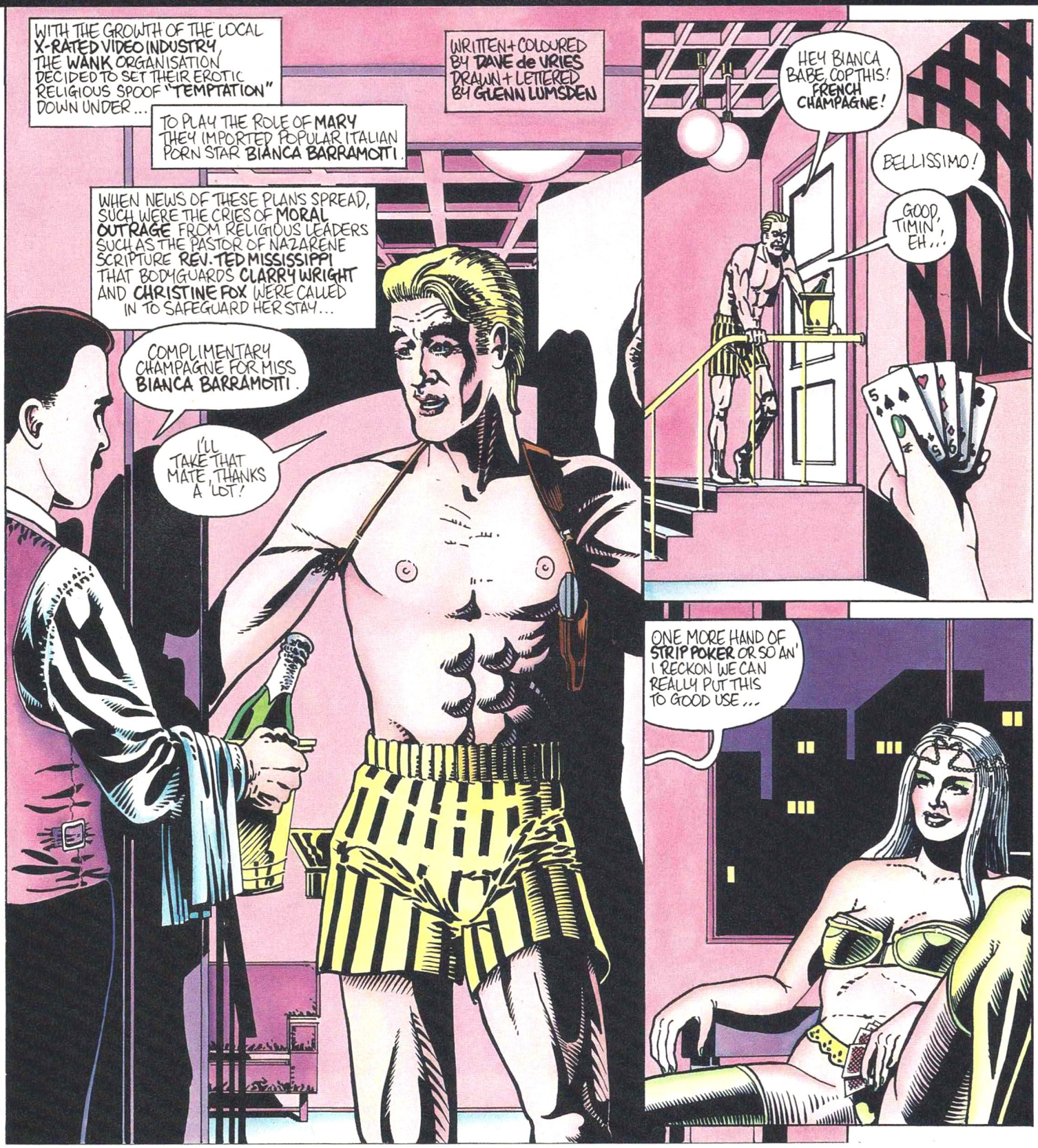


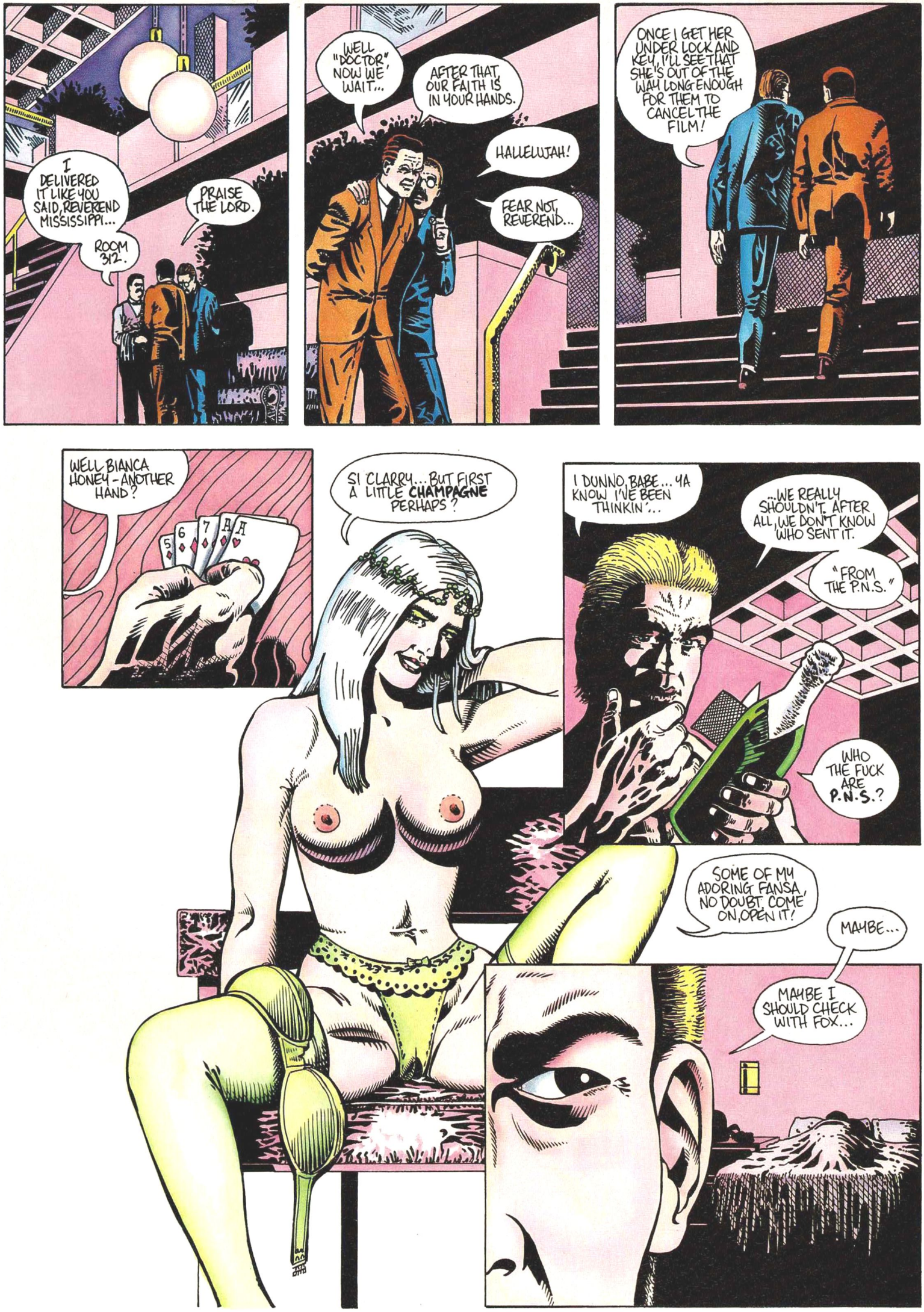
"Down, please."

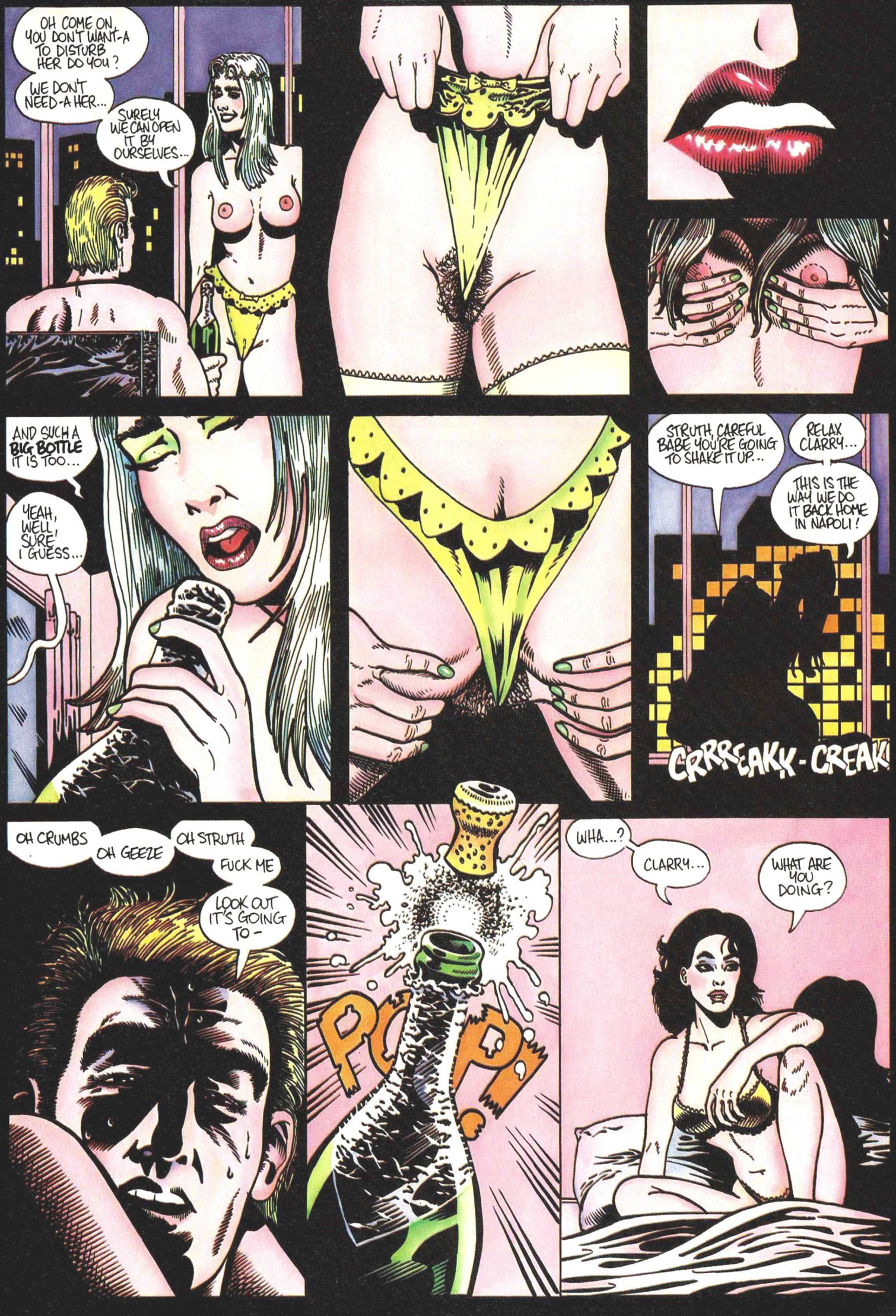
BODYGUARD

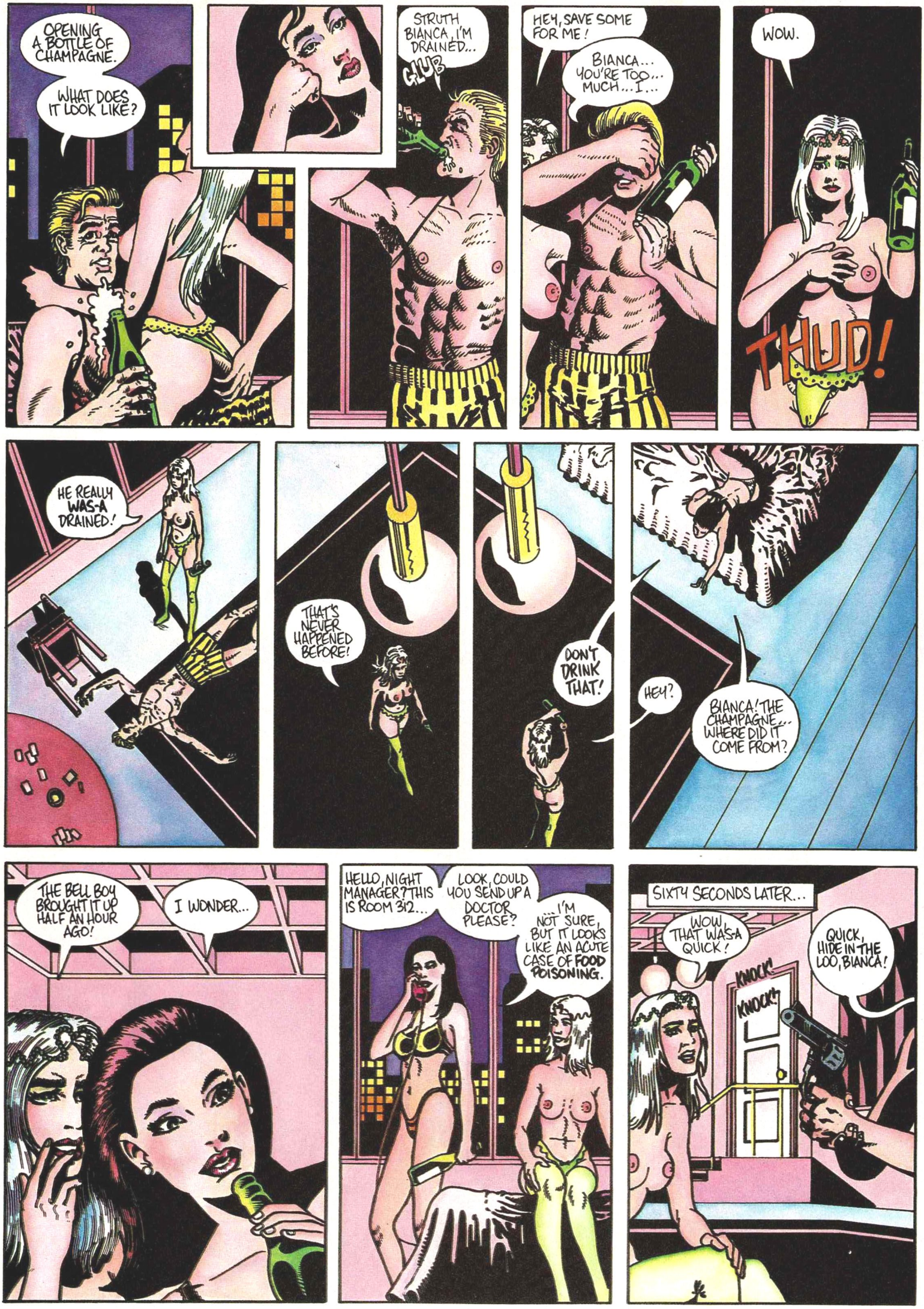
PART 12: Strip Poker

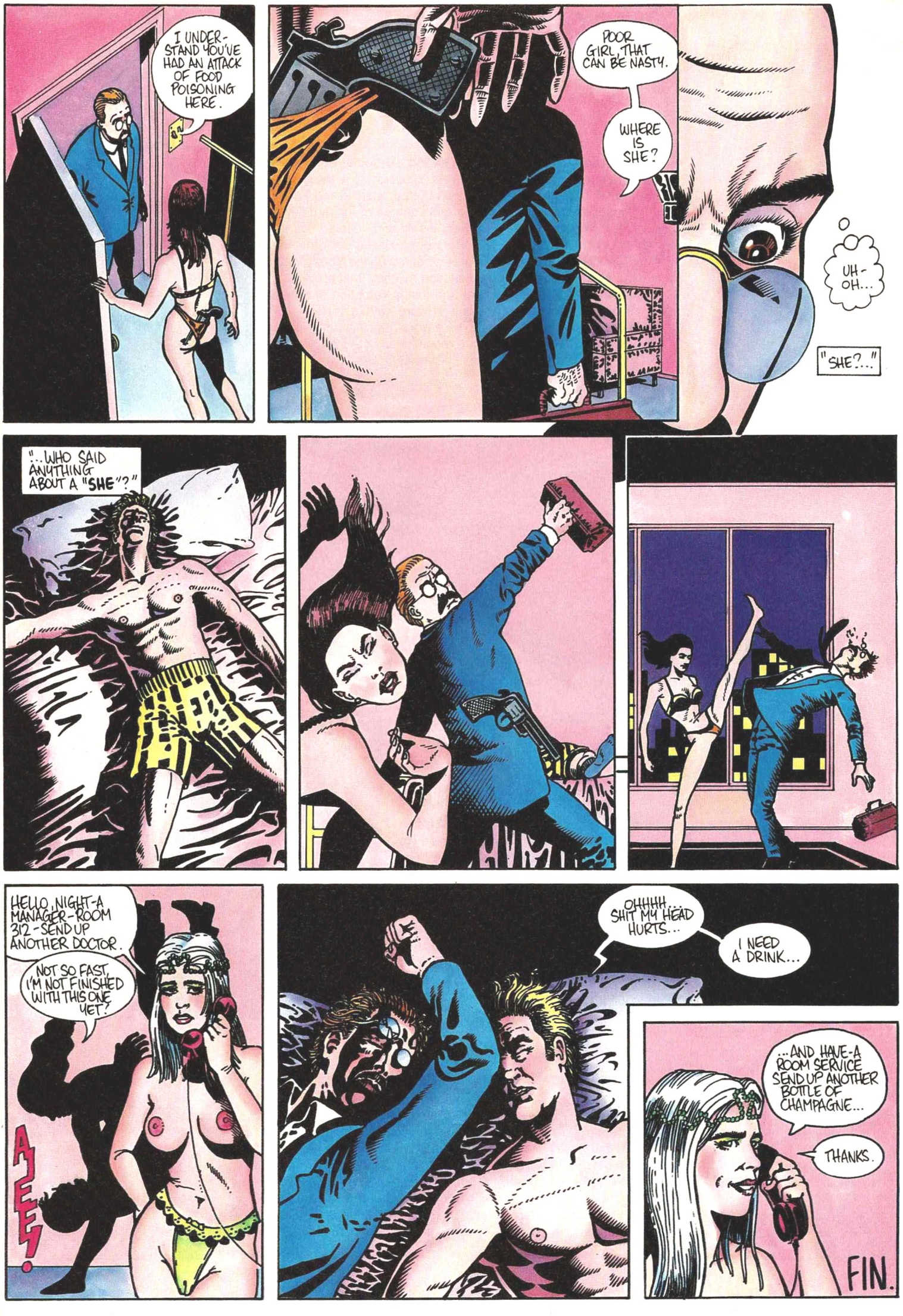



WITH THE GROWTH OF THE LOCAL X-RATED VIDEO INDUSTRY, THE WANK ORGANISATION DECIDED TO SET THEIR EROTIC RELIGIOUS SPOOF "TEMPTATION" DOWN UNDER...
WRITTEN + COLOURED BY DAVE de URIES DRAWN + LETTERED BY GLENN LUMSDEN
TO PLAY THE ROLE OF MARY THEY IMPORTED POPULAR ITALIAN PORN STAR BIANCA BARRAMOTTI.
WHEN NEWS OF THESE PLANS SPREAD, SUCH WERE THE CRIES OF MORAL OUTRAGE FROM RELIGIOUS LEADERS SUCH AS THE PASTOR OF NAZARENE SCRIPTURE REV. TED MISSISSIPPI THAT BODYGUARDS CLARRY WRIGHT AND CHRISTINE FOX WERE CALLED IN TO SAFEGUARD HER STAY...
COMPLIMENTARY CHAMPAGNE FOR MISS BIANCA BARRAMOTTI.
I'LL TAKE THAT MATE, THANKS A 'LOT!
HEY BIANCA BABE, COP THIS! FRENCH CHAMPAGNE!
BELLISSIMO!
GOOD, TIMIN', EH...
ONE MORE HAND OF STRIP POKER OR SO AN' I RECKON WE CAN REALLY PUT THIS TO GOOD USE...


I DELIVERED IT LIKE YOU SAID, REVEREND MISSISSIPPI...
ROOM 312.
PRAISE THE LORD.
WELL "DOCTOR", NOW WE WAIT...
AFTER THAT, OUR FAITH IS IN YOUR HANDS.
HALLELUJAH!
FEAR NOT, REVEREND...
ONCE I GET HER UNDER LOCK AND KEY, I'LL SEE THAT SHE'S OUT OF THE WAY LONG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO CANCEL THE FILM!
WELL BIANCA HONEY - ANOTHER HAND?
SI CLARRY... BUT FIRST A LITTLE CHAMPAGNE PERHAPS?
I DUNNO, BABE... YA KNOW I'VE BEEN THINKIN'...
...WE REALLY SHOULDN'T. AFTER ALL, WE DON'T KNOW WHO SENT IT.
"FROM THE P.N.S."
WHO THE FUCK ARE P.N.S.?
SOME OF MY ADORING FANSA, NO DOUBT. COME ON, OPEN IT!
MAYBE...
MAYBE I SHOULD CHECK WITH FOX...


OH COME ON, YOU DON'T WANT-A TO DISTURB HER DO YOU?
WE DON'T NEED-A HER...
SURELY WE CAN OPEN IT BY OURSELVES...
AND SUCH A BIG BOTTLE IT IS TOO...
YEAH, WELL, SURE I GUESS...
STRUTH, CAREFUL BABE YOU'RE GOING TO SHAKE IT UP...
RELAX CLARRY...
THIS IS THE WAY WE DO IT BACK HOME IN NAPOLI!
CRRRCAKK-CREAK
OH CRUMBS
OH GEEZE
OH STRUTH
FUCK ME
LOOK OUT IT'S GOING TO -
POP!
WHA...?
CLARRY...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

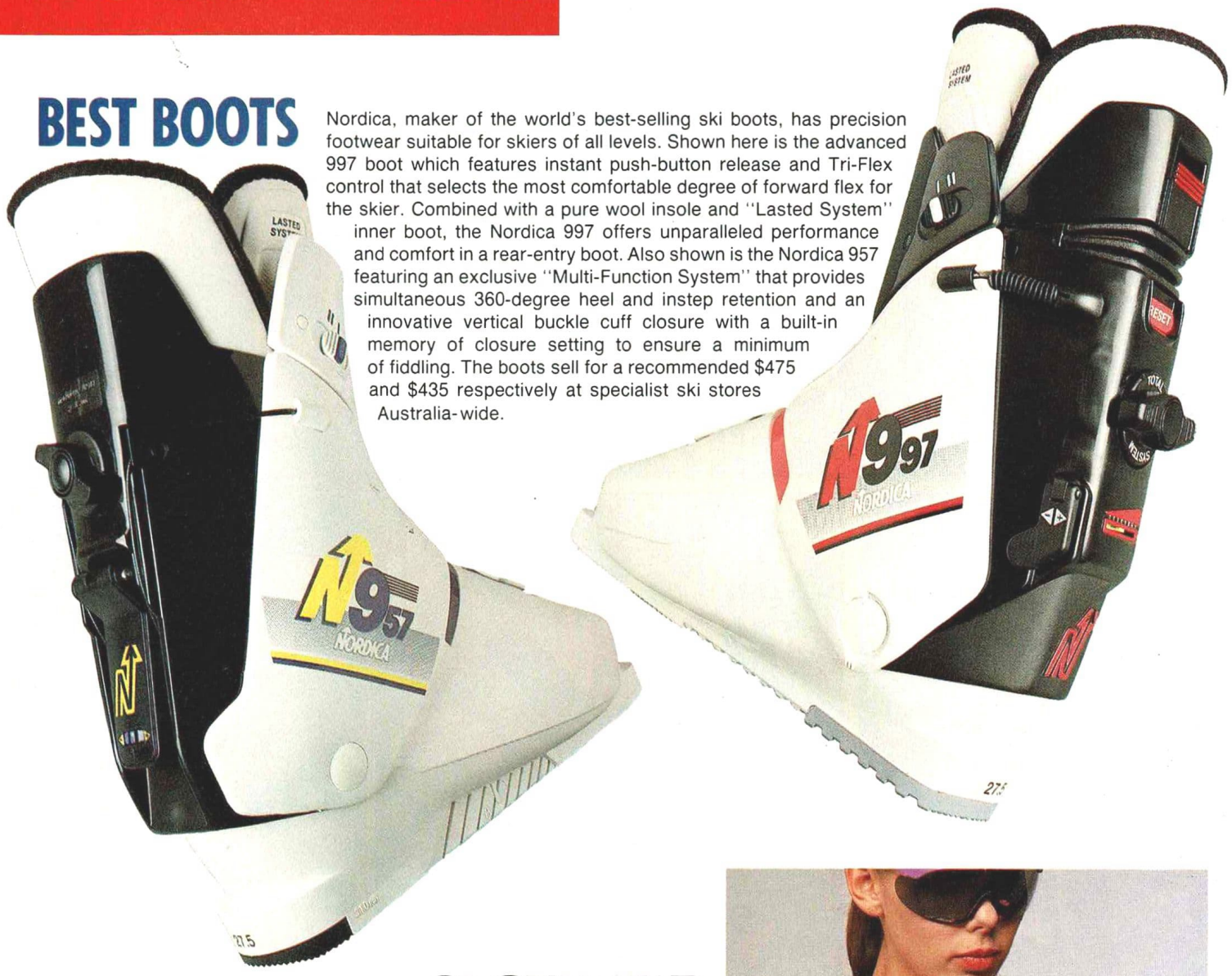

OPENING A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?
STRUTH, BIANCA, I'M DRAINED...
GLUB
HEY, SAVE SOME FOR ME!
BIANCA... YOU'RE TOO... MUCH... I...
WOW.
THUD!
HE REALLY WAS A DRAINED!
THAT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE!
DON'T DRINK THAT!
HEY?
BIANCA! THE CHAMPAGNE... WHERE DID IT COME FROM?
THE BELL BOY BROUGHT IT UP HALF AN HOUR AGO!
I WONDER...
HELLO, NIGHT MANAGER? THIS IS ROOM 312...
LOOK, COULD YOU SEND UP A DOCTOR PLEASE?
...I'M NOT SURE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE AN ACUTE CASE OF FOOD POISONING.
SIXTY SECONDS LATER...
WOW, THAT WAS A QUICK!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
QUICK, HIDE IN THE LOO, BIANCA!


I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE HAD AN ATTACK OF FOOD POISONING HERE.
POOR GIRL, THAT CAN BE NASTY.
WHERE IS SHE?
UH-OH...
"SHE?..."
"...WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT A "SHE"?"
HELLO, NIGHT-A MANAGER-ROOM 312-SEND UP ANOTHER DOCTOR.
NOT SO FAST, I'M NOT FINISHED WITH THIS ONE YET!
AEE!
OHHHH... SHIT MY HEAD HURTS...
I NEED A DRINK...
...AND HAVE-A ROOM SERVICE SEND UP ANOTHER BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE...
THANKS.
FIN.

LOOSE ENDS

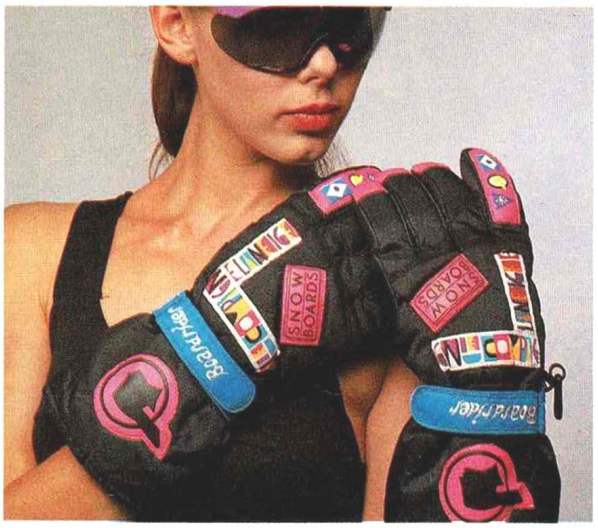
BEST BOOTS

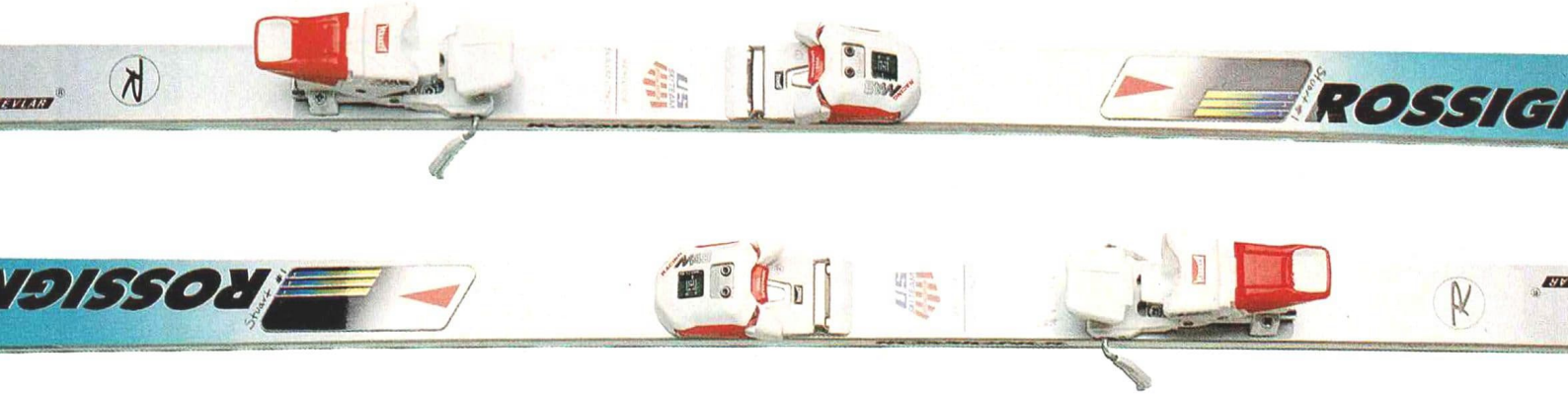
Nordica, maker of the world's best-selling ski boots, has precision footwear suitable for skiers of all levels. Shown here is the advanced 997 boot which features instant push-button release and Tri-Flex control that selects the most comfortable degree of forward flex for the skier. Combined with a pure wool insole and "Lasted System" inner boot, the Nordica 997 offers unparalleled performance and comfort in a rear-entry boot. Also shown is the Nordica 957 featuring an exclusive "Multi-Function System" that provides simultaneous 360-degree heel and instep retention and an innovative vertical buckle cuff closure with a built-in memory of closure setting to ensure a minimum of fiddling. The boots sell for a recommended $475 and $435 respectively at specialist ski stores Australia-wide.



GLOVED UP

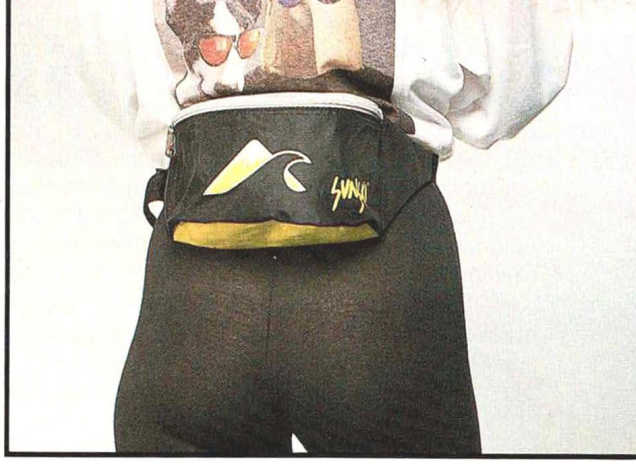
With snowboarding gathering momentum faster than an Alpine avalanche, Sunski has chosen an opportune time to release its Boardrider Glove. Designed exclusively for "shredders" (as snowboarders like to be known), the outer shell is tough Oxford nylon to handle the thrills 'n' spills while inside brushed bemberg caresses those hard-worked hands. To ensure warmth and dryness the glove is thinsulate-lined and has the Sunski moisture lock insert. There is also an extended show cuff, three-finger "tuff grip" palm patch and adjustable velcro wrist strap. And with lively exterior aesthetics, the gloves look as hot as they perform. They cost $40 a pair and are available from Sunski stockists. For details ring (02) 540 2233.





WAISTED SPACE

In the Sixties and Seventies travellers discovered they could carry things on their backs; in the Eighties they made the same discovery about waists. Why reach into your pocket for something when you can store it securely in a zip-up waistbag? Now, slightly into the Nineties, Sunski has brought out the latest in waist fashions, constructed from PVC-backed heavy-duty black nylon emblazoned with a variety of snappy fluoro logos and patterns. The waistbags are waterproof, have quick release buckles and feature heavy-duty webbing for maximum strength and durability. Sunski offers two waistbag styles — large ($15) and small ($10). For retail information, contact Sunski on (02) 540 2233.

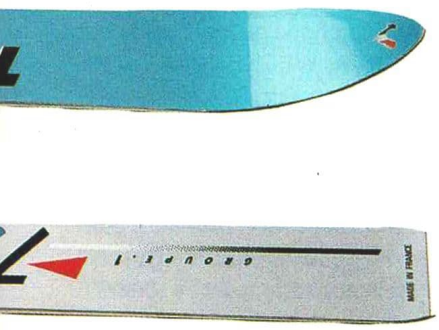


SNOW CLUB

Now in its second year, the Thredbo Club Card offers its holders special privileges and value discounts on the slopes, at home and in selected hotels. Privileges include a 15 percent discount on adult day ski passes, half-price night skiing, reductions on ski school classes, discounts on ski gear, huge cuts on movie tickets at any Greater Union Theatre, halved room rates at selected hotels, benefits for members skiing in New Zealand, and more. The card can be purchased for $40 at Thredbo Ski Pass offices, Thredbo embassies (selected retail ski outlets in Sydney, Brisbane, Canberra and Newcastle), or write to the Thredbo Club Card, Level 8, 90 Arthur Street, North Sydney, 2060.

SNOW RACER

If you're into alpine areas and winter sports, combine exploration with fun aboard a Yamaha Phazer snowmobile. It comes in two models, basic and deluxe, deluxe including such features as electric start, handlebar warmers, a plush two-tone seat, and a special paint job. The twin-cylinder engine is an air-cooled, 485cc two-stroke capable of building up quite a head of steam on the open snow, being the same unit that recently won the Formula 56 World Series of Sno-Cross. And should night fall before you're ready to head home, a powerful halogen headlight will spotlight the way ahead. A steal at $8000-$10,000, depending on the model, and available from Agpower, (057) 75 2887.



DOWNHILL ALL THE WAY

The new 7SK ski by Rossignol represents the cutting edge in ski tech. Like previous Rossignol winners it features the celebrated Vibration Absorption System. This system converts kinetic energy into heat energy, giving the ultimate in edge holding on even the hardest icy track. The 7SK is longitudinally softer than its forebears, to provide quicker initiation of turns, and it's torsionally stiffer to allow exceptional accuracy and stability. With the R9000 Base to provide superb gliding, this is the ski chosen by Alberto Tomba and the majority of World Cup Racers. The 7SK is teamed here with renowned Marker bindings, constructed in titanium to provide the safest and lightest bindings on the market. Rossignol 7SK skis sell for a recommended $650; Marker bindings for around $269. Available at specialist ski stores.

COMPETITION

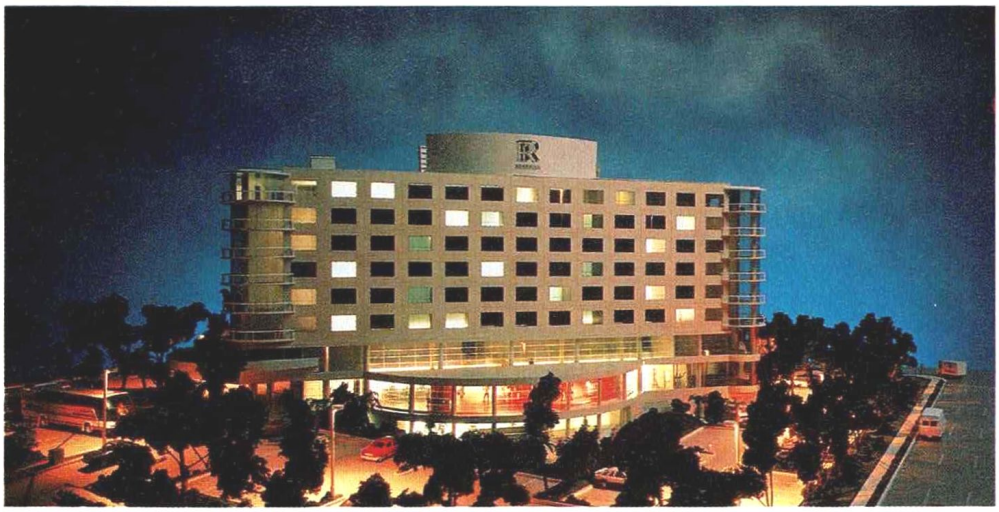
ROSEHILL INTERNATIONAL

Calling all punters and lovers of the good life! To celebrate the opening of the $60 million Rosehill International, a five-star, 151-room hotel adjacent to the famous Rosehill Racecourse, the hotel is offering *Penthouse* readers the chance to win a weekend of full-tilt luxury.

You and a friend will be treated to two nights' accommodation (Friday and Saturday or Saturday and Sunday) in the Rosehill International's spectacular Penthouse Suite, champagne on arrival, and a day in the hotel's Private Viewing Suite at Rosehill track with full butler service. And that's not all . . You can also look forward to pre-dinner drinks on the first night in the hotel's Banjo Patterson Bar, then dinner for two at the International's brasserie. On your second night you'll be taking pre-dinner drinks and dinner at the Chantilly Fine Dining Restaurant and Cocktail Bar. The prize also includes two breakfasts in bed and full use of the hotel's swimming pool and health club. All up, this prize is valued at close to $2000.

The Rosehill International is situated on James Ruse Drive, directly opposite Rosehill Racecourse (home of the famous Golden Slipper). It offers a standard of accommodation and service previously unavailable outside the Sydney CBD. For those with a taste for the sport of kings, there is Skychannel in every room, in-house TAB facilities, a private viewing suite at the track, and 35 adjacent stables. This is the only five-star hotel in the world where you can book you and your horse in at the same reception desk! The hotel is also only 10 minutes by direct freeway link to Eastern Creek, site of next year's Motorcycle Grand Prix, and five minutes from Homebush Bay, proposed venue for NSW's 2000 Olympic bid.

WIN A LUXURY WEEKEND FOR TWO



For your chance to win this luxury prize, simply tell us the name of the most famous horse race that the Rosehill Racecourse is home to each year. Write your answer on the back of an envelope, along with your name, address and phone number, and post it to WIN A WEEKEND AT THE RACES, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. Entries close last mail, Friday August 15.

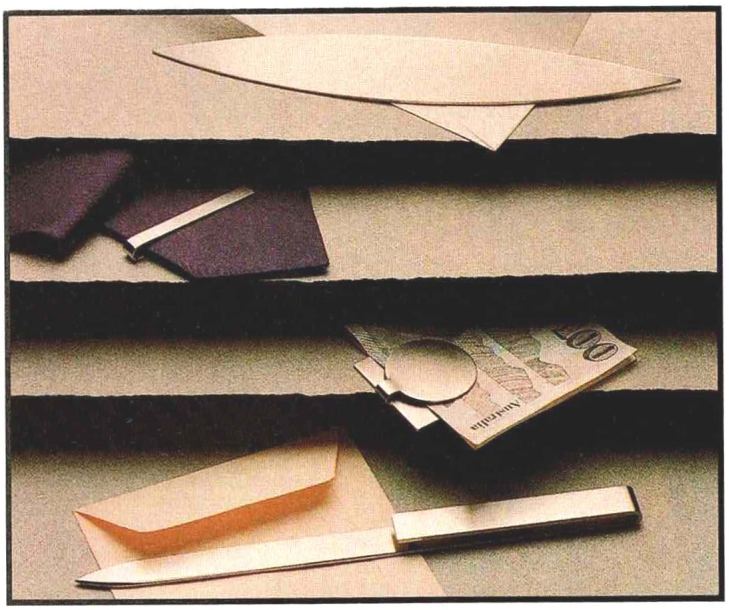
For details about the range and price of corporate, tourist and horseracing packages at the Rosehill International, phone toll-free (008) 26 7983.

THE WHISKY TRAIL

With United Distillers' Classic Malt Whisky Collection you can taste your way around Scotland's legendary Whisky Trail without leaving home. Each malt comes from a different region in Scotland, all uniquely flavored Scottish products resulting from double distillation in copper pot stills of fermented, peat dried, malted barley grain which has been aged for a decade or more in used bourbon or sherry casks. The Classic Malt Whisky range includes: Glenkinchie, the driest and peatiest of the rare Lowland malts, a ten-year-old distilled near Edinburgh; Dalwhinnie, a 15-year-old golden and lightly aromatic Northern Highland malt; Cragganmore, a 12-year-old, medium bodied Speyside Highland malt perfect for after dinner: Oban, 14 years old, distilled in the Western Highlands, and a drink-anytime malt; and Talisker, a ten-year-old, traditional style after dinner malt from the only distillery on the Isle of Islay, the most complex of the Classic Malts and a connoisseur's choice for sipping after dinner. The Classic Malt Collection is available at all premium liquor stores.

PURE AND SIMPLE

These elegantly simple personal and office accoutrements were designed by Form Function, a modern design company that manufactures and markets international products in stainless steel, aluminium and silver. Founded in 1987, the company is widely known for its pure, functional and quality-conscious design. Items pictured here are available at Remo, Isolate, and Made Where — all Sydney stores.



BLACK LABEL

Every year since 1973 Wolf Blass has produced a new vintage of the now legendary Black Label. The latest pedigree offering is the 1985 Black Label Cabernet Sauvignon Merlot/Shiraz, now available in a strictly limited release of 5000 cases. The 1985 is an elegant combination of Cabernet Sauvignon (75 percent) from Langhorne Creek, McLaren Vale and Eden Valley, Merlot (20 percent) from Langhorne Creek, and Shiraz (five percent) from Eden Valley. Soft and stylish with a full and complex flavor, it's a wine that not only gives immediate drinking pleasure, but also one that will develop and improve in the bottle for many years. At all good wine retailers now.

THE HUB

If ever there were an Australian hotel in which to wish that the walls could speak, it is the Lakeside in Canberra. For more than a decade our capital's premier hotel, and scene of more political milestones and (according to hotel patron Fred Daly) more scandals than you could shake a ballot paper at, the Lakeside has recently undergone a $4.5 million refurbishment to best equip it for the Nineties. Among the Lakeside's attractive features is the elegant Blooms Brasserie, an Executive Lounge and Business Centre with private bar, fax, telex and secretarial services, intimate boardrooms, an indoor heated pool, Juliana's nightspot and spectacular views of the lake and surrounding mountains. Though Canberra now boasts more than one five-star hotel, the Lakeside remains its legendary one. For information and bookings, call toll-free (008) 026169 or fax (062) 57 3071.

Queensland's Helen Evison

A QUICK PEEK AT SEPTEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Top Gun? — The Australian Army is bringing its firepower into the 21st Century with the introduction of the locally manufactured F88 AUSteyr assault rifle. Next month's *Australian Penthouse* reviews the product of the latest technology in small arms weaponry. Is our army — rated the number two ground force in the world after the Israelis — on a winner with this radical new rifle?

What Men Think — After 10 years of enduring a torrent of complaints from women on the subject of the Australian male, *Penthouse* figured it was time to give men a chance to put their case and air their own grievances. We rounded up a bunch of blokes to collectively represent the Aussie male and cut them loose on an unsuspecting public. Check out the results next month.

Two-Wheeled Treasures — Not too many serious investments provide a red-line rush of adrenalin, but pick the right motorcycle and you'll be buying a bike which appreciates in value and guarantees its owner a genuine good time. September *Australian Penthouse* documents the classic two-wheeled collectables.

Toast Of The Coast — She's no scientist, but 21-year-old Gold Coaster Helen Evison still manages to cause chemical reactions wherever she goes. Catch Helen next month before she heads overseas.

Precious metal

Continued from page 106

available driving forces to compensate.

The new Carreras — 2 and 4 — are powered by the latest development of the unique long-service boxer engine, a compact and lightweight air-cooled powerplant with three horizontally opposed cylinders on either side of the crankcase.

In this latest form it is stretched to 3.6 litres and is the most powerful normally-aspirated 911 production engine so far produced. No doubt in time it will be surpassed by an even better version.

A revised Motronic engine management system, the Bosch fuel injection, a new twin ignition system and the high 11.3 to 1 compression ratio combine to produce a very efficient, responsive engine with a flexibility that extends to below 2000 revs. It is pleasantly docile around town, with none of the temperament that sometimes blights the relationship other motorists have with Italian exoticars.

Porsche's success in sports car racing, not surprisingly, has led to hi-tech advances in its road models. The Carrera leans on Formula One and Le Mans sportscar ground-effect technology with its smooth underbody, which provides significant aerodynamic benefits. There is another more obvious aerodynamic aid. A retractable rear spoiler automatically extends when the Carrera reaches 80 km/h, increasing the car's downforce and aiding engine cooling. And when the driver slows to around 8 km/h, the spoiler silently slides back out of sight.

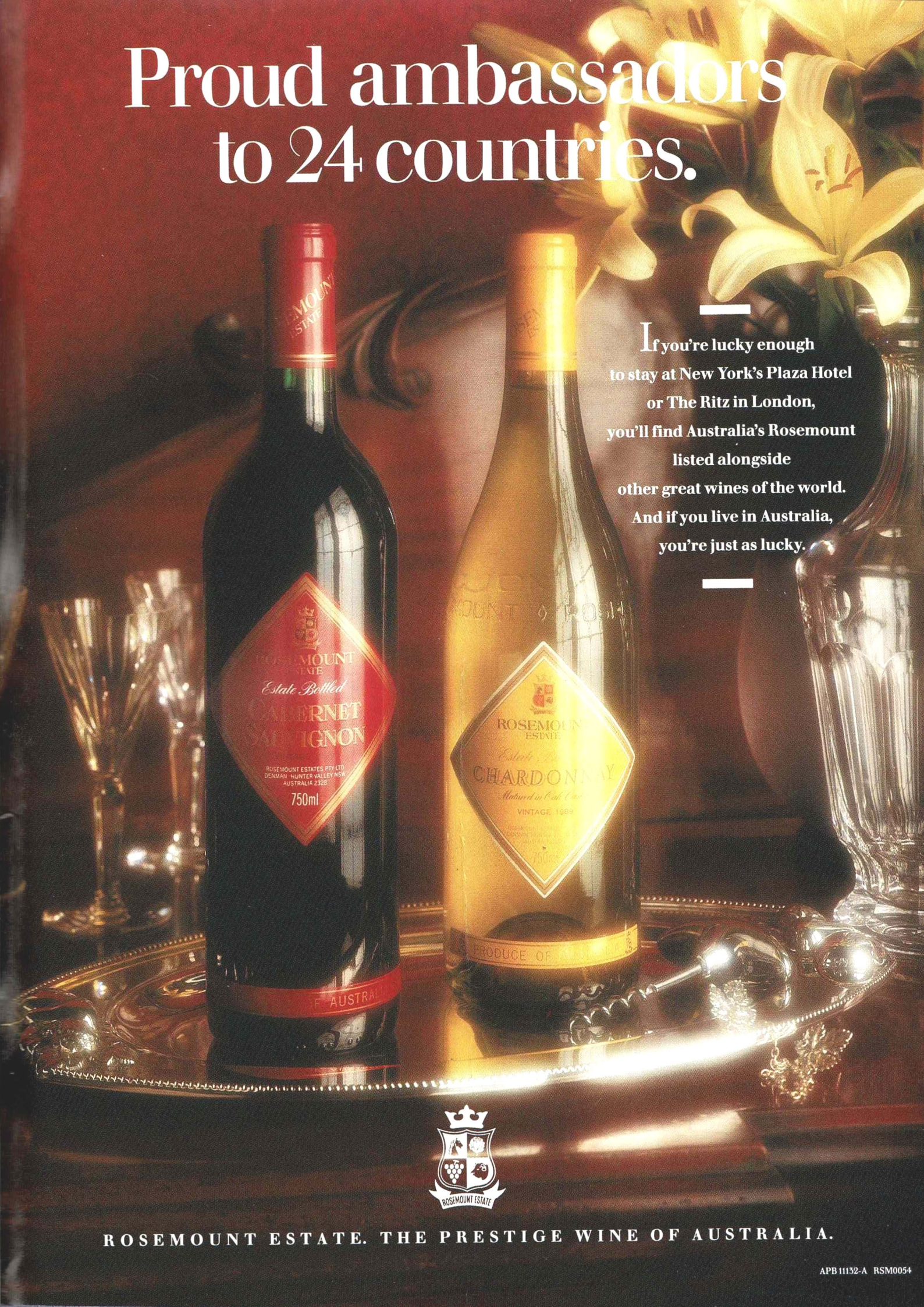
The unpredictability has been engineered out of existence. Dial up 6000 revs, dump the clutch . . . and the car slingshots itself down the strip with little wheelspin, none of the usual snaky trajectory, and no lack of acceleration. Fuss-free.

A little heavier than the Carrera 2, the 4WD is a little slower to 100 km/h. It takes all of 5.9 seconds, or 0.2 secs longer than the two-wheel drive. But, while the top speed of both Carreras is 260 km/h, the Carrera 4 will eat the model-2 in just about any real-world conditions.

What both Carreras have in common are huge ventilated discs which haul up the 911, and keep on hauling it up. Time after time, without a hint of brake fade. And should the driver suffer brain fade and leap too hard or too late on the brake pedal, there is always the comfort of an ABS anti-skid system to extricate him from the mess of his own doing.

The Carrera 4 comes with an unwritten guarantee not to get the driver into strife. You could probably even get it in writing if you tried hard enough. Only drunks, drug addicts and sightless people need not apply.

Proud ambassadors to 24 countries.



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